THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

DECEMBER, 1916

G. P. R. JAMES IN AMERICA

BY S. M. ELLIS

I

GEORGE PAYNE RAINSFORD JAMES, the English romance writer who holds the third place among his contemporaries in the same school of literature—being exceeded in merit by his friends Walter Scott and Harrison Ainsworth—lived for eight years, 1850-8, in America; and his letters describing the conditions of the country in those still primitive days possess very considerable interest and value. Before quoting these and relating the story of the writer's life in America, it may be premised that G. P. R. James was born on August 9, 1799, at 12 George Street, Hanover Square, London, being the son of Dr. Pinkston James, Physician to the Prince Regent, which gave rise to the legend that the initials of his son stood for George Prince Regent James. Pinkston James in early life served in the English Navy; he fought in the American War of Independence, and took part in the attack upon Connecticut under the renegade Benedict Arnold. At the sack of New London, Pinkston James, perceiving a drunken soldier throwing fugitives into the flames, tried to arrest the man, who seeing the young officer was not of his branch of the service, told him "to go to the Devil." James thereupon shot the soldier through the head, and, after subsequent enquiry, the affair was hushed up by unanimous consent. The father of Pinkston James and the grandfather of the novelist was Dr. Robert James, the famous physician who compounded and gave his name to the once universally used James's Fever Powders, and the friend of Dr. Johnson.

G. P. R. James for nearly half a century had an adventurous, roving life on the Continent and in many parts of England; and produced in unending succession his series of historical romances and memoirs, the best remembered of the former being *Richelieu; Darnley; The Gipsy; Attila; The Robber;* and *Forest Days.* The total at the end of his life was not far short of sixty works of fiction, but the horsemen—whether solitary or in pairs or parties—which are popularly supposed to figure always at the outset of a James romance are only to be found in seventeen of the number.

Although James was not poorly remunerated for his literary work, and had originally inherited a comfortable fortune, he never had a sufficiency of ready money, owing to his easy, hospitable ways and his habit of living in large houses and keeping many servants, dogs, and horses. As years went on, his fi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nancial position grew very serious, and after the loss of several thousand pounds over an affair with publishers, he, when fifty years of age and with a young family growing up, decided to emigrate to America, then pre-eminently the Land of Promise. Accordingly in the summer of 1850, G. P. R. James, his wife (formerly Miss Frances Thomas, whom he had married in 1828), his daughter, Florence, and his three sons, Walter, Courtenay, and Charles—the children all being under eighteen years of age—set forth on their great adventure.

II

The Jamesian voyagers arrived in New York harbour, "after a very calm but somewhat dangerous passage—dangerous on account of fog and ice," on July 4, 1850, and were welcomed by all the stunning uproar and explosions that attend the national celebration of Independence Day. The party stayed first at the old New York Hotel. Mr. Henry James, in his most interesting early autobiography, *A Small Boy and Others* (1913), has recorded how the New York Hotel was a social centre in those days. Mr. Henry James was not related apparently to the earlier novelist of the name, for he stated to the present writer:

"I enjoy no traceable relationship to G. P. R. James. . . . Our name, as you know, is a considerably frequent one, and apparently of Welsh, and Welsh-Irish origin; so that branches and sets of Jameses exist who are without consanguinity. My *paternal great-grandfather* was of Irish birth, and he turned up in America (State of New York) but toward the end of the eighteenth century. We had, as a family, no contact with G. P. R. during his time in the United States, and this in spite of the fact that my father, there, was a constant reader of his novels—one or other of which was generally in view."

One may, however, pleasantly surmise that it is possible Mr. Henry James, as a small boy of seven, came to the New York Hotel to see his Albany cousins (as he so often did) just at the date in 1850 when G. P. R. James was there, and that the two, unknown to each other, may have met.

Soon after his arrival, the novelist proceeded to present his letters of introduction. These included one to Horace Greeley, the journalist and founder of the New York *Tribune,* who, James said, had "the head of a Socrates and the face of a baby." It was at this time that James became acquainted with Maunsell B. Field, who relates he saw the novelist "almost daily." Possibly this fact may be taken in correlation with the same memoirist's next statement, that "Mr. James soon found a residence in a hotel incompatible with the prosecution of any literary labour. So many people constantly called upon him that he had no command of his own time. Accordingly he desired to find a place, a little out of town if possible, where he could be comparatively free from intrusion." Mr. Field belonged to the category of kind and candid friends. For instance, he introduced to James "a gentleman of wealth and of the best social standing in New York," who proceeded to inform the novelist that he was a great admirer of his works, that he believed he had read them all, and that there was one in particular which was his especial favourite. "And which is that?" asked James. *"The Last Days of Pompeii,"* was the answer. "That is Bulwer's, not mine," replied the mortified author, who never forgave the man, as Mr. Field complacently observes before passing on to another pleasing incident at poor James's expense, which is narrated thus: "A lady spending her summer in the country was thrown upon the not very extensive resources of a village circulating-library for books. She was one day pleased to find there, and took home with her, a copy of an English edition of one of James's novels in two volumes. She read them through with delight, and only after finishing discovered that she had been perusing the first volume of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one work and the second volume of another. Nothing but our great intimacy could excuse me for telling this to James, but he winced under it."

The suburban domicile to which James accordingly retreated was at the alarmingly named Hell Gate, opposite Astoria. The house had originally belonged to John Jacob Astor, and it was from his grandson, Charles Astor Bristed, that the novelist rented it. The place was only partially furnished, for summer residence, and James wrote an amusing account of the discomforts and difficulties attending the move in a rhyming letter to Field, which will be found in the latter author's *Memories of Many Men*. It was Field, probably, who introduced James to Longfellow, then living at Cambridge, Massachusetts, for the poet, in recording in his journal his visitors on September 17, 1850, mentions "Field, with G. P. R. James, the novelist, and his son. He is a sturdy man, fluent and rapid, and looking quite capable of fifty more novels." Longfellow evidently liked James, for in a later entry, November 17th, the Journal relates: "James, the novelist, came out to dinner with Sumner. He is a manly, middle-aged man, *tirant sur le grison,* as Lafontaine has it, with a grey moustache; very frank, offhand, and agreeable. In politics he is a Tory, and very conservative."

III

James's first few months in America were busy and eventful. He was engaged as a lecturer in Boston, New York, and other centres; he was writing *Henry Smeaton* (1851); and he was arranging for the publication of his works in America by the Harpers. It is with these matters that the ensuing letters deal, while at the same time they furnish interesting comments on the America of those distant days. The first is addressed to Charles Ollier, his literary agent in England, and who had been the confidential adviser of Shelley, Lamb, Ainsworth, and many other authors.

New Haven, Connecticut,
United States,
27th. October, 1850.

MY DEAR OLLIER:

. . . I am now for a time at New Haven, the seat of Yale College, one of the most famous in the United States, giving my lectures on Civilisation for the second time in this country. I first delivered them at Boston; but I went when all lecture-going people were out of town and Jenny Lind was in town. There is no singing against nightingales, and the consequence was that I lost rather than gained. Here, however, the matter is reversed. The great Brewster Hall is well filled every night of the lectures, which I am now speaking instead of reading—I never could read you know—and I have professors and students and the whole town for an audience. Applications for the lectures are pouring in from all places, and I shall have as much or more to do in this way than I can accomplish for the next three months. In the meanwhile I am working away at a new romance, for which I must ask the favour of your kind superintendence through the press, as on other occasions. When I shall get to Canada I cannot tell, for these lectures now promise to be too productive to be neglected.

This is a very wonderful country, and no Englishman that I know of has done justice to it: nor, indeed, do the Americans do justice to it themselves. We all think that in point of polish and the accumulation of conveniences, and even of the conventionalities which grow gradually upon old lands, this country, two centuries and a half old, ought to be upon a par with the others where civilisation has been going on with a steady progress for more than treble its period; and we are disappointed when we find any small particular deficient. We go to see a new building and are surprised that we do not find Westminster Abbey. Then we go and abuse it—not for what it is but for what it is not. But, my dear Ollier, in passing through this land one sees no poverty, no squalid wretchedness, no hovels with windows stopped with rags and old hats. Great good humour, too, is visible everywhere amongst the people: each man seems to feel that by industry he can get on as well as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

another, and each is willing to help another. There is little of that jealous rivalry, none of that irritable envy that we see in older lands, where we are all struggling for a portion of that bread which is not sufficient for the whole. There is undoubtedly an eager craving for money. It is not only the whole land that is making its way upwards, but every individual in it. Each man is encouraged by a probable hope of fortune, and each man seeks it with eagerness; but everyone holds out his hand to the one lower than himself on the ladder and tries to help him up, too. The carping at small faults and petty annoyances which many of our countrymen have displayed, and the overlooking great advantages and even great virtues, shows no philosophical spirit. The things I mention are on the surface—open to every eye; no poverty except amongst Irish immigrants; general good humour and goodwill; a wide diffusion of education; a certainty of industry producing competence, and of industry and talent acquiring fortune. Had you been in America you would probably have been President of the United States instead of seeing all your best exertions fruitless, your genius neglected, and every effort frustrated by circumstances. One great advantage of this country is that here circumstances are comparatively powerless: that they cannot exercise such an influence upon a man's fate as in Europe: that it is more in his own hands. Doubtless there is much that I object to; doubtless there is much which may and will be improved; but depend upon it, this is a great and extraordinary country, and England must not sit still contented if she would not be pushed from the stool. . . .

From this place I am going to Boston again, having three places in that neighbourhood where I have been invited to lecture with the guarantee of a large audience. Nevertheless, address me still New York, for I return to that city to lecture there and in Brooklyn very soon. . . . I have only time and space to say good-bye, with best regards from all the household of

Yours ever,

G. P. R. James.

In the above letter, James also entered at length into his business relations with the Harpers, and mentioned the remarkable fact that his books had upon an average a sale of seven thousand more than those of any other author in America. There is interesting confirmation of this statement in Eyre Crowe's *With Thackeray in America:*

The next emporium of the book trade in New York is Messrs. Harpers. . . . Mr. James Harper then chief director of this great publishing house. . . Thackeray ventured to ask him whose name stood foremost in popularity in book sales in the United States. He good-naturedly took down a ponderous ledger, turned up the leaves at letter J, and said "George Payne Rainsford James heads the list, far ahead of any other author, as you can judge for yourself by glancing at the number of his books sold. He turns out a novel every six months, and the success is always the same and tremendous." This was an "eye-opener," to use a transatlantic phrase. When asked to explain the reason of this immense hold upon the public the reply was prompt: "The main reason is that his romances can always be safely placed upon the family table, with the certainty that no page will sully, or call the blush to, the cheek of any member of the household."

To another correspondent in England, the Rev. Francis Kilvert, James wrote:

I am very much struck and surprised with what I have as yet seen of this country. Its state, its progress, its prospects, are little known or understood in England. We laugh at a few glaring absurdities and declaim against a very few striking errors; but we are far from appreciating properly the resources of the land or the energies of the people. The institutions here are, to my mind, anything but perfect, and I believe them to be the source of numerous evils; but, amidst this chaos of democracy, principles of great value and importance are slowly evolving themselves, and there are virtues beneath the surface of society which must ever render a great part of the American people dear to

Yours faithfully and obliged

G. P. R. James.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IV

James, at first, seems to have taken an active part in the literary life of New York. He was one of the speakers at a dinner in December, 1850, in aid of a printer's charity, when he paid a tribute to Bayard Taylor, the author and traveller, describing him "as the best landscape painter in words that I have ever known." And in February, 1852, James spoke at the meeting, in the Metropolitan Hall, called for the purpose of raising a memorial statue to J. Fenimore Cooper, who had died the previous year. James's speech is reported to have been extempore; he expressed his pride in being an Englishman, a romance writer, and a man of the people, and his pleasure in paying a humble tribute to an American romance writer and a man of the people: Cooper, he said, was not merely a novelist; he represented truth, genius and patriotism combined.

In addition to liking the American people, James delighted in the beauty of the States scenery. He had by 1851 removed to Massachusetts, where he hired a furnished house, at Stockbridge, belonging to the Ashburner family. It was a pleasant residence, with spacious verandas, and commanded fine views of wild country once the haunt of the aboriginal Indians. The house, with garden and orchard, stood high on the hillside. To the east, some quarter of a mile away, opened a gorge, known as the Icy Glen, where lay great boulders, and at the entrance grew a profusion of kalmias, red sumach, and mountain ash. Beyond this gorge was another picturesque mountain, and through the intervening valley ran a brook bearing the Indian name of Kickapoop. Southward from this brook a road led to the farm James had bought, which included a portion of the Negro Swamp, at the foot of Monument Mountain. James's son relates that his father was charmed with the beauty of the Berkshire hills of Massachusetts in their autumnal robes of gold and scarlet, and that he painted a picture of the landscape as seen from his windows.

Stockbridge, in James's time, was the centre of a very pleasant cultured society, which the novelist much appreciated and enjoyed. The Sedgwicks were the leading family in the village; Mrs. Susan Sedgwick (daughter-in-law of the former Speaker of the House of Representatives) occupied the Manor House; Mrs. Henry Sedgwick was also living in Stockbridge; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sedgwick and their daughter, Catherine, the author, were at Lenox, five miles distant, where they were frequently visited by Mrs. Pierce Butler (Fanny Kemble), who herself purchased a house in the neighbourhood later on. Oliver Wendell Holmes had a summer cottage near Pittsfield; Herman Melville (author of *Typee, Omoo,* and other stories of adventure) was in the same district; Cyrus Field, of Atlantic cable fame, and David Dudley Field, the lawyer, were frequently at Stockbridge in the intervals of their busy careers; Orville Dewey, the well-known lecturer, had at this date retired to the paternal farm at Sheffield, south of Stockbridge; Felix Darley, the artist and illustrator of Washington Irving's works, was often at Lenox; and Nathaniel Hawthorne, with his family, occupied a country retreat not far from Lenox and situated near a circular lake called the Bowl—"the old red house near Tanglewood Avenue." *Tanglewood Tales* and *The Wonder Book* picture, of course, the surrounding scenery of Berkshire, and in the latter work Hawthorne makes mention of his neighbour, G. P. R. James:

"'For my part, I wish I had Pegasus here at this moment,' said the student. 'I would mount him forthwith and gallop about the country, within a circumference of a few miles, making literary calls on my brother-authors. . . . In Stockbridge, yonder, is Mr. James, conspicuous to all the world on his mountain-pile of history and romance.'"

It is interesting to note that Hawthorne borrowed the name of Pyncheon for use in *The House of the Seven*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gables—with some subsequent trouble to himself—from the Rev. Thomas Pynchon, minister of St. Paul's Church, Stockbridge. It was during Mr. Pynchon's incumbency that James attended the church, and he subscribed one hundred and forty dollars toward the erection of a clock in the new tower of the building.

Hawthorne personally liked James very much, and in his Journal there are accounts of their meetings. On July 30, 1851, he relates:

"We walked to the village for the mail, and on our way back we met a wagon in which sat Mr. G. P. R. James, his wife and daughter, who had just left their cards at our house. There ensued a talk quite pleasant and friendly. He is certainly an excellent man; and his wife is a plain, good, friendly, kind-hearted woman, and his daughter a nice girl."

Ten days later, James turned up again, unintentionally, and owing to the size of his party was not so favourably regarded by Hawthorne, who, in the absence of his wife, had to do the entertaining alone:

"August 9, 1851. The rain was pouring down, and from all the hillsides mists were steaming up, and Monument Mountain seemed to be enveloped as if in the smoke of a great battle. During one of the heaviest showers of the day there was a succession of thundering knocks at the front door. On opening it, there was a young man on the doorstep, and a carriage at the gate, and Mr. James thrusting his head out of the carriage window, and beseeching shelter from the storm! So here was an invasion. Mr. and Mrs. James, their eldest son, their daughter, their little son Charles, their maid-servant and their coachman—not that the coachman came in; and as for the maid, she stayed in the hall. Dear me! where was Phœbe in this time of need? All taken aback as I was, I made the best of it. Julian helped me somewhat, but not much. Little Charley is a few months younger than he, and between them they at least furnished subject for remark.* Mrs. James, luckily, happened to be very much afraid of thunder and lightning; and as these were loud and sharp, she might be considered *hors de combat.* The son, who seemed to be about twenty, and the daughter, of seventeen or eighteen, took the part of saying nothing, which I suppose is the English fashion as regards such striplings. So Mr. James was the only one to whom it was necessary to talk, and we got along tolerably well. He said that this was his birthday, and that he was keeping it by a pleasure excursion, and that therefore the rain was a matter of course. We talked of periodicals, English and American, and of the Puritans, about whom we agreed pretty well in our opinions; and Mr. James told how he had recently been thrown out of his wagon, and how the horse ran away with Mrs. James; and we talked about green lizards and red ones. And Mr. James told Julian how, when he was a child, he had twelve owls at the same time; and at another time, a raven, who used to steal silver spoons and money. He also mentioned a squirrel, and several other pets; and Julian laughed most obstreperously. As to little Charles, he was much interested with Bunny . . . and likewise with the rocking-horse, which luckily happened to be in the sitting-room. He examined the horse most critically, and finally got upon his back, but did not show himself quite as good a rider as Julian. . . . Finally the shower passed over, and the invaders passed away; and I do hope that on the next occasion of the kind my wife will be there to see."

Charles James well remembered in later years this visit in the storm, and the rocking-horse mentioned by Hawthorne, and would add: "I remember not only getting upon Julian's rocking-horse, but pulling out his tail and being aghast at what I had done, for I did not possess a wooden horse and it had not

*Julian Hawthorne and Charles James were both born in 1846, and so were about five years old at this meeting.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

occurred to me that the tail was movable."

The two families evidently saw more of each other, judging by the following letter:

May 18th, 1852.

DEAR MR. HAWTHORNE:

I write you a few lines, in case I should not find you at home to-day, in order to ask you to come over on Tuesday next with your two young people. We are going to have a little hay-making after the olden fashion and a syllabub under the cow, hoping not to be disturbed by any of your grim old Puritans, as were the poor folks of Merrymount. By the way, you do not do yourself justice at all in your preface to the *Twice-Told Tales*—but more on that subject anon from

Yours truly,
G. P. R. JAMES.

In addition to *Henry Smeaton* (a Jacobite story of 1715), *The Fate* was the only book published by James in 1851, and this, owing to its historical setting, was very favourably received in America. The author wrote to Ollier:

Stockbridge, Massachusetts, U. S.
5th. October, 1851.

The Fate is highly popular here—considered the best book I ever wrote, by the critics at least. The whole of the first chapter was read in the Supreme Court the other day before Chief Justice Shaw to prove what was the state of England in the reign of James II. So says *The N. Y. Evening Post,* and I suppose it is true.

I wish I had you here with me to see the splendour of an American autumn in this most lovely scene. The landscape is all on fire with the colouring of the foliage, and yet so harmoniously blended are the tints from the brightest crimson to the deep green of the pines, that the effect is that of a continual sunset. Mountains, forests, lakes, streams are all in a glow round.

I have not written to you earlier because I wanted to find the treaty with Prussia in regard to copyright, and also to see the head of a great German house here in America, so as to put you in the way of negotiating for the sale of my next book in Germany. But I have been too lame to leave my own house for anything but a morning's drive. I am so far better that I can now walk out for a mile or two, but my right hand and arm remain very painful. . . .

It is rather difficult to procure drafts upon England that one can be sure of, especially at the present moment of monetary crisis when the houses on which one relied the most are failing daily in Boston and New York. . . .

V

James was next engaged in writing *Pequinillo* and *Adrian, or the Clouds of the Mind,* both works being published in 1852. The latter story was written in collaboration with the ubiquitous Maunsell B. Field, who was in the habit of passing the summer at Stockbridge. In the course of his account of this joint authorship and of James's life in the village, he relates:

"James's nature was so genial, and his fund of recollections and anecdotes so inexhaustible, that he soon became the friend of every man, woman, and child who lived in the neighbourhood. He bought property there; but I fear that notwithstanding his long india-rubber boots and affectation of rustic attire, he was not a success as a farmer. In the meantime he was industriously pegging away at book making, although to the casual observer he appeared to be the least occupied man in the place. He never did any literary work after eleven A.M. until evening. He was not accustomed to put his own hand to paper, when composing, but always employed an amanuensis. At this time he had in his service in that capacity the brother of an Irish baronet, who spoke and wrote English, French, German, and Italian, and whom I had procured for him at the modest stipend of five dollars a week. When James was dictating he always kept a paper of snuff upon the table on which his secretary wrote, and he would stride up and down the room, stopping every few minutes for a fresh supply of the titillating powder. He never looked

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at the manuscript, or made any correction except upon the proof sheets. . . ."

Although Field says James was not a success as a farmer, the novelist seems to have worked busily at the property he had acquired in the Negro Swamp district, for he tells Ollier in February, 1852:

> The weather here has been most inclement; but it has been favourable to a sort of agricultural operation called in Yankee parlance "swamping"—i.e., getting timber and firewood out of the forest swamps. During two months, which the winter has lasted, I have got out more than three hundred thousand feet of timber; but it has been with most extraordinary labour and constant attention—for the first thaw would have ruined all. I am just again setting out for the wood, and another week will make my whole operations safe. . . .
>
> At present I am writing in great haste in the grey of the morning with snow all around me, the thermometer at 18, and my hand nearly frozen. Verily, we have here to pay for the hot summer and gorgeous autumn in the cold silver coinage of winter.

On November 10, 1852, James delivered an Oration in the Melodeon at Boston on his friend the first Duke of Wellington, who had died in the previous September. He introduced some of his personal reminiscences of the Duke and gave an interesting address. James received a letter of thanks from the British residents of Boston, suggesting the desirability of printing the Oration, which was eventually publshed in 1853.

The brief Stockbridge years of 1851-2 passed all too quickly, amid pleasant society and lovely scenery and the occupations of literature and farming, and with them closed James's happy days. Could he have foreseen that only eight years of life yet remained to him, years that were to bring many troubles, sickness, and death, it cannot be doubted that he would have elected to remain quietly in Massachusetts. But the future was all unknown when, at the age of fifty-three, James decided to accept the appointment of British Consul at Norfolk, Virginia. This, of course, necessitated a fresh packing of traps and another removal, and the abandonment, with considerable financial loss, of his farm land and appliances near Stockbridge.

But the die was cast, and he set forth on this fresh adventure to Virginia, where his experiences were destined to be many and excitingly varied.

Chronicle and Comment

Shades of Patience

In the course of an otherwise able and scholarly review of Mr. William Dean Howells's *The Leatherwood God* which appeared in the columns of the New York *Sun* for November fifth we find one of the strangest of all blunders. We quote from the review:

> Thirty-five years ago Howells was so well known for his individual style, for his insistence on a realism in fiction almost photographic at times, that an English comic opera company in *Patience,* irreverently coupled his name with that of Henry James while parodying a type of young men of the period—the type of the young men whom they were supposed to use as characters in their stories.

We rather hate to spoil this exceedingly ingenious theory. But as a matter of fact the line in the opera referring to the "Howells and James young man" had no reference whatever to the two distinguished American men of letters. Howells and James was simply the firm name

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of a very fastidious London tailoring establishment of the period. Speaking of an Englishman as a "Howells and James young man" merely meant that the clothes he wore were of the latest cut and fashion.

• • •

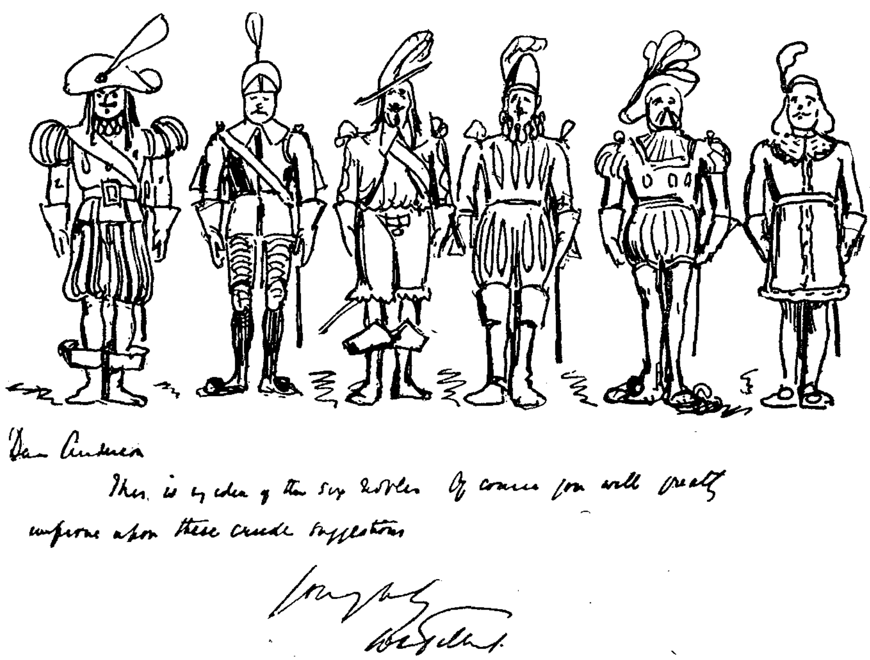
Mr. Gray

Then there was that review in the New York *Nation* of Maxwell Gray's *The World Mender,* in the course of which the reviewer persistently spoke of Maxwell Gray as Mr. Gray. Of course Maxwell Gray is the woman who wrote the very widely read *The Silence of Dean Maitland,* which was published in 1886. Her real name is M. G. Tutiett, and she is a native of the Isle of Wight. Between *The Silence of Dean Maitland* and *The World Mender* her published books are: *Reproach of Annesley,* 1888; *Westminister Chimes and Other Poems,* 1889; *In the Heart of the Storm,* 1891; *An Innocent Imposter,* 1892; *The Last Sentence,* 1893; *A Costly Freak,* 1893; *Lays of the Dragon-Slayer,* 1894; *Sweethearts and Friends,* 1897; *Ribstone Pippins,* 1898; *The House of Hidden Treasure,* 1898; *The Forest Chapel and Other Poems,* 1899; *The World's Mercy,* 1900; *Four-Leaved Clover,* 1901; *Richard Rosny,* 1903; *The Great Refusal,* 1906; *The Suspicions of Ermengarde,* 1908; *England's Son and Other Poems,* 1910; *Unconfessed,* 1911; and *Something Afar,* 1913.

• • •

W. S. Gilbert

Mention of *Patience* suggests the picture of W. S. Gilbert presented by Mrs. Alec-Tweedie in *My Tableclothes.* "A keen vein of humour," writes Mrs. Tweedie, "ran through everything Gilbert said and did. Many people called him conceited, and no doubt he was; but most of the conceit was uttered in a spirit of fun." He would tell you unblushingly that he was the most beautiful person in the world,



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that his forty-eight inch waist was exactly correct for a man of sixty, that his weight was that of the Apollo (not in marble), that his life had been faultless like a clean and beautiful crystal; and he never ceased to impress upon you the talent and genius of W. S. Gilbert, and the incompetence of every one else; but it was all done with a grave face and hidden laughter." Once Mrs. Tweedie was rash enough to remark that he must be a difficult person to work with. "I am not," said Gilbert, furiously, "and what is more I never had a theatrical row with Sullivan. I realise that collaboration must be one continual give and take, and the only way to work with a man is to believe that his share is of more importance than your own, and, therefore, give in as gracefully as you can to all his suggestions. I have altered whole lines to please Sullivan many a time, and I must say he has cheerfully changed entire passages to suit me."

• • •

Our Letters

Somehow, in an issue of the magazine for December, which must be regarded as the Christmas issue, we like to talk about our correspondents on the friendliest terms. Consequently we shall print here, rather than in the more formal "From THE BOOKMAN'S Mail Bag" certain letters or excerpts of letters that have reached us during the past few months. First comes a somewhat belated correction of an error in the first volume of Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton's *Life Histories of Northern Animals,* a work that is published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. Mr. Seton wishes to have this error brought to the attention of the owners of the volumes. *Life Histories of Northern Animals* is a two-volume work on North American natural history, and very unusual pains were taken by the author that all his data should be exact. Although the book has been before the public since 1909 and has been reviewed by the most eminent authorities on American natural history, this is the only error that has been discovered in its thirteen hundred pages, and as it is serious the author is anxious that it should be corrected. On page 476, Volume I, concerning the beaver, Mr. Seton makes the statement that "it never plasters the lodge with mud outside." This should read: "It seldom plasters the lodge with mud outside, except just before the frost comes. In the summer all lodges are finished outside with sticks."

• • •

There has been a great deal of discussion about Mr. T. Everett Harré's *Behold the Woman!* We are not going to take up the merits of the case, but in strict fairness, and complying with Mr. Harré's request, we are printing a letter which he wrote us from Round Top Mountain, Marietta, Pennsylvania, late in September.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

DEAR SIR—That the New York Astor Library has excluded my novel, *Behold the Woman!* from its shelves has been widely published. This action has been acclaimed in some quarters and is endorsed in a lengthy article in the last issue of *America,* the Roman Catholic periodical, which excoriates my book for "its vivid portrayal of indecency." I have registered a protest against the banning of my romance, and wish to say, à propos of the criticisms to the effect that *Behold the Woman!* is risque and lascivious, that this book—which I wrote to show the hideous debasement men forced upon women throughout the ages—has been endorsed by many well-known clergymen, including the Rt. Rev. William Hall Moreland, Bishop of Northern California, and by scores of people of the highest standing. Among those who have commended my novel without reservations are General Theodore A. Bingham, former police commissioner of New York City, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, Princess Troubetzkoy (Amelie Rives), Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, Hon. George B. McClellan, former Mayor of New York, Lady Duff-Gordon, Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant and Mr. Henry A. Wise Wood—surely a varied, representative and notable list of people. While *America,* a religious periodical, finds

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

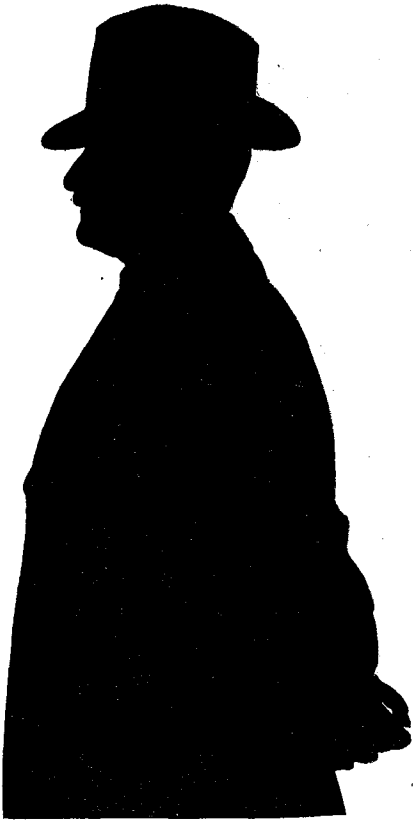
in my tale of redemption only "lewdness and immorality," *The Christian Advocate* says, *"Behold the Woman!* is an unusual book—a book to be read seriously, a book to be thought over and read again and again. . . . We wish for this book a wide reading—preachers, teachers, and all who hear the cry of sin-burdened humanity will find here a courageous word of hope and be able, perchance, to bear it on." Among other religious journals that have recommended it are *The Catholic* (Roman Catholic), *The Presbyterian Advance, The Christian Intelligencer, The Churchman* and *The Christian Work.*

I want to give an instance of the sort of bitter attack to which my novel has been subjected, and my reply to this charge. The Rev. Edgar Fay Daugherty, of Vincennes, Ind., wrote of my book thus:

"*Behold the Woman!* impresses me as a fit volume to put in the library of a bawdy house—if such houses keep libraries; it shows a way out and up—for the inmates and patrons. The courtesans and prostitutes of earth are not fit subjects for idealisation, and the writer attempting idealisation of any one or more of them is foredoomed to failure by the very crass unfitness of his material. . . . It's no more than the imaginative jag of a saffron impressionist, and its tale of redemption is maudlin if not sacrilegious. The fittest thing about the book is the 'red-light' covering in which it is bound."

To this I made the following reply in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Daugherty:

"I have been asking why it is some clergymen are disinclined to admit the possibility of forgiveness and salvation to a woman who has not been virtuous. Is it, despite the very exculpation of Jesus Christ Himself, the sin which man must refuse to forgive? A clergyman living in Long Island has even written to me making the contention that Mary Magdalen was not a prostitute. Does he intimate that, had she been the Saviour could not have pardoned her? Why this rigid uncharity and bitter hardness on part of men consecrated to go out and save the lost? How can finite humanity —whether it wears trousers, skirts or clerical frocks—limit the mercy and understanding of the Power that is infinite and from which humanity with its nature springs! . . . Frankly, I would like to have *Behold the Woman!* put into every bawdy house, for certainly, as you say, it shows a way out not presented by some clergymen whose professed mission is to show the Way and the Light to those lost in the darkness—even as it was shown by the all-comprehending



EMERSON HOUGH, AUTHOR OF "THE MAGNIFICENT ADVENTURE"

and forgiving Christ. I presume that the comparison of the forgiven woman in the seventh chapter of the Gospel of Luke to the pharisaical Simon (who despised and condemned her) might be criticised from a certain viewpoint as 'the idealisation of a prostitute,' and I do not doubt that the promise made on Mt. Calvary to the dying thief has disturbed certain timid souls who have all the itching, but not the courage, to sin save in mean, petty and paltry things."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

While the banning of a book by public libraries inevitably helps sales, there is often a double injustice in the implied insult both to the author and the public. In *Behold the Woman!* I sincerely essayed to present a problem still confronting us, and one which only the love, the understanding, the social justice which must spring from true Christianity can solve. I resent the narrow aspersions cast upon my work, and I abhor the criticism that implies that earnest novelists must write down to schoolgirls and from the standpoint of the nursery myth that babies are fished from cisterns or are plucked out of cabbage heads. The novelists of France, Russia, Germany and Poland can write of life fearlessly, yet when something like this is attempted in English—witness the early experiences in England of Thomas Hardy and George Moore and latterly in this country of Reginald Wright Kauffman and Theodore Dreiser—the hue and cry arise that the book may be "unsafe for the young." Must we continue in the "Dark Ages" of letters, and to win the approval of the smug follow the shining example of thrilling innocuousness given by the Mrs. Florence Barclays and Eleanor Porters? Shall knowledge and truth be feared as the very bait of the devil? Is the reading public in this country so inferior in adult intelligence to the people of France, Germany, Russia, Italy and Poland? Is it composed of moral weaklings who need to be protected by chaperoning anti-vice societies, mealy-mouthed puritanists and the discerning and arbitrary judges of free libraries? I, for one, resent the ignominious and nasty insult to men of letters and the moral fibre of the reading public.

I am glad, however, in being able to say that for every single attack upon *Behold the Woman!* I have received a score of commendations for that novel's frankness, which proves that noted people and the general public as well possess a wider horizon and more profound appreciation of sincerity and truth than the professional seekers of motes in others' eyes or the little czars of endowed libraries which are supposed to serve, and not conduct a restricting espionage or censorship upon, the reading public.

(Signed) T. Everett Harré.

Here is a letter containing an appeal from Gertrude Atherton. Letter and appeal are both interesting. We are printing without comment.

Madame Waddington had a unique position in Paris before the war as a member of one of the historical American families married to one of the most brilliant diplomatists of his time, and, after his death, as the author of published letters and memoirs that gave her an immediate position in literature. She is easily the first woman of American birth in France. Since the beginning of the war her immense prestige as well as her untiring energies have been at the service of her husband's country. Every *oeuvre* of importance that has been organised has her name on its list, and she is President or Vice-President of several. As there is a human limit, however, the position in most cases is merely honourary, and she devotes her time as well as all the money she can raise to certain relief work of her own conception. The Ouvroir Holophane in the Boulevard Haussmann, together with its ramifications in a large number of villages, is the principal of these. It was organised in August, 1914, in order to give employment to as many women suddenly thrown out of work—from sewing girls to music teachers—as possible. Owing to the generosity of English and American friends she was able to employ fifty at once, their work being sheets, pillows and night clothes for the hospitals, and under garments for the soldiers. In the country it was only possible at first to teach the rough-handed farm women to knit, but now they, too, have learned to sew, and make enough to keep going. Shortly after the ouvroir was on its feet she opened a wing to provide refugees from the invaded and bombarded towns with clothing, and they come in an endless and pitiful procession. The Ouvroir Holophane has also sent something like 20,000 packages to the soldiers at the front, containing a flannel shirt, drawers, thick waistcoat or jersey, two pairs of socks, two handkerchiefs, a towel, a piece of soap. If donations are made of chocolate, cigarettes or tobacco, they also go in.

In connection with her daughter-in-law, Madame Francis Waddington, she has also

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an immense work at her son's country home, so abominably treated by the Germans. Here, they not only care for a great number of refugees but keep the village going, and provide amusement for the soldiers who are kept there to cut down wood for the army. The curé contributed the room and the two ladies provided a piano, and keep the soldiers supplied with writing materials, newspapers, puzzles and games. Madame Waddington's ambition is to give them a gramophone.

But although she has done an immense amount of good, there is always more to be done. The second winter is not far off, and, war or no war, the misery will be the same for a long while. As she hesitates to tax the generosity of her friends any further, however, one of her admirers, who has seen her work at first hand, conceived the idea of bringing it to the attention of her numerous other admirers through the medium of THE BOOKMAN, and asking them to collect funds in their various centres. Even if everybody only gave a dollar, collectively it would be an enormous help. Or if they preferrrd to collect bundles of clothing (or contribute a gramophone of which they might be tired) these would be equally welcome; and, if sent to the American War Relief Clearing House, 133 Charlton Street, New York, will be forwarded to France free of charge. They must be plainly marked "For Ouvroir of Madame Waddington"; and so must all contributions in money, although these should be sent to Messrs. Morgan, Harges and Company, 31 Boulevard Haussmann, Paris.

• • •

We have received the following letter from Mr. Charles Dexter Allen, of Montclair, New Jersey:

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

We acknowledge that these are times in which men find many definitions in a state of change, yet there are some that would seem to have claim upon their older meaning too sound to be changed.

"This old English print" shown and mentioned on page 73 of the September issue of your valued paper, leads one to expect a reproduction of an early engraving, etching, wood-block or mezzotint, but instead of any of these the picture shown is not, if I understand the term a print, nor is it "an old English" picture.

Plainly, it is a reduction of an illustration by Edmund J. Sullivan, A.R.W.S., of London, to the Chapman and Hall 1910 edition of *The French Revolution,* and may be seen in volume I opposite page 376.

Would you call an illustration by Brangwyn, a caricature by Phil May or a social episode drawn for *Punch* by Du Maurier, a print or an old English print, or an old English anything else? Surely it is not likely you would; then why is an illustration by Sullivan, an illustrator as widely known as any of the above used under this term —"old English print"—with no acknowledgment of its source and no mention of the artist who drew it?

As a friend of Mr. Sullivan, I feel that you will not consider it amiss that I call your attention to the break and to ask you to give Mr. Sullivan and the book his illustration is taken from, due recognition in your next issue.

We are very glad indeed to be able to give the credit which Mr. Allen suggests. Also perhaps there should be a few lines of explanation. We came across this print by itself somewhere a few years ago, considered it interesting, and had a plate made of it for future use. A long period elapsed before we found a place for it in the magazine. It is possible that the original from which our plate was made gave credit to Edmund J. Sullivan. Our impression is that it did not; but when the time came for making up the September number the original had disappeared.

• • •

Here is a communication from a gentleman who writes from Columbia University, New York City.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

I have awaited anxiously some Editorial comment upon the very extended and elaborate symposium of Editors you lately printed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

touching the question, "Why are Manuscripts Rejected?" But you seem to have made none. Certainly out of so extended and candid a revelation of editorial methods (almost exactly similar in every case, though elaborated and explained in as many ways as there are Editors) some consensus or rule or moral or principle ought to be evolved for the guidance of the Would-be or Rejected Contributor. So far as I can see its stands now that the acceptance of a manuscript is a mere bit of blind luck. If the contributor is lucky his manuscript is accepted. If he is unlucky it is not accepted. And, contrariwise, if an editor is lucky he picks a winner; and prints him. If he is unlucky he does not pick a winner and some other editor picks him; or else the contributor gets disgusted and quits sending his manuscripts to editors! Is not this an almost exact statement of the substance of all those editorial confessions?

Of course there are some things that the Reading Public can hardly believe. We can hardly believe, for example, that any rejected manuscripts can possibly be worse than some of the manuscripts that are printed! I once took the trouble to write an editor of one of the magazines embraced in your symposium—pointing out to him that a certain story he printed was absolutely impossible from any standpoint; that it violated the laws and customs of law-offices, banks, courts of justice, and so forth. And the editor humbled me for my folly by answering me that he knew all that, but he printed the story because he knew it would interest "well-informed people." ("It interested you didn't it?" he said. Note the kind compliment to poor, degraded me!)

Another thing. If the rules laid down in the symposium are the rules followed in our magazines—how, for example, did "O. Henry" get himself printed? I sometimes wonder at the statement that there was ever a publisher so idiotic as to give a hundred pounds for such an unreadable bit of maundering as *Rasselas* or fifty pounds (or any other sum) for so poky a bit of commonplace as *The Vicar of Wakefield!* Certainly no publisher would give a dollar for such rot to-day! But, be this as it may, it appears from those examples that the old-fashioned publisher separated himself from his wealth according to no such principles as our magazine editors claim to be guided by to-day! But will not THE BOOKMAN please editorially comment upon this thing?

Just a line of comment to point out that our correspondent is slightly unfair in his sweeping arraignment of *Rasselas* and *The Vicar of Wakefield.* It was a reading public very different from the American reading public of to-day that publishers had in mind when Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith were writing. *Rasselas* is pretty dreary reading, but so is Voltaire's *Candide,* a book which it rather closely resembles. *The Vicar of Wakefield* has very well stood the test of years, but in thinking of it we always like to recall the late Henry James's characterisation of it as "the spoiled child of our literature."

• • •

The New Men

Despite an occasional setback American sport has become something essentially fine and elevating and inspiring—a natural and healthy outlet for certain elemental passions and aspirations. And with the elevation of sport itself has come the elevation of the writer about sport. In some paragraphs which appeared in THE BOOKMAN five years ago we called attention to Mr. Caspar Whitney as the man, who, above all others, had blazed the trail. In the late eighties Mr. Whitney started a little paper called *The Week's Sport,* in which he showed readers that if a man knew his Horace, his Addison, and his Thackeray, his account of an intercollegiate track meet would be all the better for it. Soon after Mr. Whitney, a writer of very decided talent, the late Richard Harding Davis, ventured into the field. Early in the nineties Mr. Davis went to England and wrote much for the American newspapers about athletic diversions at Oxford and Cambridge. In December, 1893, Mr. Davis wrote an account of the annual Yale-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Princeton football game that had taken place in New York two weeks before for *Harper's Weekly*. The closing paragraph is an admirable example of the "college spirit" by a man who fully understood it. Mr. Davis took the reader after the game to the dressing quarters of the winning eleven. "One of the Princeton coaches came into the room, and holding up his arm for silence, said: 'Boys, I want you to sing the Doxology.' And standing as they were, covered with mud and blood and perspiration, the eleven men who had won the championship sang the Doxology from the beginning to the end as solemnly and as seriously, and, I am sure, as sincerely, as they ever did in their lives."

• • •

But writing about sport was merely a side issue with Mr. Davis. The same may be said of Jack London and Rex Beach who, on occasion, have been called upon for descriptive articles about Army-Navy football games or heavy weight fights for the championship. It is with the men to whom writing about sport is the day's work, whose reputations rest entirely upon what they have written about sport, that these paragraphs have to do. Mr. Charles E. Van Loan or Mr. Boseman Bulger may occasionally invade other fields in quest of ideas for fiction; Mr. Damon Runyon and Mr. Grantland Rice may turn their hands to clever verse; but it is as the historians of the tragedies and comedies of the Big League that they are considered by the general reading public. Mr. Hugh S. Fullerton has been quoted as saying that he wants to stop "covering baseball" and settle down to write novels like those of W. J. Locke. But no matter how successful he might be in the suggested field we think that his widest audience is likely to come from those who have been entertained by his ingenious accounts of the strategy of diamond attack and defense. Peter Finley Dunne once tried to bury Mr. Dooley, but without success. Mr. Ring W. Lardner would probably have almost as much trouble if he attempted to make American newspaper readers forget "You Know Me Al," the egotistical, dull witted, niggardly, yet not unlikable pitcher in whom he has so successfully satirised certain foibles of the baseball profession.

• • •

Forty-two papers in the United States print Grantland Rice's "The Sport Light" through the *Tribune's* Service and twenty-one papers publish his "Weekly Golfing Yarn." Here is a typical sample of "The Sport Light."

THE TRAINERS

My name is Trouble—I'm a busy bloke—
I am the test of Courage—and of Class;
I bind the coward to a bitter yoke,
I drive the craven from the crowning pass;
Weaklings I crush before they come to fame,
But as the red star guides across the night
I train the stalwart for a better game—
I drive the brave into a harder fight.

My name is Hard Luck—wrecker of rare dreams—
I follow all who seek the open fray;
I am the shadow where the far light gleams
For those who seek to know the easy way;
Quitters I break before they reach the crest,
But where the red field echoes with the drums,
I build the fighter for the final test
And mould the brave for any drive that comes.

My name is Sorrow—I shall come to all
To block the surfeit of an endless joy;
Along the Sable Road I pay my call
Before the sweetness of success can cloy;
And weaker souls shall weep amid the throng
And fall before me, broken and dismayed;
But braver hearts shall know that I belong
And take me in, serene and unafraid.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My name's Defeat—but through the bitter fight
To those who know I'm something more than friend;
For I can build beyond the wrath of might
And drive away all yellow from the blend;
For those who quit, I am the final blow,
But for the brave who seek their chance to learn
I show the way, at last, beyond the foe
To where the scarlet flames of triumph burn.

DAMON RUNYON. DRAWN BY TAD. ONE OF THE MOST PROLIFIC OF WRITERS ON SPORTS. MR. RUNYON WROTE THE UNUSUAL "SONGS OF THE SHUT-INS" SOME OF WHICH APPEARED IN THE BOOKMAN A FEW YEARS AGO

Mr. Rice began writing sport in the Nashville *News* in 1901, the summer after he was graduated from Vanderbilt University. In the course of this fifteen years of service he has covered more than eighteen hundred baseball games, more than one hundred football games, besides golf championships, and tennis and polo matches.

• • •

Allusion has been made to Mr. Richard Harding Davis's description of the scene in the dressing room after the Thanksgiving Day football game of 1893. Naturally that story is included in Mr. William H. Edwards's *Football Days* (Moffat, Yard and Company). The oldest alumnus would be hard put to it to find a story dealing with the gridiron game that is not included in Mr. Edwards's book, which is far and away the best book on the subject of football that has as yet been written. Other books have dealt with the history of the game and its strategy. Five years ago Mr. Parke H. Davis's *Football* appeared from the press of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. That work traced the sport back to the twenty-second chapter of Isaiah and to the sixth book of Homer's Odyssey; followed it through the Teutonic tribes which Cæsar founded in Gaul, the ancient Britons and their descendants, and gave in minute detail the story of every important contest in America from 1869 until 1910. A year or two before Mr. Davis's book was published Mr. Walter Camp had written with profound knowledge of the subject. But neither Mr. Davis nor Mr. Camp nor any other writer about football has approached Mr. Edwards in point of colour. In *Football Days* you get not merely the anecdote of the game, but its thrill and fever. In the eyes of the American undergraduate or alumnus the Team is not merely eleven boys engaged in an afternoon contest against eleven other boys. It is a symbol of the university. There are many who do not understand this—who never can understand. "If we lose," "Garry" Cochran said to "Bill" Edwards when they were playing on the same team. "It will be a dreary old place for you. It will be a long hard winter, the frost on the window pane would be an inch thick." It is the interpretation of this spirit, which makes a defeat a tragedy and a victory one of life's supreme joys, that gives *Football Days* its absolutely unique place in its field.

• • •

Gilder Memories

While the late Richard Watson Gilder could never be considered a dominant figure in American letters he was a distinguished citizen and an admirable editor. Moreover, he was of literary importance on account of his intimate association

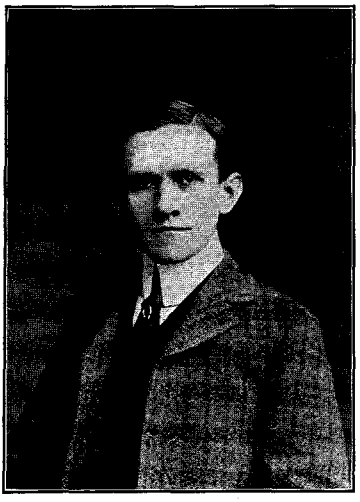
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Portrait by Greeley Photo Service

GRANTLAND RICE, WHOSE "THE SPORTLIGHT" APPEARS IN FORTY-TWO PAPERS IN THE UNITED STATES. TWENTY-ONE PAPERS PUBLISH HIS "WEEKLY GOLFING YARN"

Portrait by Ira L. Hill's Studio

WILLIAM H. EDWARDS, WHOSE "FOOTBALL DAYS" GIVES THE READER NOT MERELY THE ANECDOTE, BUT THE THRILL AND FEVER OF THE GAME

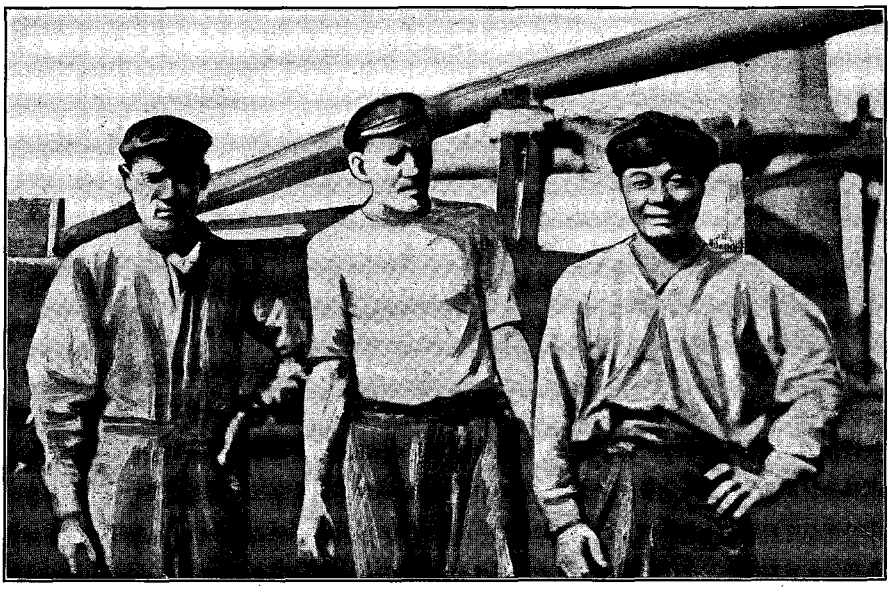


WILLIAM B. HANNA, WHO WRITES OF SPORT FOR THE NEW YORK "SUN"

JOHN G. ANDERSON, ONE OF THE MOST CONSPICUOUS WRITERS ON GOLF. MR. ANDERSON IS HIMSELF ONE OF AMERICA'S LEADING GOLF PLAYERS

WRITERS ON OUTDOOR SPORTS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



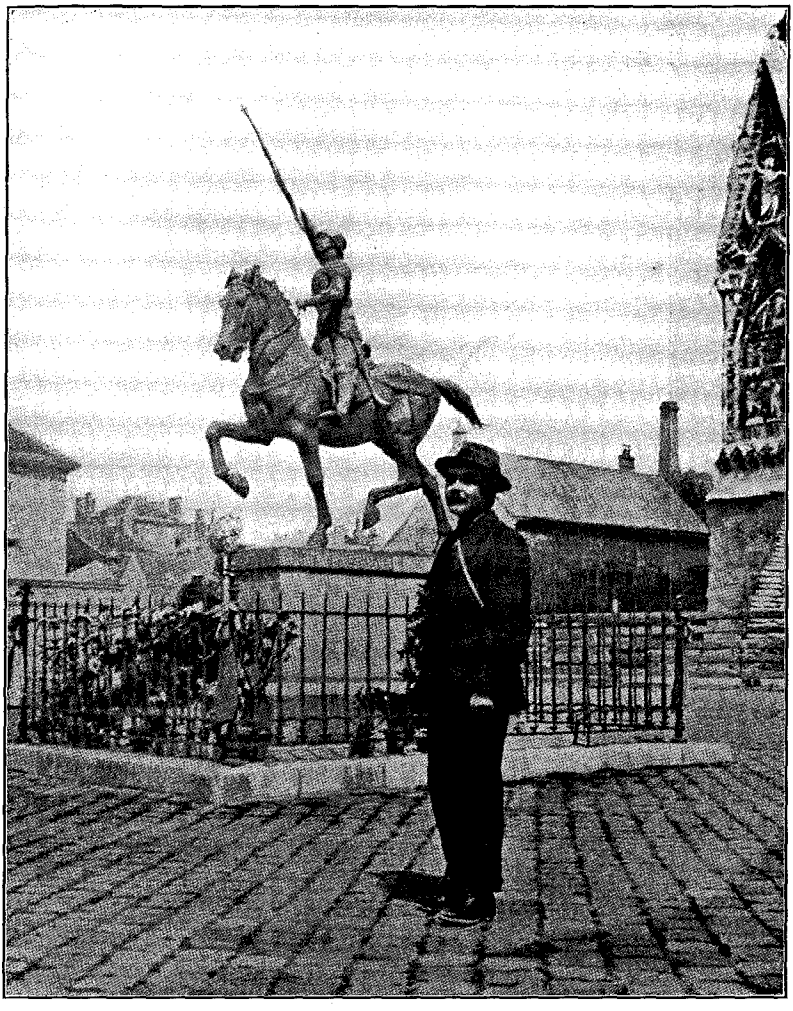
WILLIAM MC FEE, THE AUTHOR OF "CASUALS OF THE SEA," WITH HIS TWO CHINESE SAILORS ON SHIPBOARD. SINCE THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR MR. MC FEE HAS BEEN IN THE BRITISH TRANSPORT SERVICE, FOR THE GREATER PART OF THE TIME AT PORT SAID

with the best that America had to offer in art, letters, and the theatre during his lifetime. His thirty-eight years in New York, as his daughter, Rosamond Gilder, says in the course of *Letters of Richard Watson Gilder* (Houghton Mifflin Company) were years of virtually unbroken activity. Born in Bordentown, New Jersey, in 1844, he was twenty-six years of age when he started the Newark *Morning Record.* A few months later he began his association with *Scribner's Magazine,* of which Dr. J. G. Holland was the editor. With Mr. Gilder under Dr. Holland were two other young men, Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson and Mr. Alexander W. Drake. It was a time when the old traditions held in the world of magazine making; when there were thought and feeling for the flavour of real literature. In the winter of 1873 Richard Watson Gilder discovered the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.* "Do you know," he wrote later, "that I was one of the first in this country to be interested in *Omar Khayyam?* I saw it in manuscript, copied by Helena de Kay from the copy in the possession of John La Farge. I brought it to the attention of a publisher who dealt in translated works, but he did not take it."

• • •

The Helena de Kay referred to in the last paragraph was soon to become Richard Watson Gilder's wife. The young couple settled in the Studio on Fifteenth Street, New York City, where the Authors Club was afterward founded. The Studio quickly became the gathering place for a group of young artists and authors. Walt Whitman told his biographer of its hospitality. Among others who went there in the early days were La Farge and Saint-Gaudens, Will Low, Stanford White, Joseph Jefferson, and Madame Modjeska. Pages from the journal of those years record visits from the Charles Dudley Warners and from Edmund Clarence Stedman. Then came the journey to Cambridge the second summer after their marriage. Mrs. Lathrop, Nathaniel Hawthorne's daughter, made the journey with them. In the journal for July, 1875, Mrs. Gilder wrote: "Richard went to see Lowell and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



RUDYARD KIPLING BEFORE THE STATUE OF JEANNE D'ARC AT RHEIMS

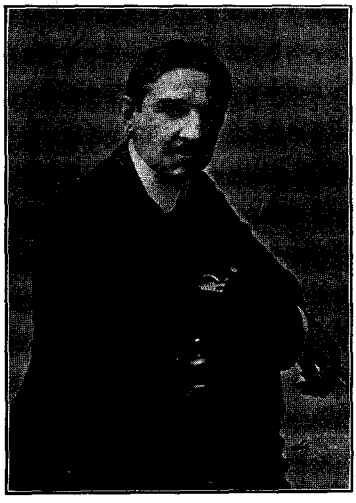
Longfellow; Lowell had called on us when we were out. We took tea at the Jameses, who were all the same. Norton's Woods were beautiful. I went there to sketch and met Lowell walking along with his finger in a book. He was perfectly delightful. We saw him twice. The first thing Longfellow said to me was that he had heard of our house and thought it must be charming—that he was always pleased to hear of houses where people carried out their own ideas and did not go by the general type. His own is beautiful. Emerson—of all these people—impressed us as the genuine child of genius."

• • •

The Gilders made their first European journey in 1879. They went to London, then to Paris, and thence by stages southward to Italy. One of their stopping places was Avignon, where by chance they discovered a nest of Provençal poets. They were enquiring one day the way to the home of Mistral, and asked the question in a small book shop. The keeper of the shop turned out to be Mme. Roumanille, wife of the senior

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

member of the poetic group, herself once queen of the society of poets,—the Félibrige—and mother and mother-in-law of other queens and poets. The poet from America was welcomed with open arms by all the warm-hearted Provençeaux. The following autumn the Gilders returned from Italy to London. In a letter to his sister, Jeannette L. Gilder, dated January 9, 1880, Richard Watson recorded: "I have lunched with Gosse and Austin Dobson. I have had four chats with Browning—nice fellow! He introduced me to 'Tom Hughes'."



EDWIN MILTON ROYLE, AUTHOR OF "PEACE AND QUIET"

Again, to Charles de Kay, he wrote: "I have seen Browning twice; he reminds me of an india-rubber ball, he has so much bounce—and is round and sudden; very jolly and kindly though and interested in things—especially in art. He doesn't seem at all poetic at first—but those who know him best like him most and find the rhymer in him."

• • •

In 1880, after the return from Europe, came the change by which *Scribner's Magazine* became *The Century*. In 1881 Dr. Holland died, and from that time, Mr. Gilder, editor-in-chief in name as well as in fact, began to exert that controlling influence which was his until the time of his death twenty-eight years later. Among the features for the first five years of *The Century* under its new name were George W. Cable's *History of the Creoles,* and his novel, *Dr. Sevier;* John Hay's novel, *The Breadwinners*—published anonymously and arousing at the time intense interest and discussion; chapters from Stevenson's *Silverado Squatters,* and novels by Mr. Howells. The Civil War Series and *The Life of Lincoln,* though not published till later, were under consideration at the time. Together they form by far the most important publications ever undertaken by a magazine. The Civil War Series alone required an enormous amount of work on the part of the two editors who had it in charge, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Buel, while Mr. Gilder's hand guided *The Life of Lincoln* through the difficult processes of completion and publication.

• • •

In a letter to Edmund Gosse, written November 1, 1882, Mr. Gilder recorded the forming of the Authors Club. "You will be surprised," he wrote, "to hear that there is no such thing in the city—but perhaps you will not be surprised either, for I doubt if there is such a thing in London." Also to Mr. Gosse, under cover of February 6, 1883, he wrote: "By the way, has it ever occurred to Stevenson to do a Chaucer series à la Arabian Nights? Can you get a story from him for us? Is he not the 'new man' you told me about when we were walking down toward the Park after the Athenæum Club? He has a delicious humour. Will he keep it up—respect his talent—and have a 'career'? I find he knows some of my American artist friends." Two weeks later he was writing to Stevenson direct suggesting that *The Century* would welcome contributions. Then again to Gosse (March 23, 1886), "You remember Stevenson's gigantic and delightful project about the Rhone. He said to me that the man who did it would have to have, among

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other qualities, the strength of a bullock. Of course, he is not likely to be able to carry it out in its entirety; but I asked Low lately if he would, in writing over, lure him with the idea of their doing one or more papers on the Rhone together. The result is Low's tragic letter from Stevenson, leaping at the idea, but saying that hemorrhages will haunt them through their journey, and that Low must not be frightened by them, and must simply take good care of him. To this Mrs. Stevenson adds a postscript saying that the 'mysterious' malady which afflicts Louis is doubtless none other than consumption, and that in one of these hemorrhages he may slip this life."

• • •

There was once a story current that when Stevenson came to America in 1879 on his first trip he had gone to the office of *The Century*, then *Scribner's*, and had not been received with open arms. When he came again, in 1887, Mr. Gilder saw him and they talked over the earlier episode. Here is Mr. Gilder's account, contained in a letter to Mr. Talcott Williams:

I have no doubt that Stevenson used the expression "fired out" with reference to his experience in our old office. That is the term he and I used in talking the thing over, the other evening. I had three delightful visits in his room by his invitation,—two of them very long visits,—and that among other things was freely discussed. I remember asking him who it was that "fired him out." (In point of fact, of course, nobody fired him out.) He looked at me with a quizzical expression and said: "I don't know but it was you. Yes," he said, "I think it was you, now that I look at you."

I said, "Oh, pshaw, now! Dr. Holland was a large likeness of me; it might have been he."

"No," he said, "I think it was you."

"Well," I said, "see here, now, when was this?"

He said it was in July.

I said, "It might have been me, if it was in July; but of what year?"

"1879."

"Hurrah!" said I, "that lets me out." And I jumped up with great delight, for as you know I was in Europe from March, 1879, to June, 1880. Between you and me and the lamp-post I have no doubt I would have made the same answer to him as was made—whatever that answer was. He brought no manuscript, and simply wanted to write for the magazine.

• • •

After Stevenson, Kipling. Here is a record from Mr. Gilder's journal under date of May 1, 1892.

WRITERS ABOUT SPORT. JAMES C. ISAMINGER OF THE PHILADELPHIA "NORTH AMERICAN"

Kipling dined with us on Saturday, and I found him very simple in outward ways, interested in everything about him, and no hint of the "big head" which we had been told so much about. His talk was general and perfectly unaffected. Of course we made him talk about himself—that is part of the art of conversing with a genius. He told us some very amusing things about elephants, and I asked him (à propos of Francesca to whom he talked Hindoo—and I said he mesmerised her!) how much he believed of those things. He said he did not know, but the first time he saw the beef killed in Chicago he was more overcome than at the sight of human beings killed: it was the "sacred

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cow," and to kill it was sacrilege. Of course in a sense he is not simple at all—he is tremendously complicated. Mrs. Kipling is a real New England girl, interested in interesting things and a woman of much good sense but not prosaic.

• • •

Not Ours—Mr. Davis's

For the following appreciation of Mr. Frank Wilstach's *A Dictionary of Similes* we are indebted to the ingenious pen of Mr. Robert H. Davis. Mr. Davis writes: Nicholas I. of Russia, decided in the latter forties that he wanted a

FRANK WILSTACH

railroad constructed from Moscow to St. Petersburg. He summoned his engineers. They arrived at the Palace with a ton of blue prints and a number of objections. "I don't like the detours you gentlemen have planned through swamps and hills. Why don't you build the road in a straight line?" "It can't be done," chorused the experts. "Why not?" inquired Nicholas, seizing a ruler. "It looks simple enough to me, for example—:" Whereupon His Majesty placed the straight edge upon the map, drew a line from Moscow to St. Petersburg, hired William McNeil Whistler's father to oversee the job, and the road was built. To-day from Moscow to Petrograd the Nicholas Railway flies as the crow. During the year the Prince of Wales visited the United States he was introduced to the American oyster. At that time, a full grown Lynnhaven was about the size of a veal chop. The Prince was of the opinion that one was sufficient for a meal. A bystander remarked: "Why there are people in this town who can eat a hundred of them." "Sir," responded the Prince, "it can't be done. I should be glad to lay a wager that you cannot find within the day so eminent a gourmand." The boaster withdrew and returned in about thirty minutes. "Now, Your Highness," said he, "come across with that bet. You say it can't be done—I just did it myself!"

• • •

Sometime ago George Moore wrote: "It is hard to find a simile when one is seeking for one." This line fell under the eye of Mr. Frank J. Wilstach. Goaded to desperation, he rushed out and collected sixteen thousand similes. He ravaged every language, all the authors living and dead, and compiled a volume carrying four hundred and eighty-eight pages, and weighing close on to three pounds. From Chaucer to Cobb he applied himself to the task and laid bare the natural history of the simile in all its quaint, curious, fascinating, and complicated forms. His selections, to use a simile from Carlyle, are "crammed in like salted fish in their barrels." But these fish are laid in proper order, not by a reckless longshoreman, but by an ichthyologist who displays them with due regard, and in such a manner that the angler for similes can cast his hook and catch any kind of a fish with which he wishes to stock his intellectual aquarium. For people who possess brains and wish to match them, *The Dictionary of Similes* is a treasure house. For people who do not possess brains and wish to snatch them, Mr. Wilstach's volume is "open as a smile." His book is the alpha and omega of comparative utterance. Its chief charm,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aside from its value as a book of reference, lies in the fact that it brings the reader face to face, through swift contact, with the ancients and the moderns; and it would be an easy matter for one to find his interest awakened in some author merely through a single brilliant line, or a flash of wit suspended in the essence of comparison. Swift has written: "Books, like men their authors, have no more than one way of getting into the world, but there are ten thousand to get out of it and return no more." But with a Wilstach at large, the possibility of a dead author being brought back to life increases tenfold. He has gathered from under foot many a forgotten quib—many a phrase that would otherwise have lain forever beneath the accumulating dust from the stars. Mr. Wilstach's first duty is to send a copy of this *Dictionary of Similes* to Mr. George Moore who may still be in search of one.

• • •

London Memories

In the second of the papers entitled "London Memories" which he has been contributing to *Scribner's Magazine,* Brander Matthews recalls a dinner given at the Savile Club by Edmund Gosse in honour of William Dean Howells. Among the guests were George Du Maurier, Austin Dobson, Thomas Hardy and William Black, and over the table was a discussion of the reasons for the disappearance of revenge as a motive in fiction —a discussion which resulted in a general agreement that as men no longer sit up nights on purpose to hate other men, the novelists have been forced to discard that murderous desire to get even which has been a mainspring of romance in less sophisticated centuries. Then the talk shifted to the subject of the image called up in the mind by the word *forest.*

To Hardy forest suggested the sturdy oaks to be assaulted by the woodlanders of Wessex; and to Du Maurier it evoked the trim and tidy avenues of the national domain of France. To Black the word naturally brought to mind the low scrub of the so-called deer-forests of Scotland; and to Gosse it summoned up a view of the green-clad mountains that towered up from the Scandinavian fiords. To Howells forest recalled the thick woods that in his youth fringed the rivers of Ohio; and to me there came back swiftly the memory of the wild growths, bristling up unrestrained by man, in the Chippewa Reservation which I had crossed fourteen years before in my canoe trip from Lake Superior to the Mississippi.

• • •

In 1883 Brander Matthews made the acquaintance of Charles Brookfield, the actor. One day when they were chatting after luncheon in the smoking-room of the Savile the talk turned to *Vanity Fair.* Very casually Brookfield remarked: "My mother has a lot of Thackeray letters."

When I asked for particulars, he explained that his parents had been very intimate with the novelist and that his mother had preserved nearly a hundred letters to them extending over long years and often adorned with characteristic drawings. When I inquired why this correspondence had not been printed, he replied that his mother had offered them without success to the London publisher who was the owner of the Thackeray copyrights. I knew that the law laid down by the English court when Chesterfield protested against the publication of his letters to his son, admitted the physical ownership of a letter by the recipient, while reserving to the sender the right to control publication; and I saw that the situation was a deadlock since Mrs. Brookfield could not sell her letters for publication without the permission of the owner of Thackeray's copyrights, whereas the publisher could not issue the correspondence unless she supplied him with the copy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS OF TO-DAY

BY WILLIAM TROWBRIDGE LARNED

I

It was reserved for an Englishman, Mr. Arnold Bennett, to rebuke the snobbishness and ignorance of certain New Yorkers who sneer at American art, and to remind them that two Americans—Sargent and Whistler—are among the foremost modern painters. That such a rebuke should be invited seemed surprising. At least ten years before Mr. Bennett's utterance the Comparative Exhibition of Paintings, held in New York, had established in discerning eyes the equality of Americans with Englishmen and Continentals. It was nevertheless refreshing to be told by an alien of such keen perception that the Yankee habit of boasting is not, after all, universal and constant, and that whispers of self-disparagement may still be overheard by acute and well-trained ears.

The criticisms resented by our distinguished visitor, concerning our art in general, you are sure to hear, sooner or later, from the lips of persons neither snobbish nor ignorant, concerning the art of our illustrators in particular. They will tell you we have developed no school. That Abbey and Smedley are but memories—Gibson a glittering exception. They will talk of Daumier, Keene, Phil May, Leech, Du Maurier, Beardsley, Nicholson. And of course they will flaunt in your face the pages of *Jugend, Simplicissimus* and *Le Rire*.

Perhaps the best answer to all this—for some of the argument goes wide—is to point to some of the illustrations in our current periodicals—weekly and monthly. In certain instances it may be necessary to turn the cover quickly. It is, after all, only a kind of chromatic college yell that will do you no lasting harm if your glasses are properly adjusted, and—like the circus posters—it probably bears no absolute relation to the entertainment inside. Then—discreetly skipping, as we all skip, whether we are reading Homer or Hamilton Mabie—you are likely to find, even in the most "popular" of the magazines, examples of the illustrator's art that will be a sufficient reply.

The high standard long established and adhered to by some of our leading periodicals, zealous in the promotion and development of pictorial art, speaks of course for itself. It has made them the envy and despair of England's magazines. What the writer wishes to point out is that not only in these, but in periodicals that appeal to a far wider and a less sophisticated audience, may be found the work of a dozen or more men and women—the Illustrators of To-day—whose sincerity, high purpose and commanding gifts of delineation set them apart as masters of their craft. The list is by no means complete. It includes both those who are young in years and those who, older, are also young in vision and in attitude. It indicates strikingly, that a link has been established between the traditions of the past and that changing, living present which merges in to-morrow. The illustrators here singled out do not represent a school, or a movement. Except in the case of three or four men they do not even constitute what might be called a group. Their styles are as various as their mediums. What they do stand for in common is their endeavor to represent life truthfully, graphically, convincingly, and in doing so to make no compromise.

II

It was Glackens, now a painter almost exclusively, who exercised a strong formative influence on the men doing the most conspicuous and telling work in black and white to-day. A comprehen-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sive chronicle of how it came about would doubtless include some record of the Café Francis—unhappily no more. Ten years ago this unique establishment provided an atmosphere and became a rendezvous for a group of artists, some already famous and some on the road to fame. It was not only a restaurant, but a kind of club, and it gathered within its hospitable walls painters like Lawson, Henri, Luks, and illustrators such as Glackens, Wallace Morgan, Gruger, Louis Fancher, the Prestons. It was, in some respects, perhaps the closest approximation to the mythical thing—"Bohemia" that recent New York has nourished, and the intercourse of its frequenters was unquestionably stimulating. But ill fortune overtook the proprietor, and the art aggregation is gone.

An influence of wider and more practical importance, and one that cannot be overlooked, is the part played by the newspaper press of yesterday,—before

ROOSEVELT. BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the camera supplanted the illustrator. In those days—but a few years ago—the staff artist was constantly called upon to picture the news. The races at Belmont Park, a labour riot in Chicago, the eruption of Mount Pelée—any one of these things found him prepared, and put him on his mettle. This was the real art school—the school of life—in which he threw overboard many theories, and grappled with living emotions. It trained his eye, his hand, his mind, as nothing else could train them—enlarging his experience, and supplying him with a great variety of subjects. Some of to-day's most notable illustrators enjoyed this post-graduate course, after leaving the art school; and each of them acknowledges his indebtedness to it.

The man who comes first to mind in this connection is Wallace Morgan, who owes less to his early instruction and more to himself than any one I can recall. Mr. Morgan was for some years an obscure member of the New York *Herald* staff—his great ability unrecog-

Courtesy of "Collier's Weekly"

IN A RESTAURANT. BY WALLACE MORGAN. FROM "ABROAD AT HOME"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nised except by his fellow-craftsmen. In 1908, quite accidentally, he was assigned to provide pictures for the "Fluffy Ruffles" verses of the late Charles Battell Loomis. The public rose to them, the newspaper awakened to his importance, and his reputation was made. Since that day Mr. Morgan has developed his style and thought out his effects until his brilliant contributions to *Collier's* and other periodicals have compelled popular favour.

The opportunity he seized on the newspaper was an accident, but there was nothing fortuitous in his methods while awaiting it. He had set out to model his manner on some of the shining exemplars of the criss-cross school—that intricate style which boasts a few masters and many poor imitators. Then, one day, he suddenly awoke to the consciousness that this was all wrong—for him. With his feet set in the right path he laboured and contemplated, and so adjusted his vision that he has at last achieved a peculiar mastery in his medium. His illustration for Julian Street's *Abroad At Home* shows his excellent tone effects—his command of the painter's art combined with the illustrator's special endeavour and aptitude. It is a style exceptionally free and loose—the antithesis of the photographic. His figures are people, not puppets, and if the men and women he wishes to depict are "smart" their counterfeits will be "smart" as well, but will not suggest collaboration with a tailor.

In gathering the material for *American Adventures*—the second of the *Collier's* series—there came a time when the tourists felt travel-worn. To Wallace Morgan, at least, such an inland voyage had long ceased to be a novelty. Their trip through one State, here nameless, was marked by sleepless nights which the most fastidious wayfarer must sometimes endure in hotels. "I'm tired of it," Morgan remarked to Street. "I don't mind hardships, and danger is all in the day's work; but I draw the line at being slowly bitten to death."

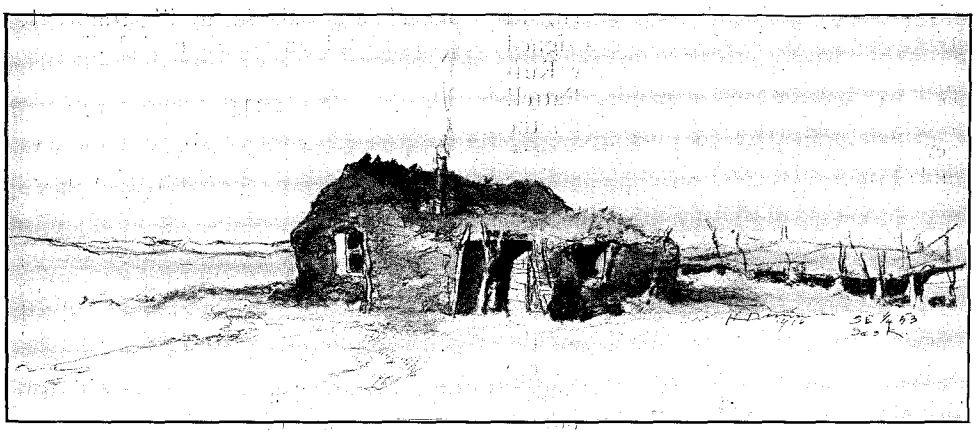
"I see," said Street, sympathetically. "I made a mistake in my illustrator. It should have been Harrison Cady."

III

Henry Raleigh, who lives and works at Stamford, Connecticut, also owes much to his newspaper training. His work for the San Francisco press attracted such favourable attention in New York that he joined the staff of the Sunday *World,* where he filled all kinds of assignments, and lent a special distinction to its pictorial pages. The painter predominates in all of Raleigh's drawings, many of which appear in *The Saturday Evening Post.* It is not that he subordinates delineation to beauty of tone. The picture he himself selected for this article sufficiently indicates his vividness and his interpretatve power. But he is not satisfied unless his drawing contains all that he can bring to it with respect to colour and composition, and in this sense he has no superior among our magazine illustrators. He is a rapid worker, as all newspaper staff artists must learn to be; and this rapidity has come to be of great service in an age of speed when the exactions of the weeklies and monthlies frequently match the frenzied haste of the daily journal. An illustrator nowadays is often called upon to supply a set of pictures for a story at a few days' notice, and when this demand comes from a steady customer he feels compelled to comply with it. And it is here that facility, born of wide experience and long practice, and supplemented by a cultivated power of visualisation, makes it possible for the illustrator to do his best work at one burst. Wallace Morgan, for example, visualises so strongly the people and things he has seen that he uses no models at all; and though sometimes he toils for a week on a drawing, it is simply because he is not satisfied with a number of preliminary sketches.

While Mr. Raleigh shuns specialisation, his illustrations of both French and Irish types are conceived and executed with uncommon felicity. When he finds

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ON THE DUNES. BY HARVEY DUNN

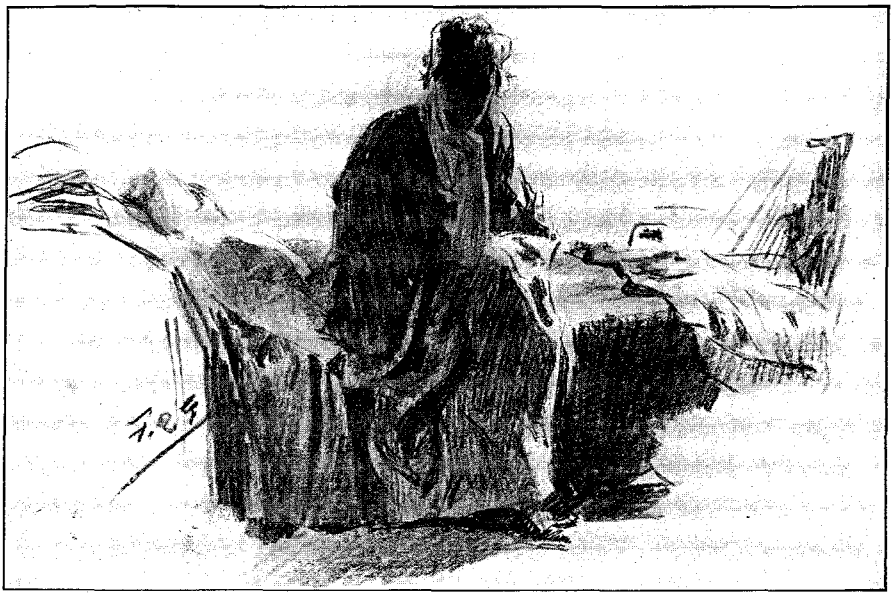
himself becoming "stale," he takes a rest for two or three months—making etchings and lithographs in the meanwhile, for his own amusement, until the inspiration for work returns.

Raleigh, F. R. Gruger, and Arthur William Brown use much the same methods, work in the same medium, and aim at the same goal, yet their achievements are by no means alike. Two things they possess in common. One is their endeavour to tell the story through the picture, and to do so by depicting real people in a real world. The second thing is a possession shared, I am glad to record, by nearly all the illustrators of to-day who really count. This is that definite yet elusive quality called breeding. It shows in an artist's work irrespective of his types, and in the matter of his types it is quite unmistakable. When the true illustrator essays to picture gentlefolk he does not do it by elevating their chins or their eyebrows, or by seeking inspiration from a fashion-plate. The process is somewhat subtler, and when it is skilfully employed you behold men and women strange to the pages of—no matter whom, but quite recognisable in the course of a stroll along the avenue of any American city.

F. R. Gruger—like Raleigh and Brown—has been conspicuously identified with *The Saturday Evening Post*. Like Raleigh and Morgan he has enjoyed a newspaper training—on the Philadelphia *Ledger*. Mr. Gruger's father was a builder and contractor, and some of his associates think they can trace to this his fondness for structural things. However this may be, his drawings reveal a close observation of accessories in relation to the human figures of the scene. One of several illustrations for a recent *Post* story strikingly indicates this method. It is a picture meant to epitomise a workingman's bedroom, and you would know this if you did not read the title underneath. The Nottingham curtains on the window, with the inevitable gilt cornice, alone tell the story. But the whole effect is immensely heightened, and an atmosphere certainly created, by the way in which everything in the room—washstand, table, chairs, gas bracket—is suggested rather than forced upon your attention. Now, here is every little detail that goes to make reality, yet nothing is photographic or painfully minute. It is not a "big" or important picture, but for all that it represents a triumph in verity. All of Gruger's illustrations are the product of one who analyses his characters and surrounds them with a suitable environment.

Mr. Gruger's choice of a career was directed by a stationer in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. This man was also a dealer in prints, and in his little shop

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SKETCH BY F. R. GRUGER

the impressionable boy first learned that Michael Angelo was a great master, and that here in the United States artists such as Abbey, Smedley and Reinhart were the men to study and follow. It is by adhering to these standards and by years of unremitting toil, with scarcely a real vacation, that he has established himself securely as a sound and valid portrayer. Mr. Gruger, it may be noted, finds that the "Movies" have opened a new field for observation that has a peculiar value in the exhibition of unconscious gestures and the varied play of emotions.

Arthur William Brown, the youngest of this group, has won recognition through persistent and conscientious work. The first sketches he was able to sell were submitted to *The Saturday Evening Post* after he had ceased his labours as a chalk-plate artist for a newspaper in Hamilton, Canada, and had come to New York. As no knock resounded on his door, he took to the road in pursuit of opportunity—travelling with Barnum and Bailey's circus, and making sketches of what he saw. It was these that the *Post* accepted—and kept in the safe for several years before reproducing them.

Mr. Brown "found himself" in his highly interpretative illustrations for Booth Tarkington's *Seventeen,* in *The Metropolitan Magazine.* It may be that I confuse the excellence of the subject with his achievement in interpretation. He himself modestly says, "It was a great opportunity." But it seems to me that he has revealed in this satisfying series of pictures a skill and understanding that greatly surpass his previous performance. The merit of these lies, first of all, in the happy conveyance of the author's theme and characters. Many readers would prefer to have stories they care most for left unillustrated because the pictures are so likely to destroy the illusion. But the illustrations for *Seventeen* heighten the illusion, and lend an additional flavour to a delightful story.

This effect is achieved in great measure by the intelligent and discriminating selection of types The people here depicted, whether juveniles or grown-ups, are natural, everyday people—never freaks or caricatures. They look, as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they are meant to be—wholesome and well bred. Even the darkey waiter communicates the impression that he, too, had "binging up." You would never take him for a roustabout or a "nigger minstrel."

Mr. Brown's models—used chiefly for suggestion—are seldom professionals. The boys and girls employed for *Seventeen* were mostly recruited from neighbouring families. The little daughter of Maximilian Foster, playwright, posed for Jane. A young man fresh from Princeton, where he had belonged to the same club as Mr. Tarkington, felt honoured in impersonating the corpulent

THE BOOKKEEPER'S WIFE. BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

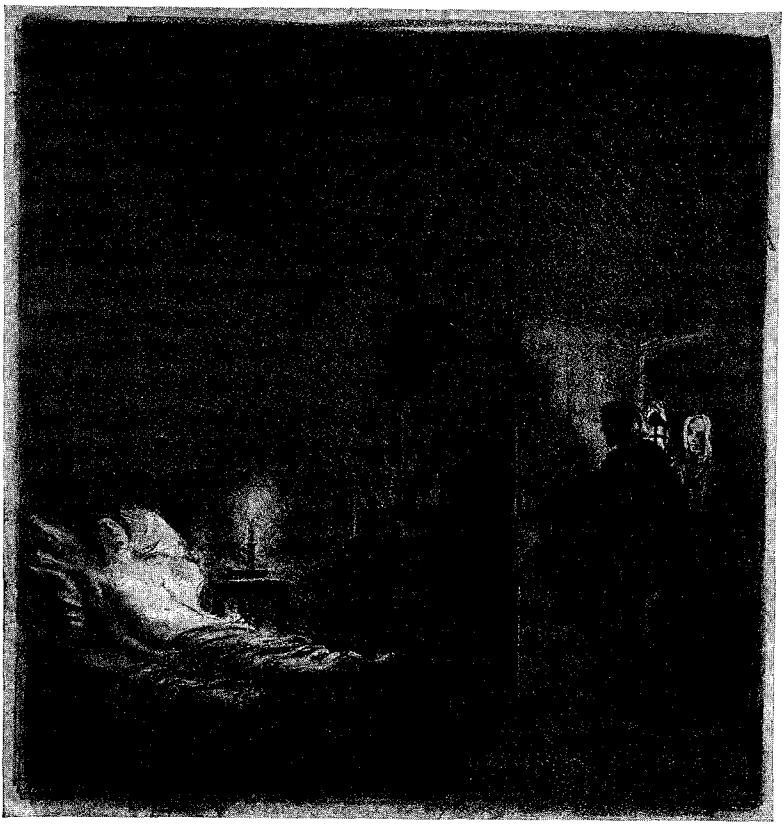
youth—until the fiction appeared in book form, with the title of the episode cruelly changed to "The Big Fat Lommax."

We now come to a commanding figure in modern pictorial expression. Albert Sterner—long in the foremost rank of graphic draughtsmen,—who has quite incidentally taken up illustration again, following a period largely occupied by portraits in pastel and oil, affords a striking refutation of the peculiar notion prevailing in some quarters that beauty and delicacy are inconsistent with strength. His work, moreover, is an eloquent protest against the demand for labels and specialisation. The moment finds him engaged with illustrations, done in charcoal, for Mrs. Humphry Ward's serial, *Lady Connie* —revealing his customary charm of line and the employment of classic types as modern as Broadway and as opposite to it as Arcady. To-morrow may find him at work on a decoration or a portrait, or absorbed in some new adventure in art. Some day he may try his hand at the Movies; but if he does you may be sure the idea will be his idea—the theme and all that pertains to it will be *his* theme. To create as well as interpret—that may be said to sum up his attitude and to

Copyright, Rose O'Neill, 1915

IMAGES DANS L'ESPRIT. BY ROSE O'NEILL (SALON 1912)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ÂME MALADE. BY ALBERT STERNER

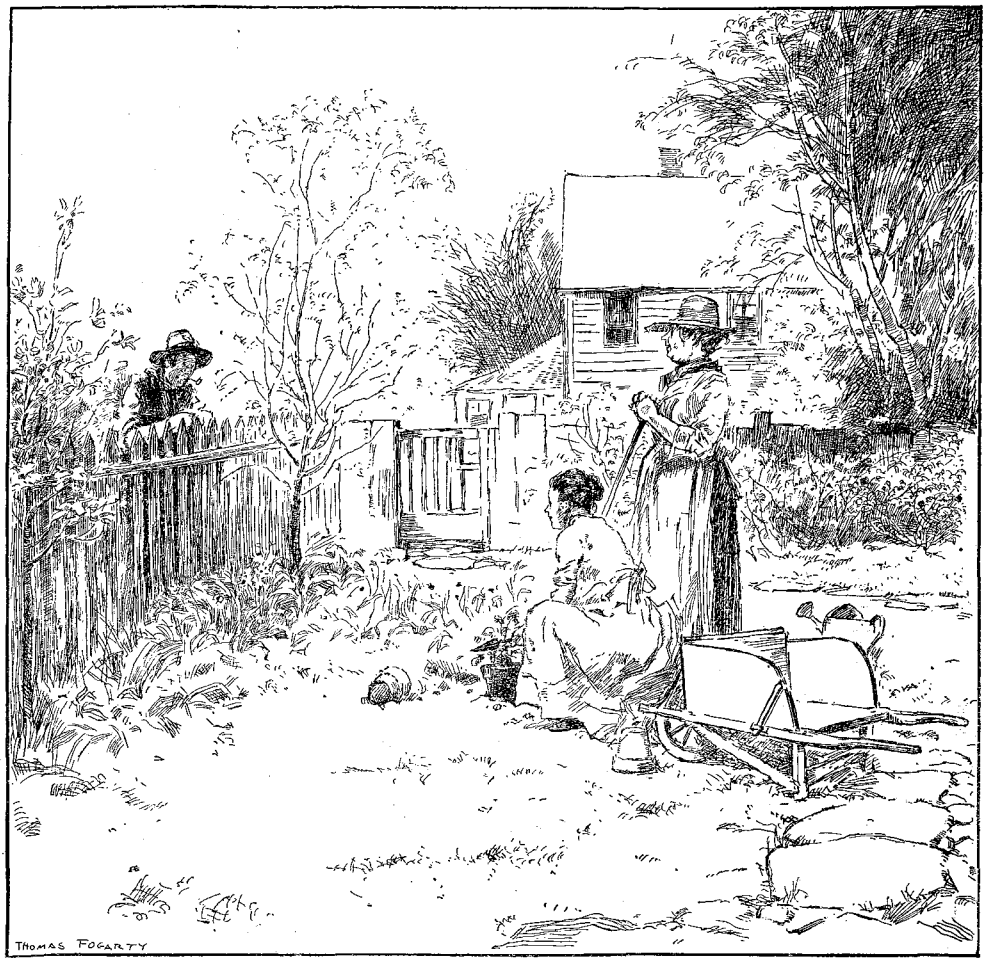
define in a word what he holds to be his function as an artist. "Expression!" he exclaims. "Anything that expresses me—I care not what. Let it be a bookplate, or a portrait, or a lithograph. The medium, the special technique—it makes no difference, as long as I express myself in the particular medium that best conveys the idea and the inspiration."

IV

The reproduction in THE BOOKMAN of Mr. Sterner's "Âme Malade" exhibits but one facet of a diamond. It is, however, quite enough to indicate the virtuoso. It radiates what artists like to call "feeling." You get the sensation of spaciousness in his treatment of the vast chamber—of brooding mystery and tragedy that envelop and penetrate its every recess.

You have probably seen another drawing of his—for it has been often reproduced: "Amour Mort," with Pierrot disconsolate at the bedside of his dead Love. Here the reclining figure of the inanimate woman is so etherialised—so surrendered to the lassitude of death, that its "rapture of repose" might be taken to illustrate those lines of Byron, beginning, "He who has bent him o'er the dead." Indeed I rather hope that the passage may be affixed before Mr. Sterner passes away and the copyright expires. Otherwise, popularity may overtake him, as it has overtaken Whistler, whose portrait of his Mother may now be seen in the humbler shop windows, where wall mottoes are on view,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"SUCH A FINE, GOSSIPY WORLD." BY THOMAS FOGARTY

accompanied by a set of sentimental verses written "for the trade."

Sweet are the uses of advertisement. Will no publisher who purveys largely to the receptive public perceive that beauty may be made as popular as sin if it is only adroitly proclaimed?

Thomas Fogarty is another man who carries on the traditions and at the same time strikes the modern note. As a youth he was rash enough to throw up a perfectly good job in the American Exchange National Bank—not so much because of his disillusionment upon discovering that bank employees are often obliged to work till late at night as because of his odd notion that the pictures in the business office of *Scribner's* would, if steadily contemplated, afford him an inexpensive art school. After drinking to the full of these mural decorations without making much practical progress as an artist, he left commerce to others and set out to learn in the customary way. If he is in *Who's Who* to-day—as few illustrators are—it must be because Chicago has heard of him, and approved. The illustration for the David Grayson story—"Such a Fine, Gossipy World," is an excellent example

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of his manner. It is felicitous in its types, poetic in its rendering of figures and landscape, and breathes the open air. It is pleasing to note that he is doing the illustrations for Tarkington's "Lucius Brutus Allen" stories in *Everybody's*.

The popularity of Rose O'Neill's "Kewpies" has enabled her to eschew illustration excepting that which pictures her own ideas. As the embellishment of certain kinds of fiction is one of the illustrator's greatest mental trials, and as even the best craftsmen cannot always choose what they would prefer to picture, she may be said to have attained a measure of beatitude. Her aloofness with respect to what she calls "illiterature" was expressed upon one occasion in the pre-Kewpie period, when an editor asked her to make the drawings for a romantic yarn that need not here be precisely indicated. "I'll do it," she agreed, "if I don't have to read the story." So the bargain was struck and carried out; and this, I believe, is the first time the breath of scandal has touched the occurrence.

Miss O'Neill has been drawing since she was fourteen, and writing much verse and prose besides. John Brisben Walker's *Cosmopolitan* and innumerable back numbers of the by-gone *Puck* contain characteristic examples from her pen. Her craftsmanship is distinguished for fancy and imagination—for an easy exuberance in the style, with its flowing line and insistence upon decoration. Her chubby children are all her own. If one were lost or stolen the bell-ringer would need no initials on the clothing (or skin) to identify it.

He who only knows the Kewpies has barely made Miss O'Neill's acquaintance. If you have chanced upon her serious work—say an illustration for Moore's *Melodies*—you will begin to see that she is a poet. But really to understand and appraise her you must visit her studio overlooking Washington Square. In the salon of the Spring of 1912 was hung the picture here shown, entitled "Images dans l'Esprit." The central figure, as you see, is a woman with the rapt gaze of a dreamer, and the images that float through her mind are pictured in hovering, "questionable shapes"—dream faces spiritual and sensual, terrible and tender, mocking and ministering. This picture, in a sense, is a kind of forerunner of some amazing things kept in a portfolio. These never have been published or exhibited. What she will do with them Miss O'Neill has not determined. They represent the aspirations and development of one who has worked hard and dreamed much—of one whose most beloved master is William Blake. "They embody what I believe in," says Miss O'Neill—"monsters and magic. We do not wonder enough. Hardly any one wonders nowadays."

These drawings are as far removed from the Kewpies as Ariel is from Caliban, as Touchstone is from Hamlet. It is symbolism enriched with fantasy—a series of bold and virile conceptions finely imagined and powerfully realised. One of them shows the massive and misshapen figure of a Faun, feeding with infinite solicitude a little child cradled in his grotesque arms. But I cannot more than hint at them here.

V

Louis Fancher, who recently won the one thousand dollar poster prize in the Remington Arms Company's competition, studied at the League, and afterward in Munich. He came to New York from Chicago when he was fourteen, is still in the early thirties, and was doing some of his most distinguished work for *Collier's* at the time when Sterner, Penfield, Maxfield Parrish, Treidler, Jessie Willcox Smith, G. Wright and others made that periodical a delight. Mr. Fancher's activities today are chiefly confined to idealising the automobile, drawing designs that make the purchase of tobacco imperative, and painting theatrical posters associated with the Standing Room Only sign in our more pretentious theatres.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INDEMNITY. BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON

This kind of work not only brings the greatest rewards, but permits him, he insists, more latitude of expression than does the portrayal of American family life from which the conventions exclude all that is convivial save cubeb cigarettes and grape juice. Mr. Fancher foresees the time when any one wholly ignorant of art may take a surface car at the Battery, keep his gaze riveted on the advertising panels, and be able, when he has reached the Metropolitan Museum, to tell Bouguereau from Goya at a glance.

Design — vibrant, imaginative and highly decorative—is the basis of Mr. Fancher's productions. When conceived in the spirit of the drawing exhibited here we perceive a rare and intensely interesting accomplishment. This represents, however, but one phase of his manner, which passes in the treatment of his subject from the frankly theatrical to the severe and formal, and again is significant with the simplicity and restraint of his Pierrot at the lattice window.

The scrutinisers of occult phenomena pertaining to expressions of literature and art have recorded, without elucidating it, that our metropolitan newspapers have frequently blazed the way for the magazines. Catering to the masses who run and read, the New York Sunday newspaper has, over and over again, held up the torch. The most pertinent instance is that Boardman Robinson enriched the pages of the *Sunday Telegraph* with pictures one still hears referred to as "unfinished," and that *The Tribune,* seeking the bubble circulation, sought it, so to speak, at the canon's mouth, by employing him as a cartoonist. You cannot school all of the people all of the time. Many of *The Tribune's* new readers rubbed their eyes and wrote letters to the editor. One of them, I recall, buttonholed a member of the staff, on his way to town, told him he read the paper, anyhow, for its editorials, and that of course this freak business would not last. "Rough stuff—isn't it?" the newspaper man conceded, chuckling inwardly, for he happened to be one of Robinson's fervent admirers.

Some years later Mr. Robinson joined the staff of the *Metropolitan Magazine,* and was sent to Russia and Servia to make sketches of the war. He has always followed an independent course.

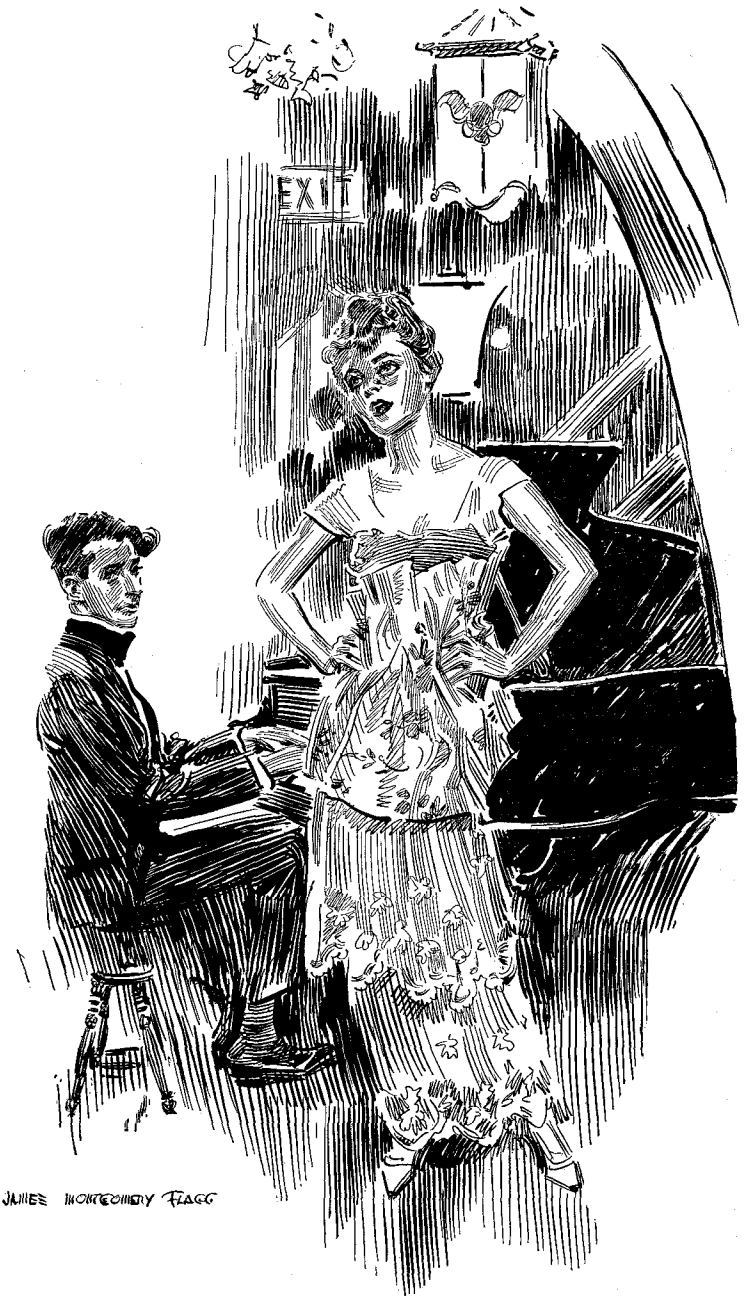
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOUVAIN. BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON

At one period of his New York career, he resented certain conditions imposed upon his work, closed his studio, and made, as he expressed it, "an humble but honest living on the East Side." His style, strongly individual and strikingly bold, shows the influence of Daumier. Perhaps the best tribute I can pay to his skill is that my mention of his name in the studios almost invariably brought the response: "Of course you will include Robinson."

In the reproduction of the Roosevelt head from *Harper's Weekly* you behold James Montgomery Flagg at his best. It is vigourous, spontaneous—admirable in its portraiture. With it, as representing his lighter vein, may be ranked many of his caricatures and portraits in crayon. Mr. Flagg cannot help being witty. As for his humour, it laughs in every line when he sketches a celebrity or explains *Why They Married*. As quick of mind as he is of hand, his impromptu characterisations of people and things are often as illuminating as his caricatures,—better, I think, than his premeditated prose, which he writes by way of resting himself in the idle days of summer. Idle is perhaps the word, yet there hangs in his studio a remarkable oil portrait of Booth Tarkington, painted in one day at the novelist's summer home in Kennebunkport. Mr. Tarkington has analysed it so happily in a letter to Julian Street that I am seized with a sense of my own incompetence, and hasten instead to say that Mr. Flagg's water colours are as spontaneous as the "Roosevelt," and that when he models in clay his ludicrous likenesses of Cobb, and Towne, and Barrymore,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



IN THE PEKIN RESTAURANT. BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THE ART DEPARTMENT. BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

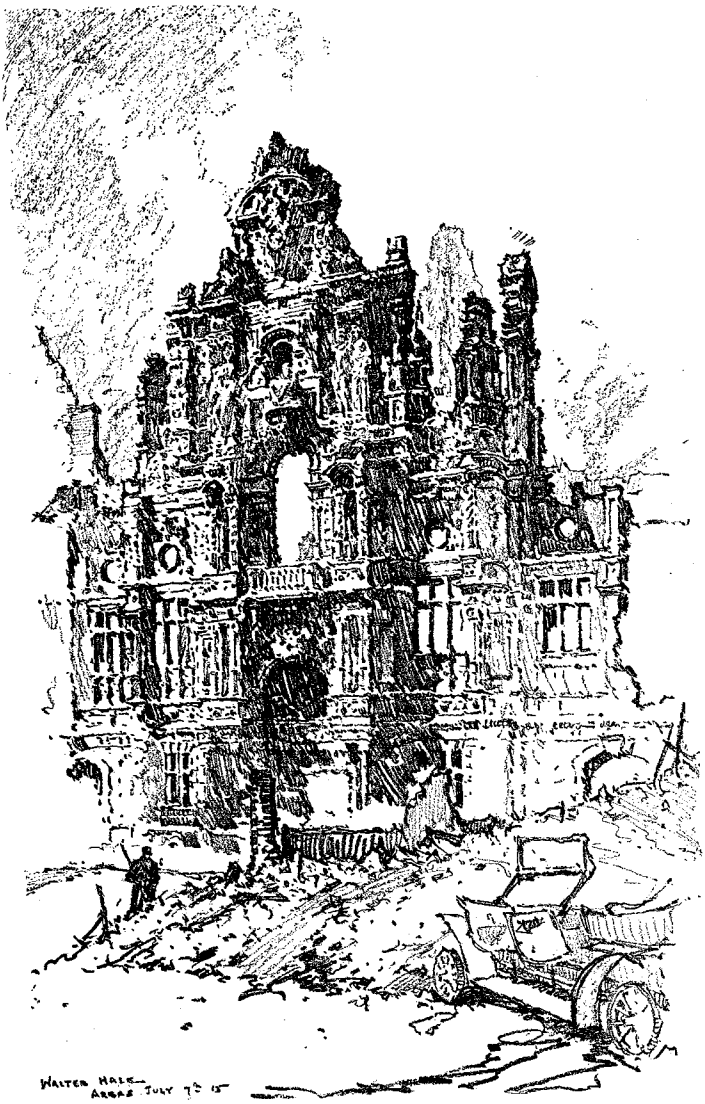
you wonder why he has not set up as a sculptor.

To paraphrase Pope—the youthful Flagg "lisped in umber, for the umber came." In other words, he began to draw soon after he learned to crawl. An arithmetical calculation will tell you that he has been at it for twenty-seven years, yet he gives no hint of a tired hand, and seems as fresh as ever. His industry appears appalling, yet he does not lack an abundance of leisure. An amazing facility—a perfect ease of expression, as shown in his lightning-like sketches at the Dutch Treat banquets—accounts for this. There are even times when he is called upon to "annihilate space." The illustrations for a Rupert Hughes serial were needed at short notice, so Mr. Hughes, in his country home, called up Mr. Flagg in his New York studio, and conveyed the essential information over the telephone.

VI

Walter Hale—actor, illustrator, and co-discoverer with Mrs. Hale of New England and The Old Dominion—received his pictorial impulse through a three years' training in an architect's office, where he acquired a structural knowledge that he afterward learned to supplement in terms of art. How far he has succeeded in conveying the soul of a great building is shown in his drawing of the ruined Hotel de Ville, Arras, before its crumpled beauty had all but succumbed to a second rain of German shells. This, together with much of his recent work, is done with a lithographic pencil, yielding lines of greater dignity and strength than pen effects can attain. Mr. Hale has just returned from the front, in France, and is preparing an article, with illustrations, for *Harper's:* —"With the French Army at Verdun." This big experience has come to him after many peaceful sojourns in that devastated land. France, he feels, has done much for him in quickening and shaping his work, and so he is to give six weeks of his time to lectures for the fund of the American Relief Clearing House and its associated societies, with pictures by the cinema section of the French Army.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



RUINED HOTEL DE VILLE AT ARRAS. FROM ARNOLD BENNETT'S "OVER THERE." BY WALTER HALE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THE GREAT NORTH ROAD. FROM CLAYTON HAMILTON'S "THE TRAIL OF STEVENSON." BY WALTER HALE

Harvey Dunn, who teaches at the League, and whose studio in Leonia, New Jersey, is the resort of many young aspirants, has excited much favourable comment by his brother illustrators for the drawings he contributes to *The Saturday Evening Post*. A pupil of Howard Pyle, he has developed a decided individuality of his own, remarkable for its vigour and vitality. Mr. Dunn was born in a "prairie schooner" in South Dakota, in 1884, and has been a cowboy and a harvest hand on the great wheat farms. He has recently returned to New York with a portfolio of sketches done in the Canadian Southwest.

When one observes the work of G. Wright the immediate impression received is that of "quality." You see at once that his work is distinguished. From an old portfolio containing the prints of various illustrators there happens to come uppermost a cover done by him for *Collier's* several years ago. It is the head of a woman, framed with a black picture hat and plume, and a black band of ribbon around the throat. It is simply and superbly done, with a daintiness that is not finical and an accent that charms the eye. It is characteristic of his work as you see it to-day, in any one of the magazines that employ

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his ability as an illustrator of the first rank.

Mr. Wright, who was born in Philadelphia, and has done much work abroad, was first taken up by Drake of *The Century* and Penfield of *Harper's*. The tasks he prefers to do are those he sets for himself rather than the making of pictures for stories; and, dividing his time between Westport, Connecticut, and New York, he finds opportunity for work in water colour and in oil.

John Edwin Jackson's "The Miners" was hung on the line in the black and white section of the Pennsylvania Academy's exhibition. He has also exhibited drawings at the New York Academy of Design and the New York Water Colour Club. Recently his excellent portraits in red chalk have found a ready market. As an illustrator Mr. Jackson reached a new level of development in his portrayal of Manhattan's skyscrapers. One of these pictures was used as a frontispiece in THE BOOKMAN. As in this series he caught and translated the spirit of colossal New York, so also in his pictures of Pittsburgh he has finely realised the turmoil and industrial uproar of the factories along with the sternness of human striving.

Current illustration suggests many creditable performances it would be pleasant to record. There are names, too, that evade one at the moment, for illustration was never more copious, and worthy recruits are multiplying. Some mention, at the least, should be made of these: F. Walter Taylor, whose water-side scenes in charcoal have the quality of painting in a marked degree. Walter Biggs, a specialist in convincing Southern types. Dean Cornwell, a new man in the West, whose illustrations for *The Red Book* disclose beauty of composition, a strong dramatic sense held in good restraint, and the enthusiasm of one in love with his work. Blumenschein, whose simplicity and power are so intensely conveyed that his pictures for London's "Love of Life," in the old *McClure's,* are as memorable as the tale. W. J. Aylward, with his sincere and colourful transcriptions of inland waterways. Frank E. Schoonover, noticeable for his style and his variety of types. Adolph Treidler—crisp, elegant, with a mastery of light and shade, and the faculty of arranging a simple street scene so that it makes a lovely picture. Charles E. Chambers, adequate illustrator of *The Turmoil.* Maginel Wright Enright, whose emphasis of design sets off her charming children. May Wilson Preston, adept in the illustration of the animate. Frederic Dorr Steele, whose well-bred types are touched with charm and refinement. J. R. Shaver, with his gallery of street Arabs suggesting the pages of *Punch.* Balfour Ker, brimful of ideas, exhibitor on the line at the Royal Academy, with a leaning to sentiment and a place long held in *Life.* And here the catalogue must close.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PAP WE HAVE BEEN FED ON

BY EDNA KENTON

IX—THE OLD TIME "BOOKS FOR CHILDREN"

In those days also were books for children! There were *Maria Cheeseman, or, The New York Match Girl,* and *Cats and Dogs, or, Nature's Warriors and God's Workers.* There were the *Rollo Books* and the *Lucy Books;* the *Dotty Dimple Books,* the *Bessie Books* (Bessie at the Seaside, the City, the Mountains, at School, and on her Travels!). There were the *Elsie Books* and the *Little Prudy Books—Little Prudy's Sister Susie,* for instance. There were *Queechy* and *The Wide, Wide World.* There were *Little Dot* and *Whiter Than Snow,* and always Charlotte Yonge and Maria Edgeworth's *Moral Tales.* There was Mrs. Sherwood's *The Fairchild Family* of 1818. There was even *Emily, a Moral Tale,* by the Rev. Henry Ketts, published in 1809.

Emily was the daughter of Colonel Lorton, exquisitely beautiful, and in process of education at the hands of her father, one of the world's most informative men. Colonel Lorton was wrong, even for 1809 about tides, the moon, sun, and stars. But we are his enduring debtors for examples of the epistolary art he set his little daughter, and particularly for this glowing sample of letters for children—a completely despairing lover is supposed to be addressing his coy mistress:

> Impell me not, I supplicate, to the abyss of desperation. Emancipate me from the tortuosities of agonising dubitation, nor drive me, oh Cognitation pre-eminent, terrified, to seek on the ramification of a tree or in the voraginous profundity of a stream, the privation of my vitality.

There were always prefaces in those early books for children, that "explained" away strange stigmas. Maria Edgeworth apologised for her "plots," on the plea that "to prevent the precepts of morality from tiring the ear, it was necessary to make the stories in which they are introduced, in some measure dramatic, to keep alive hope and fear and curiosity by some degree of intensity." At the same time, "care has been taken to avoid inflaming the imagination or exciting a restless spirit of adventure by exhibiting false views of life and creating hopes that cannot in the ordinary course of things be realised." The Edgeworths realised that "few books can be safely given to children without the previous use of the pen, the pencil, and scissors."

The author of *Cats and Dogs,* sure that children will ask unanswerable questions concerning the divine will regarding these animals, says: "It appears necessary that the elements of destructiveness be accepted from God's hands as his appointments and subservient to higher good." She therefore employed a few leisure hours in writing down ideas that "will prevent a useless and dangerous collision in young minds with the Divine Will." The preface to *Little Prudy's Sister Susie* says gravely: "I hope that all my dear little friends will see how kind it was in God to send the slow winter and the long nights of pain to Little Prudy." For Little Prudy carelessly fell downstairs on Christmas Day and cracked her hip.

As for the informative author of the *Rollo Books,* he states his own case, not usually in prefaces, but in paragraph 1, chapter I. *Rodolphus,* for instance, opens frankly with: "The manner in which indulgence and caprice on the part of parents lead to the demoralisation and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ruin of the child is illustrated by the history of Rodolphus."

"Rodolphus, whatever may have been his faults, was certainly a very ingenious boy," admits Jacob Abbott immediately, and cites a series of ingenuities which, by the age of four, "established the ascendency of his will over that of his father and mother. It is not surprising that in the end he came to be a very bad boy." Indeed Rodolphus's peccadilloes became, in the end, Crime. An officer came with a warrant for his arrest. "A warrant," interpolates the author of the *Rollo Books,* "is a paper signed by a justice, etc." Before this occurred, however, Rodolphus was bound apprentice to a master. "When a boy is bound apprentice to a master," writes Mr. Abbott carefully, and proceeds with definitions. Another boy, William Gay, was, according to Mr. Abbott, "quite inconsistent with himself. We say a person is inconsistent with himself when"—etc. Thus the *Rollo Books* limp along a moral and informative path. Latitude, pluviometers, concierge and morgue, snow shoes and the Dobereiner apparatus are carefully named and carefully explained. Almost always there is a Boy Thief who repents and drops the stolen apple in the road where a relishing cow finds it and eats it, or who, like Rodolphus, steals money instead of apples, and runs away, along that easy, slippery path of sin along which there is no return route and from whose end—the pit of smoke and sulphur—he is saved only by a deathbed repentance.

For many decades conversations between Uncles and Nephews, or Mothers and Daughters made up books for children. *The Mother and Her Children* discusses physiology in the tortuous manner dedicated to the nineteenth century and Victorian delicacy. The periostium, pericardium, tendon, cuticle, and epidermis are defined and described—somewhat!

Frank: And will you tell us more about how we are made, mama? I do think it so interesting and so curious.

Emily: O pray do, dear mama!

Mama: I shall be glad to do so at a future opportunity.

Frank: If our hearts left off beating, we should die, should we not, mama?

Mama: Yes, dear, directly.

On the other hand abridged histories of *Pamela, Grandison,* and *Clarissa* were placed in the dimpled hands of eighteenth century childhood; abridged merely in the sense that pages not necessary to what Hannah More calls the "plot" were omitted.

From the Puritan days when little babes were taught to chant that famous stanza:

I in the Burying Place may see
Graves Shorter than I;
From Death's Arrest no Age is free;
Young Children too may Die,

to comparatively recent times, mortuary chapters filled much space in children's books. Even *Little Women* recounts Beth's death with moving particularity.

But *Little Dot* is a cheerful *tour de force* of many years ago. It opens gayly with a bright spring morning and the cemetery on the edge of town looking more peaceful than usual. Old Solomon the Gravedigger was busy with his solemn work when little Dot trips by. "What are you doing down there, old man?" she cried, and his answering voice sounded very awful, coming out of the deep grave. They become great friends, however, and she prattled with him over the death and immortal hopes of town drunkards, misers, and the like, until at last, over the death and burial of a little child whose grave she decorated with elaborate hysteria, little Dot achieved a permanent neurosis. From this time on she became increasingly thin and pale, and finally very ill, but to the end she stood by old Sol in all weathers, talking of matters mortuary and the beatitudes, until that sad day came when she lay "at rest," and old Sol faced the "saddest work of his life." But his heart was cheered by the thought that "before long he will have joined his little Dot."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mary Martha Butt Sherwood, the author of *The Fairchild Family,* was herself an infant of 1775. She *"seems,"* naïvely states her biographer, "to have entertained sincere affection for her parents." But life at the paternal rectory was strict. "When she was in the presence of her parents she was not allowed to sit, nor approach the fire, nor take any part in the conversation." She wore daily an iron collar about her neck to which a back-board was attached. Yet she herself says she was a happy, healthy child! In 1818 she wrote *The Fairchild Family.*

Lucy, Emily, and Henry were the Fairchild children, aged nine, seven, and five. Mr. Fairchild "taught Henry everything it was proper for a little boy in his station to know," and Mrs. Fairchild taught Emily and Lucy psalms and that "little girls should never play with boys excepting their own brothers." Now and then, in consequence, the little children scratched each other's faces. When they did so Mr. Fairchild whipped the hands of all three, reciting, to the ruler's rhythm:

> Let dogs delight to bark and fight
> For God has made them so;
> Let bears and lions growl and fight
> For 'tis their nature to.
>
> But children, you should never let
> Such ugly passions rise;
> Your little hands were never made
> To scratch each other's eyes.

After which he stood them in corners of a room without their breakfasts for the rest of the morning, "and what was worse, their papa and mama looked very gravely at them."

No one seems to have smiled at any of this. But the end of the day brought further draughts of child training of the 1818 vintage. "I will take them to Blackwood," said Mr. Fairchild, "and show them something which I think they will remember as long as they live."

So, at a sudden turn of the road these babes in the wood, aged nine, seven, and five, behold "a gibbet on which the body of a man hung in chains; it had not yet fallen to pieces though it had hung there some years. The body had on a blue coat and every other part of the dress was still entire, but the face of the corpse was so shocking that the children could not look upon it." This unfortunate corpse was that of a murderer who by the pleasant law of old England was hanged in chains to be left until his body fell to pieces. As they stood "the wind blew strong and shook the body upon the gibbet, rattling the chains by which it hung." Then, beneath it, this sincere father told his little children the terrible story of the murderer's fraternal crime, and gave them a "Prayer which may be used by any child who has been angry with his companions."

"It chanced," says Mrs. Sherwood delightedly, "that Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild had nothing for a long time to interrupt them in the care and management of their children, so they had it in their power to teach them and watch them from evil continually." Strange indeed it was that the first day their parents left them was a day of crime in the lives of Emily, Lucy, and Henry. They ran away, fell into brooks, soiled their dresses, and brought up at the Freemans, an ungodly family. Nonetheless, Mrs. Freeman brought them in, dried their clothes, washed them, and fed them cake, and "something sweet" which was cider. "Now this cider made them quite drunk for a while, so when they got back into the lane first one tumbled down and then another, and their faces were quite red and their heads began to ache." Having never tasted cider before nor known drunkenness it is surprising to discover Lucy, aged seven, discoursing with understanding as they approach home and parents: "Oh Henry, oh Emily! how naughty we have been. We have disobeyed our parents, we have told a lie, and we have drunk cider until we were drunk!" Their instinct to repent had not misled them, for Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild awaited them at the portal!

When old Roberts the gardener died

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Fairchild, bent upon visiting the widow in her affliction, spoke with fatherly thoughtfulness to his offspring: "Have you any desire to see a corpse, my dears? You never saw a corpse, I think." "No, papa," Lucy answered, "but we should like to see one." Reminded that a corpse was a dreadful sight, "I know that, papa," said Lucy sincerely, "but we should like to go." They set forth, discoursing on death; and Mrs. Sherwood's lividly realistic remarks on old Roberts' body, forty-eight hours deceased and uniced, shall not find its centenary reprint here. After old Roberts, died Augusta Noble, a wicked girl forbidden to eat apples or play with fire, whose death came from the combined effects of a double disobedience. Little Charles, a poor but godly child, followed her, with all the convulsions, rigours, shudders, and death rattles that accompanied deaths in early fiction for children.

Bessie of the *Bessie Books* wanders through home and school, a delicate child, pointing the narrow way to all. "Maggie," she says to her older sister—Bessie is aged five years—"I'm sorry, but I'm 'fraid you're disobeying the doctor and 'sturbing mama. I s'pose you forgot." Again: "Maggie," when Maggie declines to amuse the baby, "do you think you are doing the work our Father has given you to do?" Maggie, reared on infant damnation, hurriedly thinks not, and later said to mama: "I believe I would have let baby cry if it hadn't been for our Bessie."

Bessie is moved to comfort her parents when this same baby is very ill, "Dear mama," she asked, "don't you want to have a little angel of your own in heaven?" But Bessie's mama gave a start, "and laid her arm over the baby as though something was going to hurt it." Undeterred, Bessie prattled of golden streets and harps for two pages until mama succumbs and admits that "My Bessie has taught her mama a lesson." This encouraged Bessie to add in the lisp of five years: "We must keep our hands all the more closely on the silver thread of conscience and look all the more at the golden letters on the guide posts, must we not?"

In school Bessie found a wide, wide field for her activities. That she was soon called a detestable little snitcher was naught to Bessie, interested always in the surprised leap of some detected sinner. Marcia, a coloured servant at the school, was seen by the argus-eyed Bessie to slip three stewed pears from a dessert dish to her longing lips. "From that time Bessie would never suffer Marcia to do anything for her. She would rather stay in the house than allow the girl to put on her coat or shoes, rather go thirsty than take a glass of water from her hand." Truth as she saw it would out from little Bessie and she told on Marcia. "I can't approve her; she is too wicked," said she as she began the horrendous tale.

For three hundred pages Bessie struggled to gain first prize for the best and most truthful child in school. If she had not got it——! But when it was assigned her, "little Bessie could scarce believe her ears. She had had a strong hope that dear little Belle would get it, but that she, Bessie! could be the chosen one—she could not understand it!" One of the older girls who had teased little Bessie in the autumn, suggested that, now spring had come, they were better friends. "Oh, yes," agreed Bessie, "partly because I'm not so shy as I used to be, and partly because you've improved a good deal in doing unto others."

Bessie infects her family rather unbelievably with the bacilli of her virtue. One could fancy it were its own antitoxin. "I do not care," said Brother Fred, "I am not going to have a fellow playing shabby tricks on our Maggie and Bess. I tease the girls myself sometimes, more shame to me, but not so much lately, Hal; I couldn't since Bessie told me *gemperlums* didn't tease!" There comes a moment when little George, house guest, is caught by Fred and his father stealing little Bessie's money, collected by the various unscrupulous methods that a very good child can em-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ploy. Says Fred: "So it *was* you, you rascal, you sneaking, cowardly thief! You are the fellow that robs little girls of their hard-earned money. Take your hand from him, father. He is not fit to be touched by an honest man, an honourable gentleman. *A thief!*"

A young lady must not be omitted from this group of the pestered. She was "tall and rather handsome, with bright, flashing black eyes, and very white teeth. But she had a loud, rough laugh and voice and a rude, wild manner more like that of a man than a young lady. She talked very strangely, using a great many words called 'slang' which are not nice for any one to use. Bessie would stand and watch her with a grave, disapproving air which was very amusing to those who saw it."

But very irritating, it must be said, to the tall, rather handsome, but coarse and slangy young lady. Little Bessie, aged five, observed that gentlemen laughed and shrugged their shoulders at Miss Adams's remarks. Finally Miss Adams, at some piece of virtuous impudence, shook Bessie. Bessie had never been shaken before, and Miss Adams, sorrier than one might think for having pulled the little wretch's curls, offered her sugar plums. Poor Bessie, she would not say what she did not think, and she did not like to say what she did think—so analyses the unperceptive author of the *Bessie Books*. But at last she sighed: "Well, perhaps you are a kind of lady, but it must be a stable or kitchen lady!" Miss Adams had seldom been so annoyed!

The first of the *Elsie Books* appeared in the exact centre of the Victorian period. It had all the lachrymose setting for developing a pearl among infant *religieuses,* and Elsie rises to the moments like a watch's ticking. Elsie is motherless, ignored for a long period by her travelling and exigeant father, disliked by her grandparents, all their little children, and by her governess. Elsie had indeed only her black mammy and her God, and when her father returns she has less, for he dismisses black Chloe, and makes implacable, but fruitless attempts to come between Elsie and her Sense of Duty. Elsie's concept of Duty is indeed steely for one so young—she is seven. In addition Mr. Dinsmore, aged twenty-seven, disciplines his darling little daughter day in and night out. As for instance:

"Papa, may I have my candy?" asked Elsie.

"No, you may not," he said decidedly, "and understand and remember I positively forbid you to buy or eat anything of that kind without my express permission."

"Through the meadow?" said Mr. Dinsmore. "Don't go there again, Elsie, unless I give you express permission."

"Why, papa?" she asked in surprise.

"Because I forbid it," he replied sternly. "That is quite enough for you to know; all you have to do is to obey; you need never ask me why when I give you an order."

"May I go to my room now, papa?" asked a timid little voice.

"No. Bring me that book. Now bring that stool and set yourself down."

"May I get a book to read, papa?" she asked timidly.

"No," he said shortly. "You may do just what I bid you, nothing more or less."

She sat down as he directed. "How handsome my papa is!" thought the little girl, gazing with affectionate admiration into his face.

For Elsie loved her papa *so* dearly, in spite of his sternness. Like Beckett his king she stood ready to obey him in all things, "saving only my order," but when papa's orders conflicted with her interpretation of the Scriptures, there was surely trouble. He commanded her to play upon the pianoforte for Sunday guests, and after she has refused timidly and sweetly, he placed her on the piano seat, to stay there without food until she yields. "When I give my child a command," said Mr. Dinsmore, "it is to be obeyed. I have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said she should play it and play it she *must*. She is not to suppose she may set up her opinion of right and wrong against mine." Elsie sits there, obedient alike to her conscience and her papa until she faints and falls!

Another sad tale of a conflict between papa's and Elsie's senses of importance troubles two hundred pages of detail. Again 'tis the Sabbath, and Mr. Dinsmore, ill, asked Elsie to continue reading aloud from a book she began the day before. Elsie stood irresolute. The book her father bade her read "was simply a fictitious moral tale, without a particle of religious truth in it," and, Elsie felt, entirely unfit therefore for Sunday reading.

"Oh, papa!" she sobbed, "Please do not ask me to read that book to-day."

"Elsie," he said, "I do not *ask* you to read that book. I *command* you to do it and what is more, *I intend to be obeyed.* Sit down at once and begin."

"Dear papa," she answered, "I do not, *indeed,* I do not want to be perverse and disobedient, but I cannot break the Sabbath. *Please* papa, let me finish it to-morrow."

Whereupon Mr. Dinsmore, though ill and rapidly growing worse, summoned a tremendous strength of voice and eye, and brought them both to bear on little Elsie. The little child proved strong to withstand and was banished from the sick room, not to enter it again, though he became a dying soul, "unless she expresses her willingness to comply with my conditions." His defeat indeed so preyed upon his royal pride that he finally fell into such well-simulated death agonies that all his proud family gathered about his bed—all but Elsie, who is freely told that her contumacious rebeldom is responsible for all the family distress. "Poor little Elsie tried to be submissive and forgiving, but she could not help feeling it terribly hard and cruel and almost more than she could bear, thus to be kept away from her sick and dying father."

But Mr. Dinsmore played another card, that of recovering, and Elsie at last, against all orders, creeps into his room with a rare and precious blossom in her hand.

"Dear papa," said the little girl in faltering accents, "my plant has bloomed at last; will you accept this first blossom as a token of affection from your little daughter?"

"Elsie," said he, "I am sorry you have broken your flower. I cannot divine your motive—affection for me it cannot be; for that such a feeling exists in the breast of a little girl who could not only refuse her sick father the very usual favour of reading to him, but would rather see him *die* than give up her own self-will, I cannot believe. Pick up your flower and leave the room. I have no desire for your company until you can learn to obey as you ought."

Elsie goes sadly back to her *Bible* and her *Pilgrim's Progress,* and slowly pines, growing thinner and paler day by day, her step more languid and her eye more dim, moving like a shadow where she had been wont, if permitted, to romp with gladsomeness. Brain fever of the mid-Victorian literary type seized on her and her golden curls, and she tossed in delirium which racked her father as he listened to the perfectly intelligent résumé of her sufferings for these two hundred pages. Finally she woke to sanity in her papa's arms, and what a changed young papa!

"I have learned to look upon you now as something not absolutely my own, but as only lent me for a time," he told her. Elsie must still "obey," though commands are now given "kindly," "with tender firmness," at worst, "with gravity!" He still says, "No, do not ask me why," and puts Elsie's impetuous queries in the wrong later by asking "Which was my little daughter doubting this afternoon, papa's wisdom or his love? I should be very happy if my little girl could learn to trust me so entirely that she would always be satisfied with my decisions—always believe my reasons are good and sufficient without having them explained." Murmurs

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Elsie contritely: "I do believe it, papa. Please forgive me, dear papa."

In the *Elsie Books* lie the sugary sentimentalities fed to adolescent girls two generations ago. At fifteen Elsie received her first proposal—most becomingly, for she referred Herbert to Mr. Dinsmore: "I belong to papa and cannot give myself away without his permission." Papa answers with no diminuendo of his usual sternness. "And now this settles the matter and I bid you put the whole affair out of your head." "I shall try, papa," Elsie answers, in "a submissive and even cheerful tone."

As a reward she is permitted to visit Aunt Wealthy in Ohio, and with better psychology than the author of the *Elsie Books* wots, falls an easy prey to the next romantic opportunity, personified in Bromley Edgerton, "a designing villain." Mr. Dinsmore, hearing rumours, sweeps across the continent like a streak of red wrath, to find his daughter a bit recalcitrant when he again ends all for her. But a horrid doubt smites him. "Elsie," he demands, "have you ever allowed him to touch your lips?" "No, papa," says Elsie, "not even my cheek!" Mr. Dinsmore breathes again. "To know that he had," he says intensely, "would be worse to me than the loss of half my fortune."

But months later Elsie meets Bromley innocently enough in a friend's drawing-room, and Bromley indeed embraces her. She confesses to her father who is angry indeed:

> And you dared permit all that, Elsie? To allow that vile wretch to put his arm around you, hold your hand in his, for half an hour probably, and even to press his lips again and again to yours or your cheek—
>
> Not to my lips, papa!
>
> Then it is not quite so bad as I thought, but bad enough certainly. . . . I do not believe it would have been impossible for you to have avoided even that first embrace. How *dared* you so disobey me as to submit to it?
>
> Papa, at that moment I forgot everything but—but that he was there!
>
> Did I ever take forgetfulness of my orders as an excuse for disobedience? . . . Nothing but your sex saves you from a severe chastisement. . . . Go to your apartments and consider yourself confined to them till you hear further from me.

But Elsie's kind stepmama intercedes and at the end of a long day Mr. Dinsmore says: "I forgive and receive you back into favour." And Elsie sobs in joy and gratitude as he takes her for a little stroll in the grounds.

How much her father suspected that she did not and how right he was Elsie discovers a year later, when, driving at night with her father past a theatre, she caught sight of a face "she knew but too well." Bromley Edgerton was staggering, and would have fallen had he not been held upright by "his companion, a gaudily dressed, brazen-faced woman whose character there was no mistaking."

> "Ha, ha!" she cried, "I saved you from a fall that time, more than that Southern heiress of yours would have done."
>
> "Now don't be throwing her up to me again, Bet," he answered thickly, reeling along so close to our travellers that they caught the scent of his breath. "I tell you she can't hold a candle to you, and I never cared for her; it was the money I was after."

Thus Elsie and her entranced little readers discover the hideous truth of Bromley Edgerton, who but a little later is found guilty of manslaughter, drunkenness, and forgery, and is sentenced to prison for many years. Thus, alas, is Mr. Dinsmore proved blaringly in the right, and thus, more or less, Elsie weds her father's friend, Mr. Travilla.

There remains Ellen Montgomery the weeping little *religieuse* of *The Wide, Wide World.* At her mother's death she becomes the ward of a stern old war horse of an aunt, Miss Fortune Montgomery, who so thwarted her niece at every turn or standstill that, had Ellen not been a humble, a godly child, her temper would have been irreparably ruined. At best we suspect that result,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

though it goes untold, and we leave Ellen, still sweet and tearfully smiling, still a ward, this time of her grandmother and uncle, still commanded to do things without rhyme or reason, still obeying, still patiently triumphant as she sees her imperious elders caught time and again in the netting of their own megalomaniacal commands.

And there remains also *Stepping Heavenward,* though *Stepping Heavenward* deserves more than this passing word. It was the Sunday School book par excellence of the '70's and '80's, the model upon which the character of the girls of those decades was moulded. And to be sure, it hardly falls under the head of books for children. Its appeal was distinctly directed to sentimental, adolescent little females in their teens who would far better have read, for their morals' sake, *Tom Jones, The Decameron, The Bible,* or *Shakespeare.*

THE MECHANICS OF COMPOSITION

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

I ONCE asked one of the most distinguished novelists in England how he did his work. He said by hand. I asked him if he had ever dictated. He smiled and said he tried it once when he was temporarily staying in France and had a particularly urgent call from his home publisher to turn out a rapid piece of work. In the stress he was persuaded to employ a stenographer, who was secured with some difficulty. But the moment she entered the room, he said, his ideas all left him. After uttering a few incoherent sentences, he was so overcome with horror that—although she was apparently a rather nice impersonal sort of person—he had to tell her to go. Doubtless in time he would have become accustomed to her presence as many other writers have. But was he wise not to repeat the experiment? I think he was.

The question is How shall we literary people do our work, not merely to get the best immediate results, but in such a manner that we feel we are constantly improving? That must be the test. Naturally what follows is not meant for geniuses. No genius would waste time in reading it. One of the essential parts of literary genius is a capacity for drudgery. Every literary genius knows how to write, or he would not be a genius. The way he does his work is a part of himself.

But so long as there is an increasing number of people who write, many of them having considerable talent, it is certainly better for them to learn how to write as well as they can, rather than that they shall go stumbling on, thinking that the value of their writing is measured by the amount they can turn out in a given time.

There appears to-day to be more writing that is clever than ever before. Clever is in itself a word that is rather hard to define, but which I think can be made fairly understandable. When you notice that an article or a story is cleverly written, it is very much the same as when you notice that a man is smartly dressed. His clothes are designed to attract attention—not necessarily the attention mind you, of vulgar or common people alone but of discriminating people as well—in short, of as many people as possible. That is the intention in clever writing. It is to get as large an audience as possible. Recently a friend of mine who is a tailor introduced me to a man who he said was the best dressed man in New York. I was astonished when I met that man. There was about him nothing visibly remarkable to my unpracticed sartorial eye. I ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pressed my astonishment afterward to my friend. He said: "That is the art of it. It lies in the details. Every detail is perfect."

That man was not cleverly or smartly dressed in the sense I have attempted to define. He was only well dressed. He was dressed for those who knew what the technique of dress meant.

Now the object of all good writing should be such that when you have finished its reading, you remember nothing about it but what it is intended to convey. There is, however, one quality about good writing which is important and which for the moment, seems to contradict this rule. And that is that the real literary artist will often turn a phrase in such a way that the meaning of the particular point he is making is, so to speak, twisted into your mind. Afterward, when you wish to recall the whole thought of that writer, this phrase, like a key, may open it up for you. But it is always in perfect harmony with the thought, and that is what constitutes its essential quality and differentiates it from mere cleverness. As an example taken at random, Emerson in his essay on Self Reliance says:

"Who has more obedience than I masters me, though he should not raise his finger." That is not "clever" writing. It is putting in a few apt words a truth which the more we reflect upon it and the more experience we come to get, we know is fundamental. It is epigrammatic, but not incongruous—not stuck onto the essay merely for the effect it has in itself. What is true of straight essay writing, without any plot to it, is true also of dramatic and story writing. Aside from the general effect we get from a good story or play, it is the turn of a phrase here and there, or the action of a character, which, like a flash, illuminates the entire structure. These sentences are like a succession of peaks in a mountain range, composed of the same materials as the earth below and serving only to accentuate the topography and general character of the whole. But "cleverness" is the placing of an artificial structure on top of your subject, to attract the attention of the traveller who would otherwise not be interested in the locality. It is like putting a gaudy casino on top of a hill. It is not a part of nature.

That of course is largely the trouble with our attempts at literature. The casino must be built to attract the crowd. If there were no casino, then only lovers of nature would visit that hill. There are a great many more people who prefer to visit a highly coloured casino on Sunday afternoons, where they can swallow cloying concoctions and indulge in a whole train of artificial amusements, than there are people who would visit that hill simply for the pleasure of the upward climb and the view and the fresh air and the trees and the quiet flowers. That explains why certain writers who are only clever draw larger crowds than others who are only natural. Certain books are full of merry-go-rounds and peanut stands and dancing pavilions and painted ladies.

And yet the simile I have used is not altogether a perfect one, but only emphasises my general idea. Why is it that over a period of time the largest audience is usually attracted by the biggest books? The reason is this: Man himself is a part of nature and whatever he does, whether good or bad, is only an expression of the eternal will. The pavilion on the hill therefore may quite properly and inevitably attract a larger audience of human beings than the bare hill itself, if it be a free and natural expression of the spirit of man. Gregariousness is as essential if not more so, than solitude. There is in gregariousness an ultimate solitude not understandable perhaps except to the elect.

If you wish therefore to make your writing better and better instead of worse and worse, you must come to see the finality of the following rules.

You cannot get out of your mind anything which you have not put into it. It does not make any difference what you may want to write about; you cannot write about it unless you have it. Genius

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in its first phases is only an abnormal capacity for unconscious absorption, which after a time must find its channels of expression. How could Charles Dickens have written of London as he did if through his power of absorption, he had not made it a part of himself?

When you set up your pavilion therefore, build it yourself, with your own head and hands. Do not buy the materials at a department store or the framework at a builder's. Do not hire others to put it up under your general supervision. Do it all yourself. That is the only way you can make it live. It may take longer, but do not fret about the visitors. They will come. They will be the kind you want to come. Your kind. That is the first rule.

The next rule is not to be led away by the siren voice of efficiency. When you read Mark Twain—as I hope you do—do you read what he dictated to a stenographer during his later days at thirty cents a word, or do you read *Innocents Abroad* and *Huck Finn?* Believe me when I say that the typewriter has slain its thousands. This is not to underestimate the remarkable usefulness of the typewriter. Neither is it to say that some real literature has not been written upon it; or that some remarkable writings have not been dictated. The typewriter is a necessity to thousands of literary workers, to newspaper men and correspondents. It is moreover a practical necessity to those who are doing their best work, in making final copies. I know many first-class writers who do their work directly upon the typewriter. But admitting all this to be so, I believe generations will pass before it will have so incrusted itself into the personality of man as to make him free by its use, to get out the best that is in him. Man as an artist began his work by making pictures on the bare rocks. It is the natural and unconsciously automatic thing to make your marks on a white surface. Any piece of literary work which a man may do is of the nature of a mosaic and must be built up bit by bit. It is an arrangement of words into sentences. Now a typewriter, as they say in golf, is a mental hazard. You cannot quite overcome the thought that a sentence, once you have begun it, cannot be changed. Macaulay, writing of Milton's poetry says:

> There would seem at first sight, to be no more in his words than in other words. But they are words of enchantment. No sooner are they pronounced, than the past is present, the distant near. New forms of beauty start at once into existence and all the burial places of the memory give up their dead. Change the structure of the sentence: substitute one synonym for another and the whole effect is destroyed.

Now consider this, and consider what would have happened if Milton had composed his poems on the typewriter; yet a number of our most facile verse writers have assured me, in accents of pride, that that is what they do. My own personal experience covering a period of a quarter of a century is that, while I have done an immense amount of work direct upon the typewriter, I cannot honestly say that I was conscious of any improvement in its quality until I abandoned it.

If you wish to do your best work (and surely you will be satisfied with nothing short of this) you will in the long run gain nothing in time by composing directly upon the machine. It is inevitable that you must go over your work and this generally means another copy.

There are, broadly speaking, two methods of literary work, each one of them having conspicuous representatives. One is to write as much as you can and as fast as you can, making your corrections at the end. This was Walter Scott's way. The other is to meditate upon your subject first, build it up in your mind, before you commit it to paper. This was Wordsworth's way. Now between these two extremes there are various combinations, depending somewhat upon circumstances and temperament. Of course by practice, doing as much work as possible, one may in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time become utterly shameless. I have heard writers boast of the number of words they can turn out in a week, just as if there was a war of words on and they were literary ammunition factories. I myself once dictated a story to a stenographer in a moment of exaltation, changing scarcely a word. It was probably as well done as I could write. These things happen. But the really conscientious worker should not be fooled by exceptions. In the long run it does not pay. We are not all Walter Scotts.

What does pay is this: to do as much of your work as carefully and accurately in the beginning as you can, not leaving this to the end. The spontaneity you may possibly be afraid of losing will come out in the long run anyway and it will be a much safer kind of spontaneity. It is a slovenly habit of mind which keeps saying "Oh, well, I'll catch that later." First, you must meditate upon your subject, charge your mind with it. What you are really doing by this process is to free your mind of other things. We are surfeited with so many opinions in these days that each one of us is carrying about a mental load of things which really do not belong to us. The writer must free himself of all this, give himself a chance to express the thing which belongs alone to him. It is not necessarily that he shall painfully compose his whole story in his mind beforehand—only that he shall get into the atmosphere, get going.

Adopt one method of writing and only one. Do not write with a pencil on manilla paper one day, with a gold pen on white ruled paper the next day, or on a typewriter the third. The human organism will adapt itself to almost anything; but by the law of permutation it will take any number of times longer than twice or thrice as long, to adapt itself to two or three methods as it will to one. Stick to one, but select that one which is simplest and best for you. I know a man, one of the best writers in America, who for thirty years or more has written on small yellow pads with a common pen and ink. He writes close up to the margin, and when he rewrites shows the most astonishing ingenuity in getting sentences between closely written lines. If those pads should be taken off the market, I verily believe he would have to stop writing. That is—for him—as good a way as any. A very good way is to use a reasonably large sheet and leave a good margin at the side for corrections. Many of the greatest works in literature were composed in this way.

Perhaps after all, however, the most important thing for a writer is always to have a dictionary at his elbow when writing. You can seem to do without it very well when it is not there. But when it is there, always where you can get at it readily, you will be surprised how much you will use it and how necessary it will become to you.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PALLAS-ATHENA

BY ARLITA DODGE

THE Greeks who, mid the twilight grey
That filled the stately Parthenon,
Stole in with outstretched hands to pray
To her who guarded them, are gone.
Their golden chitons haunt no more
The pillars where her shadow fell,
And yet she stands there—evermore
Athena guards the citadel!

A new day hangs beyond the night
Like stars that crowd up to the rim
Of heaven; an old-world light
Brightens the sky-line's purple brim.
Time's tide is weltered back, and lo,
In awe and wonder re-enshrined,
Within the holy portico
A long-lost figure thrills mankind.

Image of Athens, paradise
Of dipping hill and bowing palm,
Shadows of mountains in thine eyes
And on thy brow their quiet calm;
The coolness of the deep morass,
The rude road to the ruder sea,
The silence of the mountain pass,
All these were Greece, and these were thee!

Greece was a forward looking thought
To save mankind, a morning flight
Of joyous birds, an omen fraught
With holy auguries of light.
Greece was a radiance and a breath
Of the Eternal, briefly lent;
Rome was a Darkness and a Death,
An empty Splendour, swiftly spent.

Rome sowed such seed as blooms in blood
In Europe now; her plains are rife
With cohorts in the solitude
And helmets that direct the strife.

Daughter of Zeus, beyond the sea
They need thee now; stretch out the hand
That touched with immortality
The glories of a lyric land,
And lend them vision; through their tears
Let them descry thy olive-tree;
Let peace pour down the swinging years,
And Christian nations worship thee!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRIEDRICH HEBBEL

BY PAUL EMERSON TITSWORTH

I

THE year 1813 was in many respects the gateway to the German nineteenth century. Wieland, the last of the Weimar poets, save Goethe, died in this year. In this same twelve-month Napoleon was definitely defeated in the battle of the nations and driven from Germany. From this year is dated the continuous rise of Prussia and the eventual realisation of the patriot's dream for the Fatherland. The year 1813 witnessed the birth of three commanding figures in the cultural history of the century:—Otto Ludwig, Richard Wagner, and Friedrich Hebbel. Only two years later occurred the Congress of Vienna and the birth of Bismarck, who was to give the dream of unity a local habitation.

Both by temperament and in time Hebbel takes a midway position in the history of German nineteenth century letters. His literary activity covered the middle decades from 1839 to 1863. In his frequent disregard of the unities of time and place, in his extensive use of mythical and historical themes, and in the portrayal of great personalities who strive to elbow more breathing space for themselves in the world, he harked back to the "Storm and Stress," and in his use of verse to classicism. In his drama of *milieu* and of ideas, in his firm, close-knit structure, his careful motiving, his keen psychological analysis, and in his interest in the problem of the relation of the sexes, he looked forward to realism, and in his delineation of middle-class unloveliness in *Maria Magdalena* he foreshadowed the sordidness of naturalism, as in Hauptmann's *Before Dawn*. He shared alike the optimism of classicism and the practical pessimism of naturalism. In his liking for setting forth the spiritual relation between man and woman is seen his intermediate place between the extremes of individualism and of collectivism. To him the relation of the sexes was the very basis of the family,—itself a widening of the interest of the individual to include those of a group but not yet those of a state. Lastly, he did not shout with the belated classicists, "Back to Goethe and Schiller!" but recognised in his thinking that the new and the old exist justifiably side by side.

Like Ibsen, next to whom he ranks as the most powerful and original dramatist of the nineteenth century, Hebbel was in character and work a son of the staid and austere North. Born in the village of Wesselburen, Schleswig-Holstein, at the base of the Danish peninsula, he absorbed the grey and the dun of his native countryside which seem to have furnished the tone-colour for most of his work. The magnificent monotony of ocean and dune enthralled him. The tales of the stubborn struggles for liberty of the men of Ditmarschen aroused and energised his boyish imagination. Albeit his childhood surroundings were in general hard and sordid, undoubtedly contributing to make him taciturn, self-reliant, and hard to get along with, they were not without their glints of sunshine. Gaunt poverty, a harsh father, an impulsive and warm-hearted mother are the significant properties in the stage-setting for the first scene of his life. When the father died, the lad became the secretary to the village magistrate, who performed the joint duties of town clerk and justice of the peace. Hebbel's intimate connection with and observation of petty civil and criminal cases gave him unequalled opportunity for the study and analysis of human motives. It was here that he sharpened that analytic power which is with him so characteristic a merit. His leisure he spent in devouring the books

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRIEDRICH HEBBEL

in his employer's ample library, laying the foundations for his intimacy with literature, history, legend, and the Bible. In 1835, at the age of twenty-two, he left Wesselburen to try his luck as an author in Hamburg.

II

His life from now on falls into two distinct periods: a time of storm and stress, of blind efforts to establish and realise himself; and the calmer, mature years passed under the benign influence of Christine Enghaus. The first period, 1835 to 1844, was occupied in trying to round out an unsystematic and unsymmetrical education. In Heidelberg, where he was admitted with difficulty as a special student, he revelled in the glamour of romance and saturated himself with German literature; later, in Munich, where his attention was chiefly directed to history and philosophy, he delved into Kant, Fichte, and Hegel, but the greatest of these was Hegel—for Hebbel. From Hegel he derived his theory of tragedy. A stipend from Christian VIII, King of Denmark, enabled him to visit Paris and Rome. Neither France nor Italy had any unique message for him, perhaps because their charms were too sensuous to appeal to the deeps of his acutely introspective, Teutonic soul. Hebbel grew rather

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through his relations with the few human beings he knew well and by his digestion of thought-compelling material brought him by his insatiable appetite for literature, philosophy, and history. The death of his beloved mother and of his friend, Emile Rousseau, his mingling in the moral gloom that enshrouded the household of his landlord in Munich, his tragic love-relation—tragically resolved—with his self-immolating mistress, Eliza Lensing, and last and most of all the *ewigweibliche* of the queenly woman, Christine Enghaus, matured and mellowed him.

Unable to secure a renewal of the travelling stipend, Hebbel left Rome thinking to return to Hamburg. On the way, he stopped in Vienna. In the Austrian capital there awaited him the supreme experience of his mature life. It is a fact most worthy of note that so masculine a man as Friedrich Hebbel, who wrestled doughtily for a blessing with life's sternest problems, should have owed so much more to the women whom he knew than to men, that he should have perceived their inner need and aspiration, and that he should have fought so ably for their spiritual independence. Hebbel's understanding and appreciation of women are due most largely to Christine Enghaus, an actress of the Royal Theatre in Vienna, whom he married in 1845. She rescued Hebbel from the sea of his financial troubles and by her inspiring, benignant womanliness created the atmosphere in which his genius came to its amplest fruition. His marriage thus marks the beginning of his period of maturity, of a time of fulfillment of many of the ardent aspirations of his troublous years. His home became a landlocked haven where the storm demons of the outside could not enter. In such surroundings he began to lose much of his uncouthness, brusqueness, and stiff-necked independence engendered by his earlier days of poverty, hardship, despair, and the necessity of fighting his way. He now grew more mellow, kindly disposed toward men, and conciliatory. It was thus due to no chance that while his early dramas are in general merciless, eruptive, gory, and pervaded with gloom, the works of his later years have more of the milk of human kindness and of optimism.

During the last decade of his life, Hebbel enjoyed increasingly abounding years. He accompanied Christine upon her professional trips in Germany. He was fêted and feasted upon a number of occasions. The Grand Duke of Weimar decorated him with an order and strove to secure him and his wife permanently for the classic Weimar theatre. When, as he lay upon his death-bed, he learned that he had gained the coveted Schiller prize by his Nibelungen trilogy, he exclaimed, "That is our human fate: first we lack the wine, then we lack the cup!" He died December 13, 1863. Christine outlived him by nearly fifty years, dying in June, 1910.

III

Hebbel's first drama, *Judith,* was not written until he was thirty-seven years old. Up to the time of his essaying writing for the stage, he had composed a few short stories of dramatic power and had tried his hand at journalism. For these he lacked the requisite facileness to attain success. At its first presentation in 1840, however, *Judith* produced a sensation. Hebbel was not content to make the apocryphal story a loose-jointed history varnished over with sensational action. True to his philosophic, analytic bent, he grubbed deep into the subsoil of human character. He wanted to know all the intimate workings of the heart of Judith as she yields her chastity to save her country. He wanted to discover how Holofernes came to be the fire-eater history portrays him to be. There is a hot, oppressive atmosphere about many of the scenes. The sensual element is prominent but Hebbel meant that it should furnish requisite realism, not an appeal to the lower instincts. The Assyrian civilisation, shown in all its heartless brilliance, has a metallic lustre about it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

While the Jews as a nation are set forth in their political disunion, religious bigotry, and incapacity for action, some of them, we can see, are breathing the invigourating air of a great faith. Not since Schiller achieved his youthful success with the *Robbers* has there been so astonishing acclaim for the first effort of any dramatist. Hebbel evinced already a sure mastery of dramatic effect. His style is masculine, craggy, overpowering. In spite of the title, the piece is a man's drama. Judith, too, in her capacity to grapple and cope with circumstance shows herself a fit woman for the man Holofernes. On the other hand, Hebbel was rarely, if ever, capable of the exquisite portrayal of the gentler loveliness of feminine human nature, as was Goethe in Lotte and Gretchen.

In passing from *Judith* to *Maria Magdalena* Hebbel left the great world with its clashing civilisations for the little world of the German middle class of the fifties. He jumped the chasm lying darkly between the drama of action and that of *milieu* which later reached its zenith in Ibsen and Hauptmann and Galsworthy. Thus he made the year 1844 notable in the history of European drama. The world of the play is a narrow, joyless one, where clouds are always hanging low, where there is no place for individual initiative and independent action. All the characters are in tutelage, the hero to a worthy ideal falsely comprehended, and his wife, son, and daughter, to his own patriarchal will. By stickling for a frigid morality Master Anton drives his son from home and his daughter to suicide, then he himself stands bewildered without prop or stay amid the ruins of his world. All the events of tragic import happened before the play opens, but it remains for the son's arrest to link them up and set them off with their swift and merciless impact. Thus the delineation of conditions became more important than the plot and a technique was evolved, new to European tragedy, which foreshadowed the naturalistic drama of the late eighties and early nineties. *Maria Magdalena* is not a sprawling transcript of life, as many naturalistic pieces appear to be, but is remarkable for its compactness and its impeccable and implacable logic.

Christine's influence is first manifest upon Hebbel in the drama *Herod and Mariamna* (1848), in which is set forth the struggle of a woman for the right to her own life and individuality. The spiritual triumph of Queen Mariamna, when Herod looks upon her as a mere thing, a beautiful and costly possession, undoubtedly reflects Hebbel's own widening sense of the worth of woman.

Hebbel chose as a background for the play the break-up of a great oriental world-empire, the passing of heathendom and the dawn of the religion of love. He preferably selected such settings for his dramas in order to depict the contrasts necessarily then existing between the old and the new in their stupendous collision. To him, as we shall see presently, the greatest tragedy ensued when two equally justifiable rights clashed, for such tragedy does not depend upon the passing, conflicting whims of men or the accidental or superficial but is grounded deep in the laws regulating the onward march of human development. Together with *Gyges and his Ring, Herod and Mariamna* belongs to the most substantial of all Hebbel's work. That it is written in verse is indicative of the growing refinement of his art. Powerful in its single scenes and its cumulative effect, it lacks the more spectacular force of *Judith,* and although it is a thorough-going tragedy its atmosphere is not as close and oppressive as that of *Maria Magdalena.* It possesses more of the exalting, inspiring power of Greek tragedy.

IV

Agnes Bernauer with its gripping story of romantic love ruthlessly but necessarily defeated by the demands of state is the most human of all Hebbel's dramas. The generous and impulsive young duke of Bavaria, the beautiful

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

daughter of the people, Agnes, the all too fleet hours of their marital happiness, her terrible fate, and the father's grief at destroying the happiness of his children make a most powerful appeal to human sympathy. This is the more true since its pathos and its tragedy are in perfect artistic balance. We turn away from the scene grieved with Schiller that such is the fate of the beautiful upon the earth, but we feel thrilled with the sense of human greatness and triumph. In all his dramas he attempts the solution of the ever-recurring and ever mysterious tragedy of suffering, but in *Agnes Bernauer* he gives the problem its most poignant appeal and he is particularly masterly in his motiving.

Agnes Bernauer is Hebbel's answer to the efforts made in Austria and Germany previous to 1848 for more liberal and more democratic government, efforts ending in the revolution of 1848 with its outbursts of excessive individualism. Both Agnes and Duke Ernest represent two motives in themselves equally justifiable. To accept the answer of collectivism for the problem of the play means the death of Agnes; to have accepted the answer of individualism would have meant the dissolution of ties in the ducal family, the break-up of the state, and the death of hundreds of men and women; in a word, it would have been a crime against humanity. "The individual," asserts Hebbel, à propos of *Agnes,* "however glorious or great, however noble or beautiful must under all circumstances bow his neck to society because in it and its necessary outward form—the state—is wrapped up the fate of all humanity, while in the individual alone only one phase of humanity comes to development." This statement is significant not only for Hebbel, but as being pretty much the political philosophy of present-day Germany.

The refining process going on in Hebbel due to his more secure station in life and to the mellowing influence of Christine is beautifully manifest in *Agnes Bernauer.* Although the language is prose, it approaches the noble simplicity and quiet grandeur of Greek tragedy. Everything repulsive is avoided, there are no glaring lights or oppressive gloom. While the lines are softened down, they are yet sharp enough to give perfection of outline.

Hebbel's development toward the Greek ideal for tragedy is still more evident in *Gyges and His Ring* (1856), the maturest product of his genius. It is likewise the most poetic, the most subtle, and the hardest to read by reason of its condensation of thought. Of all Hebbel's plays it is the most sure-footed in its psychological portrayal of the human heart. The piece is eloquent of power and artistic control in the shortness of time needed to unfold its tragedy, the fewness of its characters, and the nobility and dignity of its language. The tragedy is an inward one, *un cas de conscience,* and lacks completely the show and pomp and noise of more romantic drama. The drama as a whole leaves the impression of a beautiful statue whose grace of outline is perceived through a silvery mist. No dramatist of lesser ability and none less capable of making the improbable entirely human would have undertaken to mould the unpromising fable of the Lydian king, Candaules, his queen, Rhodope, and his friend, Gyges into a drama, nor could a dramatic poet of lesser parts have given it such convincing motivation. With masterly skill, comparable to that of Dostoievsky in *Crime and Punishment,* Hebbel shows how the sense of guilt in the minds of the three principal characters—and there are hardly any others—on the morning after the fateful insult to Rhodope's sense of modesty grew and manifested itself and how it led straight to the tragic outcome. In Candaules we find exemplified the tragedy of the man with the zeal of the innovator, who has only the power to destroy but not that to construct. Rhodope is a woman with an awakening personality who is rudely aroused to the necessity of widening her point of view.

Hebbel's last completed work, *The Nibelungen* (1863), carries us from the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

luminous mist of the ancient world to the Gothic gloom of Teutonic mythology and legend. A world crisis is again at hand, "the disintegration of Germanic paganism with its reliance upon personal strength, individual sufficiency and revenge beneath the sunlight of the higher ideals of vicarious suffering, altruistic sympathy, and self-control shining into the consciences of men at the dawn of Christianity." Hebbel's version of the story is the best of all the modern reworkings of the theme because he himself possessed that combination of savagery and tenderness, of ferocity and naïveté characteristic of the *Nibelungenlied* of the twelfth century. His work consisted in shearing the poem of its epic leisureliness, in motiving the events of the original story, and in sharpening the outlines of the characters. The guileless, sunny-tempered Siegfried, the grim, weather-beaten, defiant Hagen, the wondrous fair Kriemhilde, who, embittered by the experiences of life, grows into a fury whose one thought is revenge—all these stand forth more clearly limned in Hebbel's work than in the original. To the original he added but little material nor did he subtract any essential trait. He succeeded in retaining the basic motif fealty (Treue). Perhaps no poet ever approached the work of another with more reverence and understanding.

V

Hebbel's theory of tragedy is an original contribution to dramaturgy that has received too little attention outside Germany. He derived the foundation for it from Hegel, who conceived of all history as a stupendous drama, a tragedy according to the laws of which the individual perishes that the race may be served. To Schiller, the optimist, tragedy brought out the strength and virtue of the perishing individual. Although the hero succumbs physically, morally he is victorious. When a great man undergoes inevitable suffering with fortitude it teaches men to have faith in human kind. To Schopenhauer, the pessimist, tragedy portrayed the horrible side of life, the unescapable woe of men. For him it had no exalting or atoning elements. Hebbel stands between these two. From the point of view of the individual his theory of tragedy is pessimistic, from that of the race, optimistic. He liked to portray men and women lacking the conventional moral fault of tragic heroes. To him real tragedy ensues when there is a clash between two rights, as in *Agnes Bernauer*. Whenever a man follows his dynamic, God-given instincts and raises himself above his surroundings, he thereby puts himself in an evermore probable position to collide with the slower ideals in society and with the intellectual and spiritual inertia that is a conserving element in civilisation and which at any given time must prevail. The exceptional individual must inevitably run amuck with organised humanity and succumb to it, and in the evolution of man all individual existence as such must yield to collective existence. There is thus a continual conflict between the exceptional and the normal, the old and the new, the spiritual titan and the mental pigmy. And while Divinity is always crucified by Mammon, it is only through the striving and the sufferings of the Sons of God that the human race progresses. Jesus of Nazareth is the most perfect type of this ever-recurring tragedy. Thus the world corrects itself through the tragic labour of the individual and the level of the ideals of the masses is hereby inevitably and ultimately raised.

Hebbel was an accomplished dramatic technician. His plots are well constructed though often complicated, his characters frequently weaving on the loom of the fable an exceedingly close-knit fabric. The action of his pieces springs from the nature of his personages: they dominate the plot. His power of analysis pierced like an X-ray opaque human motives. No dramatist was ever more conscientious or more painstaking to have all the acts of his characters spring from manifest and adequate causes. Here we find the very kernel of realism and the spirit of factual con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scientiousness worthy of the great century of science.

There is much resemblance between the rugged, common, thoughtful, sometimes ponderous and unwieldy style of Robert Browning and that of Hebbel. Both are hard reading, both are Teutonic in their energy. There is often a sledge-hammer effect to the sentences. This is likewise true of their verse, where rugged, masculine lines prevail over the gentle, smooth-flowing, feminine rhymes. Constantly fighting foes within and without, Hebbel was forced to make his way against heavy material and spiritual odds—quite unlike Browning—and it is small wonder if his writing is dreadfully in earnest. His works abound in figures of speech which more often show homely vigour than poetic elegance, sometimes they are repellent and far-fetched. Passages of lyric sweetness and lilting melody are few. He is always effective, frequently pithy, often sombre. There are many passages that have the beauty of the glint of steel. Pathos is abundant, but humour, save for a grim, almost terrible kind that comes to the surface in a few places, is almost absent.

As has already been pointed out, in form and content of *Maria Magdalena,* Hebbel is the initiator of the drama of *milieu* in which the characters suffer rather than act: they undergo the "tragic grinding of a hostile environment" and "imprisonment in a cage of some social bondage." Success in this type of drama depends upon ability to dissect and lay bare a social situation down to its slightest nerve-fibres and to pierce human motives. Hebbel was a master of these arts and his work is a worthy precursor of the social dramas of Ibsen, Strindberg, and Hauptmann. Indeed, a growing acquaintance with these notable modern dramatists has directed attention to Hebbel and he is only now coming to his own.

VI

Although but one of Hebbel's greater works treats of contemporary events, his problems are intensely modern, that is to say, social. They have to do with vital social conflicts or with family problems. In *Judith, Herod and Mariamna, Gyges and His Ring,* the chief problem is the relation of man to woman, in *Maria Magdalena* the duties of a father to his family, in *Agnes Bernauer,* the relation of the individual to the State. Three challenging social questions of today he does not touch upon: the problem of the fallen woman, the attitude of men to religion and the Church, and the relation of the work-giver to the work-taker. His social interests are, therefore, intensive but not extensive.

Significant for his personality and for the nineteenth century is his attitude toward woman. While he always portrays the relation of mother to child as a tender one, it is only with his maturing thought that he comes to give woman a place of equal importance beside man in the love relation. He rises from the conception of the purely biological attraction of the sexes in *Judith* to the recognition of the spiritual equality of woman with man in Mariamna, Rhodope, and Kriemhilde. These several attitudes are reflexes of his experience: his relation to his mother was of the most intimate and tender kind, his early attitude toward woman sexually can easily be founded upon his experiences with Eliza Lensing and Beppi Schwarz, when women were scarcely more than things to be toyed with and then discarded. The influence of Christine Enghaus opened up to Hebbel's consciousness the sense of the spiritual worth of womankind. His belief in the redeeming power of womanhood was a most precious experience. No nineteenth century writer has so deservedly won the sobriquet "Frauenlob" or so contributed to a firm foundation for the development of woman as Friedrich Hebbel.

Beside his dramas, Hebbel wrote lyric poems, ballads, sonnets, epigrammatic verse, a short and tender epic, *Mother and Child,* criticisms, conducted a voluminous correspondence and kept a remarkable diary. His lyric poetry, not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

always easy reading, is rigourous sometimes even to harshness and his ballads are powerful in their dramatic force. Some of his very best thought is preserved in his sonnets. But rising above the greatness of his literary and intellectual production is the significance of his life, of the way in which he reacted toward the world. His life history is a record of human development away from obstinacy, narrowness of vision, one-sidedness, and selfishness,—from the desire to use others as mere tools for his own glorification or satisfaction,—to a freer, broader, happier life. His biography records the persistent struggle of a soul for self-realisation. He might have said of himself at every stage in his career, *Ich will mich entwickeln!* In him we can watch the growth of a man, the widening, deepening, and humanising of a significant personality. As the study of Hebbel is pursued with increasing zest, his criticism, his letters, and his diary come to be an indispensable source of information for the appreciation of an intensely human man, and a vigourous, fearless grappler with the inevitable realities of existence. Hebbel's greatest work of art, therefore, is his life.

SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

I

NOVEL-READERS who have moments of revolt against the modern kind of thing, the story of feminism, or of brotherhood, or of youthful experimenting with life, or of adult and polite lust, may take up one of Mr. Marshall's tales with assurance of a quiet and contented hour. We had a good deal the same feeling about De Morgan (though "Somehow Good" was a bit modern and "strong")—a sense of escape from the muddle of today into a safe and intelligible yesterday. He rubbed up for us the world of Dickens and Thackeray, which had begun to lose its gloss in our minds. Mr. Marshall does the same thing for the world of Jane Austen and Trollope. His point of view is exactly theirs. The world that interests him is a well-born, land-owning, "county" world. There are lower orders, of course: tradesmen respectfully in the offing, useful in their humble sphere: butlers and gamekeepers nearer at hand and no doubt human in a sense; "the poor," a pity and an inconvenience, to be coaled and blanketed as occasion requires, and for the rest decently forgotten; and finally and most distressingly, those persons who are just outside the "county" circle and always trying to get in,—trying to push up or break through from the tradesman class, whether by means of wealth or a new title. From this point of view mere riches are a menace and a mockery. Yet property is the basis of all things. For property, as we here reverently observe it—ancient lands and estates, and the money necessary to support them—are of the very substance of "county" standing. They embody and guarantee the dignity of race. Therefore, to a Trollope or a Marshall, the most poignant of human

*Watermeads. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Rodmoor. By John Cowper Powys. New York: G. Arnold Shaw.

Lady Connie. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Hearst's International Library Company.

Slaves of Freedom. By Coningsby Dawson. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Trufflers. By Samuel Merwin. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Windy McPherson's Son. By Sherwood Anderson. New York: John Lane Company.

Our Natupski Neighbors. By Edith Miniter. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

A Country Chronicle. By Grant Showerman. New York: The Century Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

situations is a fine old property, with its attendant family, struggling for its very existence merely because cash, that vulgar affair of bailiffs and money-changers, happens to be lacking. This was the thrilling theme—I do not deny that it is thrilling, when you have put yourself in the right mood—of *Dr. Thorne;* and the Conways of *Watermeads,* are as innocently bound up in it as the Greshams of Greshamsbury were, sixty years ago. Squire Conway, to be sure, unlike Squire Gresham, has had sense enough not to put himself in the hands of the money-lenders. His methods, when funds run low, is to sell an ancestor—a grandmother by Sir Joshua, or a grandfather by Raeburn. In this way he has contrived to pass on his own cheerful enjoyment of life to his young brood, and to give them the necessary advantages. Plain living is necessary at Watermeads, however, and one member of the household is by no means reconciled to it. Mrs. Conway, with her fatuous egotism and petty domestic tyrannies, recalls Trollope's Mrs. Proudie. She would be unbearable to us if we did not reflect that we ought to be able to stand her if the Squire can. And he does, as if without effort, though nothing of her meanness and absurdity is hidden from him, and though, in a way, the situation at Watermeads is her fault. That is to say, the Squire in youth has been highly favoured by a rich and distinguished uncle, Mark Blake. The uncle has discerned the paltry character (oh, yes, it goes with inferior birth!) of the woman Conway purposes to marry, has warned him, and has finally broken off relations with him. With his marriage, therefore, Conway's brilliant prospects of a career and a fortune have vanished together. We are to see how, after thirty years, Watermeads is to be rescued and the family fortunes assured. That rescue is to come about through the son, Fred Conway, a later Frank Gresham: in what way it comes I need not rehearse here. It is enough to say that with Mr. Marshall, as with Trollope, when you have once accepted his premises, it is all one happy journey to the last of his pages.

II

It is always easy to make too much of these resemblances and analogies, but there is another instance before us which cries for mention. If *Watermeads* recalls both Trollope and Jane Austen, *Rodmoor* more strangely recalls both Peacock and the Brontës. The story is inscribed to Emily Brontë. Rodmoor, like Wuthering heights, is a place of ill omen, with a malign power over human character and conduct. Here Mr. Powys places a number of extraordinary persons and compels them to work out their luckless fates. There are the Renshaws—the mother, with her mysteriously tragic past and plaintive present; the girl Philippa, with her morbid epicene charm; Brand, the towering male, who gloomily and irresistibly takes what he finds in life to want. Then there are the half-sisters and their obsessed companion, who leave London as if for the purpose of putting themselves under the spell of Rodmoor. The elder woman compases her strange revenge upon the past; the sisters fall victims in one way or another to the Renshaw curse. For Adrian Sorio, Nance's lover, is lured away from her by the abnormal Philippa, and Linda, the younger, becomes the natural prey of Brand. There is no abiding happiness, no comfort of mind or soul, for anybody in anything here, and the narrative ends upon a note of self-destruction and despair. "A Romance," reads the subtitle!—such a romance as might have been compounded by a Brontë and a Russian, and supplemented or decorated with the jovial speculative humour of a Peacock. Traherne, the grotesque parson with his good heart, his pet rat, and his unfailing thirst; Dr. Fingal Raughty, who makes a ritual of bathing, hunts specimens and harmlessly sentimentalises over youth and beauty; and Baltazar Stork, the self-worshiper and connoisseur of morbidness: these and their whimsical symposia, in which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all sorts of themes for speculation are inconclusively dealt with, are almost purely Peacockian. I recall noticing this flavour in the writer's earlier "romance," *Wood and Stone*. That was a better story. It was whimsical enough, far-fetched enough in parts, but it seemed to mean something, to stand at least for some sort of law of desert and consequence. There is nothing of the kind to be found here, and if, as one may almost suspect, it stands merely for a sort of gruesome jest on the part of a brilliant but eccentric performer, one does not warm to it the more for that suspicion. There is a taint about the thing, whether of unwholesome eroticism or unwholesome mockery.

III

In connection with resemblances, I am tempted to say that Mrs. Ward's *Lady Connie* reminds me strongly of—Mrs. Ward. Her vigourous and effective book on England's part in the War attests her keen interest in the present; but as a novelist she is of the past; already there is a sort of quaintness about her work. Her later books, it is true, have less to do with "problems," are more stories and less tracts—than those which gained her a public, thirty years ago. Otherwise there is very little to distinguish *Lady Connie,* for example, from *Miss Bretherton* or *Marcella.* And Mrs. Ward seems here to recognise and justify this *status quo* by timing her tale in the early eighties. The place is Oxford and its neighbourhood, the theme is mating love, the persons are of Mr. James's "better sort,"—persons of mental and social refinement, consciously aristocrats in one way or another. Lady Connie is an orphan and heiress who comes to Oxford to live out the last year of her minority in the household of Dr. Ewen Hopper, her uncle and a Don. He is a brilliant scholar, condemned to waste his time and energies in the fruitless effort to make ends meet. He has a foolish egotistical wife (not unlike the Mrs. Conway of *Watermeads*) and two daughters, the younger of whom, Dora, is worthy of him. At Oxford Lady Connie renews acquaintance with two young men whom she has known during her life abroad. One, Sorell, already a Don, is a man of modest charm, who has been a friend of her parents. The other, Falloden, is a conquering and beautiful undergraduate who, almost on their first meeting at Cannes has laid violent siege to her. She has repulsed him, but he has roused her emotionally. As the reader's interest in the story will depend largely upon his uncertainty as to what is to happen between these two, it had better not be given away here. The real fulcrum of events is, as usual with Mrs. Ward, a refined and extreme sensibility to considerations of personal honour and generosity. Sorell is a trifle uncanny in his perfections, the sort of gentleman who comes too near being a lady. Mrs. Ward's men are always less easy to believe in than her women. Lady Connie is a charming embodiment of the type she is fondest of—the beautiful, well-bred, spirited yet sensitive and feminine maiden of the English upper class.

IV

Lady Connie is a young person of spirit and intelligence, and so far ahead of her time, as an Englishwoman, that Mrs. Ward permits her three cigarettes a day. Nevertheless she is the old-fashioned girl, born for wedlock and neither unconscious of her fate nor rebellious against it. Other types of woman existed thirty years ago, but, as it were, without credentials. It remained for twentieth century womanhood to discover that while marriage is a good enough thing in its way, it is by no means worth making a fetich of. There is one's own life to be lived, one's own self to express—and one's own convenience to consider. Hence the great and increasing Anglo-American population of bachelors of both sexes who frankly and rather noisily proclaim that they do not care a hang about racial and family responsibilities, that life is a game

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

every fellow has a right to play in his own way and for her own sake. Two novelists have chosen, almost at the same moment, to expound and to challenge this theory of things. Readers who liked Mr. Dawson's *The Garden Without Walls* will probably like *Slaves of Freedom*. They have the same atmosphere of emotional, almost hysterical strain, of passion both insistent and sterile. They suggest the helpless and hapless visions of an anchorite. One need not doubt the respectable intentions of the author, in order to deplore his preoccupation with the physical aspects of sex. We are always invoking the spirit here, but we never take our eye off the flesh for an instant. However, the book undoubtedly means to be a wholesome protest against an increasingly common type. The gist of the whole thing is contained in a speech by one of the victimised males of the story: "There are women who never take a holiday from themselves. They are too timid—too selfish. They are afraid of marrying; they distrust men. They are afraid of having children; they worship their own bodies. They loathe the disfigurement of child-bearing. All their standards are awry. They regard the sacredness of birth as defilement—think it drags them down to the level of the animals. They make love seem ugly. They have got a morbid streak that makes them fear everything that is blustering and genuine. Their fear lest they should lose their liberty keeps them captives. They are slaves of freedom, starving their souls and living for externals. Because they are women, their nature cries out for men; but the moment they have dragged the soul out of a man their weak passion is satisfied. They have the morals of nuns and the lure of courtesans. They are suffocating and unhealthy as tropic flowers." This is good sturdy doctrine, and the speaker presently justifies his manhood by turning his back on his own special enslaver. The other men in the story are, it must be owned, a pretty flabby lot. After all, the kind of hero who fawns and blubbers over his womenkind is a tiresome person to a good many of us. This Teddy, who is a lover primarily and a genius on the side, does not impress us with the depth of his feeling for his beautiful Desire. He wants her as a female and is in torment because he cannot have her, but there is nothing to feel very sorry about in the fact that he does not get her. With all his poetising about her she is too clearly a paltry object to impartial eyes. Even Teddy, it is plain, has no delusions about her possibility as a true mate.

V

Mr. Merwin, in *The Trufflers* deals with a similar theme, in a different and more wholesome way. Sex, to paraphrase a famous remark, is no treat to him. Though it happens to be his theme here, as in some sense it is fated to be the theme of every story-teller, he handles it neither prudishly nor pruriently (perhaps they are the same thing) but as a matter of general and natural human interest. This is not a book of heroic size or quality, but a comedy with an undercurrent of serious feeling. There are farcical touches, coarsely drawn "character" figures, like that of the hypocritical parson. The style is the style of a writer who has found acceptance in the popular magazines of the hour: it has the required "pep" and "snap" and colloquial humour. But the comedy as a whole rings true. There are, one may say, two leading men. One of them, Peter Mann, playwright, is a species of Sentimental Tommy in a New York reincarnation. He has no principles or consistency, but a grandiose view of himself, under shelter of which he does a great many contemptible things and produces some good work. Offset against him is modest, honest Henry Bates, whose eccentricities are all of the surface, and whose genius has a solid foundation of character. He, too, is a writing fellow, but in a casual uninspired fashion until his one great emotion for Sue Wilde effectively wakes him to the use of his pow-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ers, and he ceases to be the "Worm." Greenwich Village and its rather conscious Bohemia afford scene and setting. It is pictured as a region of aggressive irresponsibility; its theories are theories of personal freedom, self-expression, and all the rest of it. Its practice is the more or less idle pursuit of sensation, æsthetic and other. It is the "Worm" who first identifies the typical "villager" with an insect described by Fabre: "Often the insect will be found at the bottom of its burrow; sometimes a male, sometimes a female, but always alone. The two sexes work apart without collaboration. There is no family mansion for the rearing of offspring; it is a temporary dwelling, made by each insect for its own benefit." And this insect lives solely on truffles. It is Peter who appropriates the idea, and makes a play of it which he calls *The Truffler*. The "Worm" has tacked the label on the door of the rooms occupied by himself, Peter and Hy Lowe (religious journalist and professional philanderer). Peter characteristically ignores this application: "He could see it only as a perfect characterisation of the bachelor girls. Every one of those girls and women was a Bolboceras, a confirmed seeker of pleasures and delicacies in the sober game of life, utterly self-indulgent, going it alone—a truffle hunter." The girl of the story is Sue Wilde, daughter of the hypocritical parson. We find her among the trufflers, but not of them. She takes their doctrines seriously, makes a sort of religion of them. She wills herself to believe literally the accepted creed: "You know the dope," says Hy Lowe, " 'Oats for Women,' somebody called it—that a woman must be as free as a man, free to go to the devil if she chooses." What happens is that Sue suddenly feels the falsity of it all, for her, and finds in Henry Bates the one real figure of the pageant. Meanwhile plenty of things have happened.

VI

Greenwich Village has its Americanism, as Broadway has; but then it is a rather provincial Americanism in both cases, if we mean by provincial, unrepresentative of the country as a whole. I find more real American quality in the three other books which lie before me this month. *Windy McPherson's Son* is an extraordinary book. It shows the Russian influence unmistakably, but its final effect is of a constructive realism, in contrast with the destructive naturalism of a Dostoevsky or a Dreiser. *Windy McPherson's Son* is like a full-length portrait developed from one of the sketches of the *Spoon River Anthology*. The book is inscribed to "the living men and women of my own Middle Western home town." But we need no such hint to convince us that the present picture is drawn from the life. The analogy between McPherson's little town of "Caxton" in Iowa, and the "Spoon River" of Mr. Masters is very close. It is a place of surfaces such as print commonly deals with, and of depths such as it commonly ignores; of conventions and habits which, on the whole, serve to keep the community going, but under which lie secret vices and secret heroisms; meannesses and kindnesses, dreams and nightmares of the human soul. A parodist might easily construct a new "Anthology" out of the materials here given. Sandy McPherson, "veteran" and drunken boaster; Mary Underwood, the warm-hearted schoolmistress about whose pure unfulfilled life local scandal contrives to weave its nasty web; Mike McCarthy, the neighbourhood Lothario, who has his own mad philosophy of things; all the group which holds its informal club at Wildman's grocery, or Geiger's drug-store: these are types for which any American village, East or West, could furnish analogies. Even John Telfer, the native who has gone abroad, and failed at "art," and come home to loaf and to play the village oracle, after marrying his milliner, would not be hard to match, unless in the real decency which Telfer somehow maintains, beneath his trifling. But all this is hardly more than our setting and starting-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

point for an adventure which concerns one human being. This is the story of Sam McPherson's quest for the meaning of life. In boyhood he fancies that it lies in escape from the squalour and indignity of the drunkard's home of his birth. He sets himself to make money, and makes it, at first in Caxton itself, and later in the great world. In due time he marries for love and for children. The children do not come, and Sam again devotes himself feverishly to the game of money-making. In the course of that exacting game he is forced to "double-cross" Sue's father, his former partner. The old man shoots himself, and Sue leaves her husband. Then begins another phase of experiment. Sam leaves his office and takes to the road, hoping to find somewhere among chance acquaintances and rough labours the secret he has missed. His journey is a long one, and leads him into strange places. In the end he discovers that, to attain real success, one must labour for the future generation as well as for the present; and he takes the simple step which is to bring about a new and sweeter union with his wife, and a living bond between his own to-day and his children's to-morrow. For all its realism of detail, the book must be read with a certain flexibility of mood, as one reads a poem, or any work of sincere and creative fancy.

VII

Another book of originality and force as an interpretation of American life is *Our Natupski Neighbors*. It is a work of keen and often extravagant humour, quite unlike the smooth and well-made article which may be so easily pigeonholed as a "novel." More narrowly, it gives a concrete instance of the working of the "melting-pot" process among us. Natupski is a Polish peasant who gets his American foothold in a little New England village. He is utterly ignorant and unresponsive to American ideas. He has no knowledge even of how to work the hundred rocky and weed-bound acres which, with their tumble-down homestead, he is presently able to acquire by a very small cash payment and a very large mortgage. But there he settles himself stolidly, to labour unceasingly, to save, and to breed. He grubs up all green things about the old house, he lives filthily, he starves himself and his family, he wastes effort upon useless tasks. But the effort never ceases, his interest payments are always made on the dot, and after a time he begins to learn by hard experience, and to get ahead. West Holly is one of those gone-to-seed villages which you may find anywhere in New England. Many of the farms are still held by the descendants of the original settlers. But their methods are crude and their labours slack, and they are too timid or indolent or degenerate to breed their own "help" as their forefathers did. Abner Slocumb, Natupski's next-door neighbour, is of this childless, flockless stock; but his immeasurable kindliness (and you will find men of his type anywhere in New England, too) takes the unspeakable Natupskis upon its shoulders, and protects them from the righteous indignation, as well as the mean spite, of the community. Natupski has no gratitude. He suspects all Yankees, will take no advice and accept no favours. But his brood come on, they help him to prosperity and, as they become young Americans, they have their part in his slowly dawning sense of what American civilisation means. In the end it is Natupski's belated gratitude which saves Abner Slocumb from the penalty of his slackness, it is his practical foresight which rescues Holly Mountain from the hand of the spoiler, and turns it over to posterity as a reservation forever. It is, to be sure, through the oldest son, Stanislarni, who has made his way through Harvard, that this new spirit becomes articulate, but it happens, and we leave the Natupskis firmly established as good citizens and "lords of the land."

VIII

A Country Chronicle is even farther

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from a story in the formal sense than *Our Natupski Neighbors*. It is, rather, an extraordinarily vivid picture of American farm life a generation ago. But if it has no continuous and completed action, that is because it is a true chronicle of the natural scenes and events of a boy's year in that particular time and place. The ten-year-old is himself the chronicler, and he uses the perilous method of the present tense, which somehow, in his handling, does not become (as the reader perhaps fears it will) a tedious artifice. Here are recalled for readers of the older generation many of the typical scenes and conditions of country life in the eighties. It is a life which lacks many of the conveniences and accessories which are taken for granted to-day, even on the farm. But the word "convenience" has been rather absurdly narrowed by urban use to a single meaning. What the city man does not take into consideration is that while you may lack some of the "modern conveniences" in the country, you are also clear of the worst of the modern inconveniences—racket, crowding, dust, smells, bad air, nervous pressure. The farmer's life means hard toil and small pay—in cash. Some of our sentimental writers, for city readers, such as "David Grayson," for example, make too little rather than too much of the price nature and society charge for living "on the land." But it is a man's job, and has its sweetnesses, if one deserves them, its immunities; and its profits not to be reckoned in the legal tender of the cities. The present chronicle does not conceal the seamy side of experience in its little farming community of the eighties. But it very well reflects the spirit of contentment and kindliness and wholesome living which so often purifies and rewards the seeming incessant labours of the country. For the rest this little book sketches out for us with light touch but with no stroke wasted, the whole group of village worthies whose lives impinge upon the lives of our special family. It is refreshing to react, in this interpretation, from the Spoon River point of view, and to recognise ungrudgingly the good-humour and friendliness and unaffected righteousness which often lie behind the harshest of rustic exteriors.

PRELUDE

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

Not with the maddening tumult of the wind
  That sweeps with unresisting impulse rife,
Nor fiercer flame, that leaves sad waste behind,
  But softly would I move along thy life;
As 'mid still eloquence of woodland maze
  We stay the step, and silently pass nigh
Where the imprisoning hush of twilight ways
  Shrines, dryadlike, the heart of Mystery,
Lest the spell break we tread not all too near,
  But steal with trembling breath dim paths along—
Finding the shadow than all light more dear,
  Finding the hush more sweet than any song;
Thus, at its portal, 'twixt thy soul and strife,
I would move softly, love, along thy life.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOUTH AND AGE IN THE DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THE best American play of the current season, and one of the most pleasing plays of recent years, is *Old Lady 31,* by Rachel Crothers. Miss Crothers, who has long been noted for her mastery of the delicate art of dialogue, has written many plays of promise in the past; but the present piece is easily the best of her productions. It is poignantly beautiful, for the simple reason that it is penetrantly true. Occasionally, in the past, Miss Crothers has shown a regrettable tendency to insist upon her own extremely feminine opinions about life,—as in *A Man's World* and *Ourselves,* to cite a couple of examples; but, in *Old Lady 31,* she shows us life itself, relieved from the intrusion of opinion—and we stand up and remove our hats, as is our custom in the shining presence of reality. It would be futile to deny the success of this remarkable production, either as a work of art or as a popular entertainment. The casual and careless theatre-goer has gone to see it—has wept and laughed, in the wonder-working mood of happy pathos, or pathetic happiness—and has come away from the performance a sadder and a wiser [and, in consequence, of course, a better] man. Yet the interesting fact remains to be discussed that Miss Crothers has succeeded with a subject-matter that, for many years, has been tabooed as dangerous by nearly all of our theatrical purveyors whose habit is to feel the pulse of the public; for the *milieu* of the story is an old ladies' home, and the theme of the play is the psychology of several superannuated people whose active lives have long been past and done with. The appeal of youth to youth—which most of our commercial managers insist upon as a necessary requisite to popularity—is singularly absent. The popular success of *Old Lady 31*—for, whatever be the fortune of the play in our commercial theatre, there is no denying that everybody who has seen it likes it very much—reopens the entire controversy that concerns the question whether or not the dramatist can ever please the public with an essay in appreciation of old age.

The project of *Old Lady 31* was suggested to Miss Crothers by a novel that was written by the late Louise Forsslund. The story follows the declining fortunes of a pair of aged lovers whose affection for each other has grown "durable from the daily dust of life." Abe and Angie are very old; and they have been constrained to spend the little money they had scraped together, through the savings of a life-time, against "the years that gently bend us to the ground." But, by selling their little cottage and their furniture and nearly all their pitiful and dear belongings, they have raised the hundred dollars that is requisite to secure admittance for Angie to the Old Ladies' Home. Abe, on his part, will have to subsist on charity at the Poor Farm, five miles away. These simple facts are set forth in a prologue, which shows the two old people saying a sad last farewell to the little cottage which has been their home for many years.

The first act discloses the veranda of the Old Ladies' Home, and introduces us to several superannuated women who are gossiping in rocking-chairs concerning the expected arrival of Angie. These women, who no longer have anything to do in life, have all the more to think and feel and say. But something unforeseen attacks and overwhelms them when Angie arrives, accompanied by Abe, who is trundling along her poor belongings on a hand-cart. Abe tries to say good-bye to Angie and to set forth smilingly afoot for the Poor Farm five miles away; but this attempted parting

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is more than the old women at the Home can bear to see. When Troy fell, the followers of Æneas emitted the immortal phrase, "We have been Trojans—Troy has been;" and of these faded wrecks in rocking-chairs it might be said, with equal pathos, "They have been women." In this moment, they remember; and—recalling the keen life they used to know—they insist that Abe shall not be parted from his Angie, but shall be received surreptitiously into the Home as Old Lady 31.

The unaccustomed presence of a man in the house stirs all the thirty women to a vivid recollection of those feelings which, in Wordsworth's phrase, may be described as "intimations of immortality." The memory of sex survives its function; and a woman is no less a woman though she may be seventy or eighty or ninety years of age. The immediate effect of the reception of Abe into the Old Ladies' Home is to accelerate the coursing of the blood in all the thirty inmates, so that they become again in spirit the mothers, sisters, wives, and sweethearts that they used to be. Like bees about a flower, they buzz and flutter around the old, old man who sits in an easy-chair among them; and, when he falls ill, they fight among themselves and scratch each other to win the privilege of nursing him. This unusual situation—for it is indeed amazingly uncustomary on the stage—is studied by Miss Crothers with a very subtle sense of characterisation.

To Abe at last—who, despite the fact that he is very old, is still a man—there comes a sense that it is very irksome to be mothered by so many women. He is being killed with kindness; and—as men of any age will do at times—he grows extremely tired of the other sex. He desires to go forth and have his fling, afar from the sight of any women; and, to this end, he plans clandestinely to run away with an old crony to spend a glorious evening with the men—the real men—of the Life-Saving Station on the terrible and tingling coast that is besieged eternally by the insidious sea. This is his idea of a single, great, and last "good time,"—to drink a draught of fellowship with men of mighty sinews whose business it is to fight against the forces of the brutal gods, and not to lose the struggle. He leaves behind a letter for his Angie, to tell her that he is going to the Poor Farm and will never again return to be an inmate of the Old Ladies' Home.

Angie reads that letter. It would perhaps have broken her old heart, if Angie had not known what every woman knows,—that men are merely children and must come home to their mothers before the sun goes down. Abe comes home, of course. He has had his little fling; and he is glad enough to be received again as the adopted son—more dear, indeed, because of his momentary waywardness—of the thirty mother-hearts that have never missed a beat for him in the Old Ladies' Home. Angie is there, among them, like a moon among the stars. She chides him, and scolds him, and puts him to bed,—as in the years that were; and we do not need to be told that "they lived happily forever after."

Two young people—and only two—appear in the fabric of this play:—an ambitious young workman who is poor, and the rich daughter of one of the directors of the Old Ladies' Home. They love each other ardently, and ultimately marry. Their story is adequately plausible, and, moreover, it is prettily told: but, somehow, it does not seem to matter. For once, the interest is focussed so tremendously on people who are ending life that the audience has no attention to devote to people who are merely starting out to test it. These two young lovers—though truthfully and sympathetically drawn—might be deleted from the story without detracting from its interest.

Here, then, we have a play that amuses and enchants the audience because it deals, in the ingratiating mood of sympathetic understanding, with the subject of old age. Yet this is a subject which most of our commercial man-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

agers have always been afraid of. It has been their theory that youth must be served in the theatre, and that the heroine, in particular, must always be a young and pretty girl.

A year or more ago, when *The Boomerang* was settling down to its record-making run at the Belasco Theatre, the present writer happened to enjoy an interesting conversation with Mr. Belasco concerning the career of that very slight but delicately modulated comedy. In discussing the basic reasons for the quite extraordinary popularity of this play which he admitted to be fragile, Mr. Belasco said that the public flocked to see *The Boomerang* because it dealt with the emotions of young people, in terms that young people could easily appreciate. He then advanced the interesting theory that the average age of the theatre-going public is only twenty-two or twenty-three, and that, to attract a great deal of money to the box-office, it is necessary first of all to please the girl of twenty-two and the young gentleman whom she allures to take her to the play. If the young folks are satisfied, said Mr. Belasco, the success of any undertaking in the theatre is assured.

Whether or not this diagnosis of the case is justified from the standpoint of commercial calculation [and commercial calculation is a potent factor in dramatic art], it must be stated that the efforts of the dramatist would be extremely stultified if he should feel himself condemned to write forever for girls of twenty-two. There are many interesting and important things in life that an author cannot talk about to young girls, for the simple reason that young girls are not sufficiently experienced to understand them. The reach of the drama should be coextensive with the range of life; and any aspect of the life of man that may be made to seem interesting on the stage should be regarded as available for projection in a play. If a dramatist has created Romeo—whom any girl of twenty-two can understand—must he be forbidden, at some subsequent period of his own development, to create King Lear? Must the drama deal eternally with youth, and never at all with age?

These questions recall to vivid recollection a conversation with Sir Arthur Pinero which took place in London in the spring of 1910. Two of the very greatest plays of this great master of the dramaturgic art—*The Thunderbolt* and *Mid-Channel*—had recently received a rather scant appreciation from the London public. The present writer suggested that one reason for their lack of popularity was the fact that neither play contained a character that the average frequenters of the theatre could easily and naturally love. "You make them hate the Blundells, you make them hate the Mortimores; and they go away confirmed in the uncritical opinion that you have made them hate the play. They hate the play all the harder because the characters are so real that they cannot get away from them or get around them. You make your auditors uncomfortable by telling them the truth about certain men and women who are very like themselves. They do not like to listen to uncomfortable truths; they decide, therefore, that they do not like to hear you talk; and they tell their friends to stay away." By some such argument, the critic sought to draw an answer from the dramatist.

Sir Arthur's answer may be recorded most clearly in a paraphrase that is freely recomposed from materials that are registered in memory. It ran, in the main, as follows:—"It takes me a year to make a play,—six months to get acquainted with the characters, and six months to build the plot and write the dialogue. All that time, I have to seclude myself from the companionship of friends and live only with the imaginary people of my story. Why should I do this—at my age? I don't need money; I don't desire—if you will pardon me for saying so—to increase the reputation that I have. *Sweet Lavender* made my fortune; *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* made my reputation: and for many years I have not needed to write

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plays. Why, then, should I go on? Only because the task is interesting. But it would not be interesting to me unless I were interested personally in the people of my plays. You say the public hate the Blundells and the Mortimores. I do not care. I love those twisted and exacerbated people, because—you see—they interest me. I think I must have what the critics call 'a perverted mind.' [It should be noted that the wise and brilliant playwright said this with a smile.] The only characters that seem to interest me nowadays are people whose lives have somehow gone awry. I like to wonder at the difference between the thing they are and the thing they might have been. That, to me, is the essence of the mystery of life,—the difference between a man as he is and the same man as God intended and desired him to be. But to see this, you must catch your man in the maturity of years. Young people—sweet young people in particular—no longer seem to interest me: I would rather spend my evenings at the Garrick Club than go down to the country and live six months with an imaginary company of people like Sweet Lavender. She was a nice girl; but, after the first hour, there was nothing more to know about her. I now prefer the Mortimores; for there is always something more to find out about people such as they are. You cannot exhaust them in an hour, or six months. Young people are pretty to look at, and theatre-goers like them, as they liked my little Lavender, so many years ago; but, now that I have lived a little longer, I prefer people with a past. A future—that is nothing but a dream: but a past—there you have a soil to delve in."

These words—as has been stated—are merely paraphrased from memory; but the sense is fairly representative of the attitude of mind of our greatest living playwright toward his art. Sir Arthur Pinero might not disagree with Mr. Belasco in the managerial opinion that the safest path toward making money in the theatre is to write about young people for the young; but he himself—having made sufficient money with *Sweet Lavender* [the *Boomerang* of thirty years ago]—prefers, for his own pleasure, to write plays about people who have reached a maturity of years.

On the score of art alone—without regard to commerce—a great deal might be said in support of heroes and of heroines that are no longer young. A story of adventure or of love demands an atmosphere of youth; but there are many things in life more interesting to the adult mind than adolescent love or extravagant adventure. The greatest plays are plays of character; and character is nothing more nor less than the sum-total of experience. What a person is, at any moment, is merely a remembered record of all that he has been. To be alive, a person must have lived; and very few people have lived at all at twenty-two.

The greatest artists who have dealt with character have always preferred to depict people in the maturity of years instead of in the hey-day of that superficial beauty which is nothing but a passing bloom upon the face of youth. Consider Rembrandt, for example—the most searching and most deeply penetrant of all the portrait-painters of the world. A Rembrandt portrait is a record of all that life has written on the face of the sitter; and the portrait becomes meaningful almost precisely in proportion to the age of the person whom the artist looked at. Like Velasquez, Rembrandt painted what he saw: but with this difference,—he had to have something to see. The disinterested Spaniard could depict the vacant faces of the royal family with absolute fidelity to fact and yet achieve a triumph of the minor artistry of painting; but Rembrandt, to be interested, had to have a sitter who had lived. If the all but perfect artist of the Netherlands can be regarded ever to have failed at all, he failed in the depiction of young girls. There was nothing in their faces for such a man to see. He was most successful in his portraits of old women and old men; for in these he was allowed to wonder—to quote once more the meaning of Pinero

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—at the difference between the thing they were and the thing they might have been. He depicted character as the sum-total of a life-time of experience.

Must the playwright be denied this privilege because the average theatre-goer is a girl of twenty-two? The success of *Old Lady 31* is a salutary fact to bolster up our wishes on the negative side of this contention. Abe and Angie, in this play, are more interesting at seventy or eighty than they ever could have been at twenty, before time and the mellowness of ripe experience had written genial wrinkles on their brows. Rembrandt would have loved to paint a portrait of these two; and Rembrandt, in the heaven of eternal artists, sits very high in the Celestial Rose.

Another point to be considered is that young people, when imagined by the dramatist, must be depicted by young people on the stage. Hence a premium is set on youth and beauty among our actors and, more especially, our actresses. A young girl endowed by nature with a pretty face and fluffy hair is made a star, while many older and less lovely women who know more—much more—about the art of acting are relegated to the ranks. The greatest artist in the world, Madame Yvette Guilbert, said recently in a public address that no woman could act well before she had attained the age of thirty-five. Twenty years of study of such technical details as those of diction and of gesture, and a maturity of personal experience, were absolutely necessary before an actress could be fitted to stand forth before the public as an interpreter of human nature. If this is true—and the solid fact must be accepted that Madame Guilbert herself is now a finer and a greater artist than she seemed even capable of becoming twenty years ago—the premium that now is set upon the youthful charm of youthful actresses is seen to be a very shallow thing. What boots it, after all, to be a star at twenty-five, unless a woman can become, like Sarah Bernhardt, a central and essential sun at seventy?

Much, of course, might be said, conceivably, on either side. On the one hand, there is Keats, who died at twenty-five; and, on the other hand, there is Ibsen, who did not begin his greatest work till after he was fifty. Those whom the gods love die young or live long, as the chance may fall; and there is no mathematical solution of the mystery. But this much may be said with emphasis, in summing up:—that there is no valid reason why the dramatist should be denied the privilege of dealing with character at its maturity in terms that are intelligible to the adult mind. Youth may be served in the theatre; but old age is still of service, as a theme for the serener contemplation of a ripe intelligence. Despite the imperious and undeniable appeal of youth, there must always be a place upon the boards for the dramatist who says,—

> Grow old along with me!
> The best is yet to be,
> The last of life, for which the first was made:
> Our times are in His hand
> Who saith, "A whole I planned,
> Youth shows but half; trust God; see all nor be afraid!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A REPLY TO MR. HAMILTON

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN:—May I ask THE BOOKMAN to give space to a brief comment on the strong language in regard to the New York Centre of the Drama League used by Mr. Clayton Hamilton in his article in your November issue entitled "The Public and the Theatre"? Mr. Hamilton says that the League is founded on a "big," a "perfect" idea—namely, that of delivering an audience "in support of any production in the American theatre worthy of the patronage of people of intelligence and taste," but that this idea has been "murdered" by the Play-going Committee of the New York Centre through its failure to choose the right plays for its bulletins. To quote further from Mr. Hamilton, "to destroy a big idea is worse than murdering a child," and for a man of Mr. Hamilton's standing to make so serious an accusation without being sure of his facts would seem to involve him as an accomplice in the crime he denounces.

His immediate charge against the New York Centre is that it did not bulletin *Pierrot the Prodigal*. As a member of the New York Centre, Mr. Hamilton must know that it is the rule of its Play-going Committee *not to notice revivals,* because the League pays for its tickets and cannot afford to do more than attend the new plays. The committee broke this rule, however, in the case of *Pierrot* and issued the following note:

> *Pierrot the Prodigal* (*L'Enfant Prodigue*), at the Booth Theatre, affords an unusual opportunity to see interesting stage decoration, acting and music united in the service of the delicately artificial art of pantomime. In a cast of general excellence, Paul Clerget stands out as a consummate artist.
>
> Produced by Winthrop Ames and Walter Knight.

Moreover the pantomime has been discussed this month at several of the free Discussion Centres carried on by the League at branch libraries in different sections of the city, and Pierrot himself (Miss Marjorie Patterson) has graciously consented to speak at the next meeting of the New York Centre.

It is, alas, true that the Drama League has so far not been able to deliver an audience large enough to support a play that it recommends, but that, as Mr. Hamilton points out, is because part of that audience has been alienated from the theatre and must be gradually wooed back to it, and a still larger part has still to be won to it. These are the tasks of the educational activities of the League which constitute an important part of its work. This year, for example, the New York Centre is carrying on an active American Drama campaign. It has arranged an historical exhibition of American Drama at the New York Public Library which is being visited by an average of five hundred people a day. Its Bureau of Advice and Information for amateurs is crowded every Saturday morning. It has opened a Book Shop to encourage the reading and sale of printed plays. A calendar is issued monthly calling attention to interesting dramatic enterprises which do not come within the scope of the regular bulletins. Arrangements are in progress for a series of special matinees, to be produced by Arthur Hopkins and Robert Edmond Jones in December, at which single acts or scenes from typical American plays will be given in chronological sequence, each one in the manner and costumes of the period.

These are some of the activities which keep the office of the League as busy as that of a Broadway manager and which bring in new members daily by the score. If the League *has* been murdered, its dying throes at any rate are singularly violent.

GRACE R. ROBINSON,
Chairman, Play-going Committee.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK-CORNER CHRISTMAS TREE

(JUVENILE FICTION)

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

A CHRISTMAS Tree brings to you just what you bring to it. So it is with a book, which is why young readers get so much out of books. Directness and sincerity, the leading qualities in any normal child nature, are what makes the child even up through the teens the most grateful audience for any writer. But the imaginative quality in the minds of child readers is not always understood by the writers of children's books. Some over-estimate it and some under-estimate it. Some want to put more on the Christmas tree than is necessary in the way of imagery, not realising that the child's own joy and gladness will supply the brightness. Others put too little and do not give food enough to arouse the imaginative quality in cases where it may be still dormant or dulled by bad handling.

When the Christmas season comes round and the candles of the Book-Corner Christmas tree are again lighted, it is interesting for the book-lover to go through the Christmas tree offerings in juvenile literature of each season and to sum up the general character of them. There has seldom been a year when there was so little of the imaginative in the offerings made to young readers, so little of the distinctly fanciful in literature. There is small store indeed of fairy stories for instance this year, a little sheaf only of animal stories which hold the middle of the road between fact and fancy, and which if at all well written are delightful whichever way they may turn. There is if anything a larger proportion of books for boys dealing with adventure, with out-of-door life and, in a much lesser measure than usual, with school and college doings. Possibly there is a reason for all this. Grown-up fiction has dealt largely with the doings of men of late and not always with such doings as belong in the twentieth century. The imagination has been dulled, for little of brightness has been offered it. There has been too much blood-and-thunder and brute force in the air. And the one happy side of our life nowadays, the ever-growing desire for a return in our pleasures to the great out-of-doors, is about the only thing that we can translate properly into juvenile fiction. Therefore it largely colours juvenile fiction to-day. And it is a very good thing in itself for it does not harm the imagination to occupy it with the fanciful possibilities, as well as with the charming reality, of field and forest, sea and sky, fruit and flowers. Still on the whole we do miss some old friends this year.

OLD FAVOURITES RETURNED

Speaking of old friends there are a couple of new editions of worthy books which are very welcome. Two friends from foreign lands come to bid for our favour this season and form most acceptable additions to the library of book-loving boy or girl. One of them entitled *Nobody's Boy,* which is the latest English version of Hector Malot's classic, *Sans Famille,* deserves a particularly hearty welcome. It is beautifully translated for one reason. That literary monstrosity, the textual translation so dear to the professorial heart, has no place in a child's library. Florence Crewe-Jones, the translator in this case, has retold the touching story in admirable English of a high literary quality and withal of a lucid simplicity. It could not have been better done. *Sans Famille* is one of the first French stories given the youthful student of that language to read. Like everything else

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

connected with school days *Sans Famille* has suffered by this almost universal practice on the part of teachers of French. For few of the school children who plough through it labouriously realise the simple pathetic charm of the story. They can enjoy it now in its English garb unhindered by any struggle with elusive verb-endings. And if they do come to study French on it later the acquaintance made now will prove of value.

Another classic from a foreign tongue is Collodi's *Pinocchio,* a thoroughly delightful tale from the Italian, which is this season's offering of the Stories All Children Love Series. The great merit of this enterprise is its choice of tales of value greatly prized by the children of the country in which they were written but little known in English. In this way the books have come to fill a want and should have an honoured place in many a library. *Pinocchio* is an amusing rendering of an old theme which crops up ever so often in the literatures of the world. The story of the doll or puppet, made by the hand of man but becoming human, and either winning through to possession of a human soul or perishing sadly for lack of it, never seems to lose its charm. In this book the wooden puppet Pinocchio becomes a little boy, more than usually mischievous and saucy. He goes through many thrilling and fanciful adventures until at the last he becomes a real human boy.

A handsome new edition of *The Adventures of Mabel,* by Harry Thurston Peck, should have had first mention here had we not wished to be polite to strangers. The admirable mixture of satire and fancy that makes this book unique will win for it a host of new friends and a warm welcome from those who enjoyed it on its first appearance. If stories for young readers should have

OLD FAVOURITES RETURNED
Including Some Fairy Tales

Nobody's Boy (*Sans Famille*). By Hector Malot. English version by Florence Crewe-Jones. Illustrated by John B. Gruelle. New York: Cupples and Leon Company.

Pinocchio. By C. Collodi. Illustrated by Maria L. Kirk. Stories All Children Love Series. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Adventures of Mabel. By Harry Thurston Peck. Illustrated by Harry Rountree. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Cambridge Book of Poetry for Children. Edited by Kenneth Grahame. New York: G. P. Putnam Sons.

Wonder Tales Retold. By Katherine Pyle. Illustrations by author. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Top of the World Stories. By Emilie Poulsson and Laura E. Poulsson. Illustrations by Florence L. Young. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

The King's Highway Series. Edited by Prof. Hershey Sneath, Dr. George Hodges and Prof. Henry Hallam Tweedy. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Way of the Mountains.

The Way of the King's Garden.

The Way of the King's Palace.

The Fairy Gold Series. Eight volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton Company.

Stories for the Story Hour. By Ada Marzials. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Little Dwarf Nose. By E. Gordon Browne. Illustrations by Florence Anderson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Nut-Cracker and The Mouse King. By E. Gordon Browne. Illustrations by Florence Anderson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Story of the Mince Pie. By Josephine Scribner Gates. Illustrations by John Rae. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Told by the Sandman, Stories for Bed-Time. By Abbie Phillips Walker. Illustrations by Rhoda C. Chase. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Mother Goose Children. By Etta A. Blaisdell and Mary F. Blaisdell. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The House of Delight. By Gertrude C. Warner. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.

The Adventures of Miltiades Peterkin Paul. By John Brownjohn. Illustrations by John Goss and L. Hopkins. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

The Big Family and Their Good Times. Verses and pictures by John Rae. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Marjorie's Literary Dolls. By Patten Beard. Illustrations by author. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Chimney Corner Tales. By Caroline Stetson Allen. Illustrations by Galen J. Perett. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.

The Jolly Year. By Patten Beard. Illustrations by Arthur Gibson Hull. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a moral concealed in them somewheres, quite unbeknownst so as not to spoil the fun of the story, then *The Adventures of Mabel* is a model for every child's story. In every adventure there is some good lesson so cleverly taught that it almost seems as if it had slipped in without the author intending it. And Mabel's grandmother is so deliciously typical of the conservative mind, which prefers to shut its eyes to what it cannot understand, that she might be a Bernard Shaw person were she not too kind-hearted. Also, the present writer who resents the tameness of the few adventures permitted girls in juvenile fiction, is vastly comforted to find a small girl of six the centre figure of escapades which have for other actors a big wolf, a splendid black horse, a really truly giant, a Brownie king and more such fascinating creatures. Children will enjoy Mabel for her actual adventures and for grown-ups, too, there will be a vast pleasure in the tales both for what is on the surface and what can be read between the lines. A word of warm praise is due the beautiful illustrations by Harry Rountree. The picture in which the black horse, Rex, is the centre figure lingers long in the memory.

The Cambridge Book of Poetry for Children, edited by no less a person than that real child lover, Kenneth Grahame, is the only book of poems among the offerings of this year. Grown-ups who are interested in what they give children to read will find much food for thought in the short but meaty and also amusing preface given the book by the editor. Temptation is strong to quote almost all of this preface, but in justice to the many books waiting our attention we will give only little scraps of it. In compiling a collection of poetry for children Mr. Grahame believes that:

> A conscientious editor is bound to find himself confronted with limitations so numerous as to be almost disheartening.

He believes that blank verse generally and the drama as a whole had better be left for readers of a riper age. He has very sensible ideas on the subject of not beginning on Shakespeare too soon and also on the subject of dialect poems. He says furthermore:

> In the output of those writers who have deliberately written for children it is surprising how largely the subject of *death* is found to bulk. Dead fathers and mothers, dead brothers and sisters, dead uncles and aunts, dead puppies and kittens, dead birds, dead flowers, dead dolls. . . . a compiler of Obituary Verse for the delight of children could make a fine fat volume with little difficulty. I have turned off this mournful tap of tears as far as possible, preferring that children should read of the joy of life, rather than revel in sentimental thrills of imagined bereavement. . . .
>
> And then there is the whole corpus of verse—most of it of the present day—which is written *about* children, and this has even more carefully to be avoided. When the time comes that we send our parents to school it will prove very useful to the compilers of their primers.

The result of all this Mr. Grahame admits is to make his collection small, but as he also says:

> For those children who frankly do not care for poetry it will be more than enough. And for those who love and delight in it no selection could ever be sufficiently satisfying.

It is a great comfort to a writer on juvenile literature to find somebody else expressing her thoughts so well that she does not have to say them herself. This is my excuse for giving Mr. Grahame so much space. He has put other interesting bits of his own thought in little introductory sentences to each sort of poem and on the whole has lived up well, in his selection, to the intentions expressed in the introduction. But parents need not feel afraid that Mr. Grahame favours the "goody-goody" type of poem or believes in coddling his young readers spiritually. He has introduced a few rattling pirate and smuggler poems which will set the balance right again.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There being so few fairy stories this season the few collections that have come to us can go in this section of old favourites, for many of them are old tales re-told.

Wonder Tales Retold, by Katherine Pyle, are stories gathered from the Fairy lore of all nations, some of them old friends in new guise, others unfamiliar but all acceptable. The brotherhood of imagination in the fairy realm which is open to all happy children everywhere is well expressed in such a volume. The author's own work as illustrator adds charm to the book.

Top of the World Stories, by Emilie and Laura E. Poulsson, are skilful translations of Scandinavian tales. Many of the stories are the work of that genial Finnish writer, Topelius, a prince of story tellers. It was worth while to introduce him to American children.

The King's Highway Series of which three volumes, *The Way of the Mountains, The Way of the King's Garden, The Way of the King's Palace,* come to us this year, is a compilation of famous stories, poems and sayings gathered and edited by prominent educators. Its object is to entertain but chiefly to instruct the youthful mind, and we fear the instruction has been held more in mind by the editors than has the entertainment. There is something just a little heavy about the entire undertaking, not only in the actual weight of the handsome volumes but in the general manner and matter of the contents.

The Fairy Gold Series is a collection of jolly little books each devoted to some well-known fairy tale told in a quaint old-fashioned style although in language simple enough for the littlest child to understand. Delightfully quaint are also the plentiful illustrations.

Stories for the Story Hour, by Ada Marzials, are new fairy stories. Stories told, as the author explains, in collaboration with the children who came to her for entertainment. The story-hour as an ordered part of the child's school or play day has attained such importance educationally, that this volume will prove useful in the library of teacher or parent. The stories have charm and sufficient originality to interest but not enough to be too new.

Another book of delightful stories on the border between fairyland and just life is *Told by the Sandman,* by Abbie Phillips Walker. These are charming stories to tell at sleepy-time written with an unusual amount of originality and with a clear understanding of what pleases a child audience. The illustrations are altogether charming and with the preceding volume this book can be highly recommended as a gift to a conscientious parent or teacher.

Life and fairyland mingle again in *Chimney Corner Tales,* by Caroline Stetson Allen. After all the child reader does not care whether the story is actual or fancy, just as he does not care whether he has really lived a happening or only dreamed it. He gets just as much pleasure out of it in either case.

Little Dwarf Nose and *Nut-Cracker and The Mouse King,* two handsomely illustrated books, are E. Gordon Browne's acceptable contribution to the Book Corner Christmas Tree. Florence Anderson has made the illustrations in both cases. We are in doubt as to whether we shall put Josephine Scribner Gates's *Story of the Mince Pie* among the fairy books or in some other section. It is intended to instruct but it is so admirably entertaining that no matter how you classify it, you will enjoy it. The dreams that come to Jack and his mother are more apt to happen to ordinary mortals *after* eating mince pies than *before.* But after reading this book no child can eat a mince pie again without realising the brotherhood of work that encircles the globe and binds men together to help satisfy each other's needs. It is a mighty jolly book and is a lesson in all sorts of things besides.

For the smaller children, on the border of Just Life and Fairyland, there is a book of *Mother Goose Children* of simple verse and pretty pictures. Another verse book tells of the doings of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the *Big Family*. It's quite remarkable how much more interesting even the usual sort of people seem when we read about them in verse. *The House of Delight* will help any little girl to find the fairyland that can come to her if she puts imagination into her play with dolls. *Marjory's Literary Dolls* really belongs in the list of fairy stories in spite of the fact that the dolls are supposed to be people of here and now. There is something very fairy-story-like about the way the Very Big Checks come in for Mr. George Abihad Wolsen's literary work. It does not seem quite natural somehow, but oh, don't we wish it were! However, the said George is a most delightful doll and has one great advantage as an acquaintance or a member of the family over a real live literary man. When George Abihad gets a fantod he can be put in the closet and the door locked on him. Also George hates sweeping day, a trait in which his literary friends among the humans will deeply sympathise with him.

The Jolly Year gives its young readers a story for every month and a twelvefold pleasure for all the year. *The Adventures of Miltiades Peterkin Paul* is wholly delightful. The illustrations by John Goss and L. Hopkins suit the burlesque tone of the story itself and this ancient classic is a welcome revival. It will amuse the children and it will amuse their parents even more.

ANIMAL STORIES

Mother West Wind "How" Stories. The Adventures of Prickly Porky. The Adventures of Old Man Coyote. By Thornton W. Burgess. Illustrations by Harrison Cady Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Merry Animal Tales. By Madge A. Bigham. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Uncle Wiggily and Mother Goose. Snarlie the Tiger. By Howard R. Garis. Illustrations by Edward Bloomfield. Boston: Fenno.

Little White Fox and His Arctic Friends. By Roy J. Snell. Illustrations by George F. Kerr. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Hollow Tree Days and Nights. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Illustrations by J. M. Condé. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Key to Betsy's Heart. By Sarah Noble Ives. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Wandering Dog. By Marshall Saunders. New York: George H. Doran Company.

ANIMAL STORIES

There are not as many animal stories as usual this year, and the average of excellence is not as high as it has been some seasons. This is a distinct loss for animal stories are always enjoyable. Thornton Burgess and Harrison Cady offer three volumes of their popular animal stories for smaller children. There is a book of *Mother Westwind "How" Stories,* and two volumes devoted to the adventures respectively of *Old Man Coyote* and *Prickly Porky*. Madge A. Bigham calls her book of *Merry Animal Tales,* a collection of old fables in new dresses. The amusing adventures of the Blackie Rat family, Little Bobtail, Snow Flake and the others would be welcome under any name.

Uncle Wiggily and Mother Goose, by Howard E. Garis, is a not quite successful attempt to re-write old favourites, but the same author has given us in *Snarlie the Tiger* a good animal story which will please many a young reader. *Little White Fox and His Arctic Friends,* by Roy J. Snell, is a novelty in that its protagonists are Arctic animals in their own snowy home surroundings. It is good to know a little more about the intimate home life of the heavily furred creatures on the ends of the earth. Little White Fox is an engaging small sinner whom we cannot help liking.

There is a warm welcome for the new Hollow Tree book, *Hollow Tree Days and Nights*. Albert Bigelow Paine gives free rein to his imagination in the new collection of adventures that happen to Mr. 'Possum and Mr. Coon. Opinions may differ when all the stories are so funny, but we confess to a particular delight in the automobile tales and in the serio-comedy of love and jealousy entitled *A Deep Wood's War*. The best of the animal stories of this year really belong in the sections for boys and girls.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They are dog stories of Just Life. But then a dog is so very human that a dog story is almost always a human story anyway.

The Key to Betsey's Heart, by Sarah Noble Ives, is a most appealing story of a pedigreed fox terrier pup who won all hearts in spite of his naughtiness, and who taught a little girl to forget her sad and lonely babyhood and be happy in the love of her new parents. Incidentally the story is a good lesson in how to train (also how not to train) a good dog. Our sympathies are entirely with Van—or to give him his full official title Vanart VI—for we feel that he has been badly treated even by those who loved him, when he has to suffer for the bad habits that foolish men led him into. And nobody who loves a dog could fail to wish that they might own just such a dog.

The Wandering Dog is another likable story of a likable dog. Here the dogs talk among themselves, but it is still a story of Just Life with human destinies mixed up in the adventures of Boy, the dog hero, and his canine friends. The book is simple and sincere and is written out of a real love for and understanding of dogs.

PLAYS OF VARIOUS KINDS

There is another little group of books of particular interest and importance to mothers and teachers who realise that what seems to the children like play has now become an important part of education. We call this group Plays of Various Kinds and its first little subdivision is Plays for Play-Acting. No lesser person than Lady Gregory gives us the most important contribution to this first subdivision. It is called *The Golden Apple,* a Kiltartan Play for Children. It is a fascinating story of a king's son, a witch's garden, an enchanted princess, a giant and all the other things that every normal child loves, all speaking with the fascinating Irish twist that Lady Gregory handles so well. And because it is Irish we find the giant has stilts for legs and only brags about eating whole boars and oxen at a meal. He does not really eat them, and his wife gives him away to the doctor, much to his disgust. Another delightful novelty is the splendid courage of the witch who would not live after her magic power was gone, a touch that wins sympathy for the villainess of the play. It is a wonderful little bit of literature and will find many friends. Another book which can be heartily recommended to parents or teachers seeking dramatic amusement for the children is *Plays for Home, School and Settlement,* by Virginia Olcott, director of Dramatics in the School Settlements in Brooklyn. Both in subject, treatment and ease of production these little plays are models of their kind. There is something good in both of the other two books on our list, *Fairy Operettas,* by Laura E. Richards, and the *second series of the St. Nicholas Book of Plays.* In this last the *Egyptian Cat* is a most amusing stunt with which any teacher or older brother or sister can keep class or family amused and interested.

Helpful books for the other sort of play are *The Jolly Book of Playcraft,* by Patten Beard; *Games and Parties for Children,* by Grace Lee Davison; and *When Mother Lets Us Draw,* by E. R. Lee Thayer. *The Animal Drawing Book,* by Mabel Livingston Frank, is heartily recommended as a gift for a young artist. And a new Dot book, *The*

PLAYS OF VARIOUS SORTS

PLAYS FOR PLAY-ACTING

The Golden Apple. A play for Kiltartan children. By Lady Gregory. Illustrations by Margaret Gregory. New York and London: G. P. Putnam Sons.

Plays for Home, School and Settlement. By Virginia Olcott. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

St. Nicholas Book of Plays and Operettas. Second Series. New York: The Century Company.

Fairy Operettas. By Laura E. Richards. Illustrations by Mary R. Bassett. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

OTHER KINDS OF PLAY

The Jolly Book of Playcraft. By Patten Beard. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Games and Parties for Children. By

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dot Mystery, by Clifford L. Sherman, is fully as welcome as its predecessors have always been.

BOOKS FOR GIRLS

By far the greater number of books of this year are the books definitely intended for boys or for girls above the age of thirteen or fourteen. The boys' books are most numerous, but there is a considerable selection of girls' books, too. To begin with the best, regardless of age, interest, and so forth, there is a delightful book entitled *The Sapphire Signet,* by Augusta Huiell Seaman, whose story of *The Boarded-Up House* was one of the best of last season's juveniles. This one is the same delightful mixture of historical information and pleasing fiction. It all happens in Greenwich Village in New York City and the present-day inhabitants of that interesting section do not know half how interesting it was a little while back. They ought to read this book and find out. *Georgina of the Rainbows,* by Annie Fellows Johnson, is a beautiful story of real interest. Grown-up destinies are woven into the doings of the children of the story and the setting is the tip of Cape Cod, with the salt breezes blowing over it and the thrill and the dangers of the sea, and its mystery, ever present.

June, by Edith Delano, gives us a new and very lovable heroine in the little Southern girl who is "land poor" and goes North to become one of a happy-go-lucky family of children. It is a good wholesome story that cannot fail to please. *Liberty Hall,* by Florence H. Winterburn, is the story of a modern-minded Western girl winning her way to independence in a sleepy Southern town. Incidentally she wakes up some of the other girls there to a healthier view of life. *The Woodcraft Girls at Camp* is one of those healthy outdoor books for girls which are a very pleasing innovation in juvenile fiction. *Three in a Camp* is a similar book although it does not specially belong to the Woodcraft League series. *The Independence of Nan,* by Nina Rhoades, is a book for older girls than those usually treated by this writer. Nan works her way through all sorts of trouble to her independence and this of itself follows along the line of newer girls' books which seem to take the attitude, familiar enough in life but not in juvenile fiction, that girls should feel they must give to life as well as merely taking from it.

A thoroughly satisfactory girls' book and a beautiful study of courage and loyalty and true democracy is *Sarah Brewster's Relatives,* by Elia W. Peattie. It is better written than such books usually are and the character drawing is most satisfactory.

There are two books by Carolyn Wells, *Two Little Women and Treasure House* and another Patty book, *Patty's Fortune.* There is a certain amount of wholesomeness and human nature in the first named book, but *Patty's Fortune* carries on Miss Wells's annual joke combining snobbishness with saccharine sweetness in the dressmaking advertisement that calls itself a story. Still we do not know whether Miss Wells means it seriously or whether she intended it for an immense joke to show how such things should not be. If so,

Grace Lee Davison. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

When Mother Lets us Draw. By E. R. Lee Thayer. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

The Animal Drawing Book. By Mabel Livingston Frank. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Dot Mystery. By Clifford L. Sherman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

BOOKS FOR GIRLS

The Sapphire Signet. By Augusta Huiell Seaman. Illustrations by Relyea. New York: The Century Company.

Georgina of the Rainbows. By Annie Fellows Johnson. New York: Britton Publishing Company.

Liberty Hall. By Florence H. Winterburn. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Woodcraft Girls at Camp. By Lillian Elizabeth Roy. New York: George H. Doran Company.

June. By Edith Barnard Delano. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we would understand of course. But in spite of that we would feel inclined to assert alliteratively, as our own private and particular opinion, that such pastimes as the Patty books are decidedly pernicious.

The Twins "Pro" and "Con" and their dog Mr. Barker are a mischievous but likable trio. *Isabel Carleton's Year* and *Lucille Triumphant* are nice American stories of American girls although not notable in any way. We have two English stories of school girl life in our list this year, *A College Girl,* by Mrs. George De Horne Vaizey, and *Phyllis McPhilemy,* by May Baldwin. The first is good mediocrity, the second gives a comforting feeling of realisation that there is one type of story American writers can write better than their English colleagues.

BOOKS FOR BOYS

When we come to the list of boys' books we find the boy scout element entering strongly into it. There are six books openly given up to this phase of modern boy life, *Blackbeard's Island,* by Rupert Sergeant Holland; *Billy Burns of Troop* 5, by I. T. Thurston; *The Boy Scout Crusoes,* by Edwin Burritt; *The Norfolk Boy Scouts,* by Marshall Jenkins; *Drake of Troop One,* by Isabel Hornibrook; and *The Boy Scouts of the Shenandoah,* by Byron A. Dunn. This last title is an anachronism but the book is a perfectly good historical story of our Civil War, the title evidently only used to conform to the fashionable fad. *Rod of the Lone Patrol,* by H. A. Cody, is another Boy Scout book and as a story it is the best of the bunch. There are only four school stories of this year. *Captain Fair and Square,* by William Heyliger, a good straightforward, wholesome school story, and another one of Ralph Henry Barbour's alliterative series, this one entitled *Left Guard Gilbert. Archer and the "Prophet,"* by Edna Brown, is a delightful school story. Particularly notable is the chapter describing the trial of Patsy the Persian Cat for killing a squirrel on the campus on Sunday. Patsy was acquitted because his lawyer proved to the satisfaction of the court that it was the squirrel's own fault, said squirrel being undeniably intoxicated. *The Unofficial Prefect,* by A. T. Dudley, is a good school story, although offering no particular novelty. There are two smaller boys in fiction this year, *Our Davie Pepper,* one of the famous Pepper family of whom Margaret Sidney tells us, and *Little Billy Bow Legs,* described by Emilie Blackmore Stapp, both of whom are very likable. Billy Bow Legs being a newsboy and a particular friend of the woman reporter heroine of the story, is a newer friend, as we have met Davie Pepper before. *The Trail of the Pearl,* by Garrard Harris, the story of a boy of the Cumberland mountains, is a good story of itself and contains some original

Three in a Camp. By Mary P. Wells Smith. Illustrations by John Goss. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Twins "Pro" and "Con." By Winifred Arnold. New York: Fleming H. Revell.

Sarah Brewster's Relatives. By Elia W. Peattie. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Two Little Women at Treasure House. By Carolyn Wells. Illustrations by E. C. Caswell. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Patty's Fortune. By Carolyn Wells. Illustrations by E. C. Caswell. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Isabel Carleton's Year. By Margaret Ashmun. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Lucille Triumphant. By Elizabeth M. Duffield. New York: Sully and Kleinteich.

The Independence of Nan. By Nina Rhoades. Illustrations by Elizabeth Withington. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

A College Girl. By Mrs. George De Horne Vaizey. New York: G. P. Putnam Sons.

Phyllis McPhilemy. By May Baldwin. Illustrations by W. A. Cuthbertson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

BOOKS FOR BOYS

Blackbeard's Island. By Rupert Sergeant Holland. Illustrations by Will Thompson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Billy Burns of Troop V. By I. T. Thurston. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

Drake of Troop I. By Isabel Hornibrook. Illustrations by Sears Gallagher. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

characters so delightful that they must be portraits.

If it be (we hardly think it is ourselves) necessary to bring the present unfortunate war into stories for younger readers then by all means let them be stories written by men or women belonging to the neutral nations who can look on more calmly at the catastrophe. The book *In Khaki for the King* is written by an Englishman, therefore its bitterness, vituperation and invective may be pardoned as human, but are inexcusable in a work of juvenile fiction.

To keep the best for the last, something every child loves to do, we have three books of particular charm to mention. *The Golden City,* by A. Hyatt Verrill, a tale of adventure in unknown Guiana, may be intended to be instructive and undoubtedly is, but it is also so fascinatingly delightful as a story that the young readers will enjoy it for either reason. Mr. Verrill's simplicity of style, which makes it seem when he sets out as if he were going to give merely a description of what one could see when one travels in South America, gives a touch of beautiful actuality to the thrilling adventures that happen to

The Boy Scout Crusoes. By Edwin C. Burritt. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

The Norfolk Boy Scouts. By Marshall Jenkins. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Boy Scouts of the Shenandoah. By Byron A. Dunn (The Young Virginian Series). Chicago: A. H. McClurg and Company.

Rod of the Lone Patrol. By H. A. Cody. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Captain Fair and Square. By William Heyliger. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Left Guard Gilbert. By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Archer and the "Prophet." By Edna A. Brown. Illustrations by John Goss. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

The Unofficial Prefect. By A. T. Dudley. Illustrations by Franklin T. Wood and T. D. Skidmore. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

Our Davie Pepper. By Margaret Sidney. Illustrations by Alice B. Stephens. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

Little Billie Bow Legs. By Emelie Blackmore Stapp. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Trail of the Pearl. By Garrard Harris. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Dave Porter and His Double. By Edward Stratemeyer. Illustrations by Walter S. Rogers. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

In Khaki for the King. By Escott Lynn. Illustrations by Norman Ault. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

The Golden City. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: Duffield and Company.

Billy Topsail, M.D. By Norman Duncan. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

Connie Morgan in Alaska. By James D. Hendryx. New York: G. P. Putnam Sons.

HISTORICAL, INSTRUCTIVE AND YET INTERESTING

On the Battle Front of Engineering. By A. Russell Bond. New York: The Century Company.

The Boy's Book of Mechanical Models. By William B. Stout. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Boy's Book of Firemen. By Irving Crump. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Camera Man. By Francis A. Collins. New York: The Century Company.

Stories of Polar Adventure. By H. W. G. Hyrst. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Trail of the Mohawk Chief. By Everett T. Tomlinson. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Apauk, Caller of Buffalo. By James Willard Schultz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Young People's Story of Massachusetts. By Herschel Williams. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Israel Putnam. By Louise S. Hasbrouck. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Once Upon a Time in Indiana. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Uncle David's Little Nephew. By Emma C. Cram. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.

The Cave Twins. By Lucy Fitz Perkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Pilgrims of To-day. By Mary H. Wade. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Boyhood Stories of Famous Men. by Katherine Dunlap Cather. Illustrations by M. L. Bower. New York: The Century Company.

Worth While People. By F. J. Gould. New York: Harper and Brothers.

With Sam Houston in Texas. By Edwin L. Sabin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the travellers. Because of his undeniable knowledge of facts, we do not know just how much of truth and how much of fiction the author is giving us. We do not care, for we are enjoying the book.

Billy Topsail, M.D., is a collection of the interesting Labrador stories by the late Norman Duncan. All our old friends from the magazines are here even if the stories are slightly changed to introduce the young hero who holds them all together. They have not suffered. It is a book to give a boy with red blood in his veins who prefers to feed his imagination on real facts as well as on fancy, and who likes the dangers that come to men in the course of duty to mankind or in the service of science. *Connie Morgan in Alaska,* by James B. Hendryx, is a splendid book, a book which gives the spirit of the big North and the big rough men of the North in a way that a boy can and should enjoy. It is a story of uprightness, loyalty and courage without one note of preachiness, a story for readers of any age. It shows the roughness of the men of the North who live outside the confines of conventional civilisation, but it shows that even up there the best standards are the best for everywhere. The North taught Connie Morgan that is was

> not the bragging swashbucklers, the self-styled "bad men," who win the respect of the rough men upon the edges of the world. It is the silent smiling men who stand for justice and a square deal.

The writing in this book is very fine, something which is a comfort to one who believes that the best is none too good for young readers.

HISTORICAL AND INSTRUCTIVE, BUT STILL ENTERTAINING

We have listed as last group a number of books some of which are as exciting as any fiction but all are based upon fact and therefore are meant to instruct as well as entertain. There are two very interesting Indian books among them, Mr. Everett Tomlinson's *Trail of the Mohawk Chief,* which is told in fiction style but based on history, and *Apauk, Caller of Buffalo,* a later volume by Mr. James Willard Schultz, who knows Indian life so well. The *Stories of Polar Adventure* are all authentic stories of actual happenings in Polar exploration. The volumes of biographies tell their own tale, and the book entitled *Pilgrims of To-day* is also a biography of well-known people.

On the Battle Front of Engineering shows that fact can be fully as thrilling as fiction and *The Boy's Book of Firemen* is the sort of book for which a boy will have to lie in wait to get a chance to read it, as his father will be sure to want it. Readers of any age will enjoy the details of the workings of the New York Fire Department. It is nice to know where the word "buff" comes from, and it is nicest of all to know that those general favourites, the splendid fire horses, are not superseded by motor engines until they have grown too old for work.

The Camera Man is a very wonderful and very actual book. Even the most alert of moderns hardly realises what a part is played by photography in this twentieth century. Particularly in war the photographer now works side by side with the war-correspondent, sharing his dangers and his triumphs. And it is not only the *actor* in the "movies" who has thrilling escapes from real danger. The photographer, too, comes nearer all sorts of unpleasantnesses than the average man would like to experience. *The Cave Twins* is a delightful description of family life in the cave age when children were apparently just as human as they are now.

Taken all in all the offerings on the Book-Corner Christmas Tree of this season are a rather good lot even if there is really nothing great among them. There is much that will give sincere pleasure and that is the main purpose of any Christmas tree.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ'S POLAND*

BY LOUIS E. VAN NORMAN

I

"WITH FIRE AND SWORD"—THE CASTLE OF ZBARAJ

TAKE down the map of Europe. Draw a line from Riga, on the Baltic Sea, to Dresden, in Saxony. Draw another line from Dresden to the mouth of the Dniester River, on the Black Sea; another from the mouth of the Dniester to Smolensk, Russia, and a fourth from Smolensk back to Riga. You have enclosed the Commonwealth of Poland at its greatest extent—the country of Sienkiewicz. To-day it is a portion of three great European nations. It has long ceased to have a separate political existence, but its people will always remain a distinct, individual and resistant people. The "Polish question" is an ever-present "ghost that troubles" at every European council.

The novels of Henryk Sienkiewicz depict Poland. His Trilogy presents, in bold, clear-cut, beautiful lines, that unfortunate land and people, which is to-day without a place on the map of nations. It is true that in these novels the Poland pictured is the Poland of former generations. But it is also the Poland of to-day. In their general characteristics the Poles have not changed appreciably during the past four or five centuries, and this very fact is one secret of their national weakness. Frequent infusion of foreign blood and occasional revolutions have modified and reshaped almost all the other nationalities of Europe, but the Poles have remained, in temperament, traditions and even customs, much the same as when they were the first nation in the world—three hundred years ago.

This is no place to enter into a discussion of the many good and many bad qualities of the Poles. History has recorded them. Read the Trilogy, and see how the novelist has gathered up all the threads of the national life and character of his countrymen and woven them deftly into one shining cord: the series of three realistic, historical romances: *With Fire and Sword, The Deluge* and *Pan Michael.*

It is in the Trilogy that Poland is mirrored. The other novels of Sienkiewicz are not essentially typical. *Quo Vadis* is a powerful romance, but it is not the Sienkiewicz *milieu. Without Dogma* is a fascinating psychological study, but a study that is human-broad. *The Family of Polanyetski* is also psychological and human, not exclusively Polish. *The Knights of the Cross* is the history of an obscure, seething period set in an absorbing romance. The Trilogy *is* Poland. Podbipienta, large-limbed, large-hearted, chivalrous, taciturn, patient, relentless, "so tall that his head nearly struck the ceiling . . . but with an honest, open expression like that of a child," represents Lithuania, the vast, savage northeast domain that came to the commonwealth with the marriage of the Christian Jadwiga to the barbarian Jagiello. Zagloba is the type of the *petite noblesse,* boastful yet brave, enormous eater and drinker, good companion, good talker, kind-hearted, grumbling at times, yet in the main content with what fortune brought him, "always ready to out-drink and out-talk a whole regiment." Volodiyovski is the thoroughgoing soldier, the splendid swordsman, a conqueror in war and love, a very typical Polish character. Volodiyovski, moreover, actually existed. Bohun, in *With Fire and Sword,* represents the Cossack, and Azya, in *Pan*

*This article originally appeared in THE BOOKMAN in the issues for February and March, 1901. It was then called "The Country of Sienkiewicz." We are reprinting it in view of the great Polish novelist's recent death.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Michael, the Tartar, those fierce, untamed races, human birds of prey, that surrounded the Polish commonwealth, and but for the swords of the Poles would have overrun Western Europe. Prince Boguslaw, of *The Deluge,* is the type of the "foreignised" Polish aristocrat, at whose door may be laid most of the blame for the futility which has been the reward of the patriotism of all other classes. French in manners, in dress, in habits, French in the faultless punctiliousness and pomp of his chivalry, he was French also in his hollow pretensions, in his cynicism, in his amours. Boguslaw brought his French servants, his French dress and his French manners into the commonwealth, treating the Poles with whom he came in contact as inferior beings, and lauding foreign ways, foreign military service, foreign everything. He is the prototype of the Polish noble of to-day, who so often lives abroad—in France, in England, in Italy—who spends his money lavishly at the English Derby, the French Grand Prix, at Monte Carlo, on the Riviera—but who, when he comes to Warsaw or Krakau, the most Polish of cities, pulls tight his purse-strings and haggles over the amount of his hotel bill. He will entertain you as though you were a prince, but his own countrymen he does not deign to patronise. A true, an unfortunately true type, this Boguslaw.

Pleasanter to contemplate are the wholly noble creations of the Trilogy, especially so far as the novelist could find real, actual historic characters to stand as types. These types can be found to-day among the Poles. Skshetuski, the mirror of chivalry; Volodiyovski, the simple-minded, ideal soldier; Kmita, the dashing, devoted cavalier; Kordetski, the patriot priest; Charnyetski, the splendid, terrible leader of armies; Sapyeha, the large-souled, pleasure-loving marshal; Vishnyevetski, the peerless leader—what a splendid array! And all were actual, living men, as were also the terrible Hmelnitski and the equally terrible Radzivill.

Although the heroes of the Trilogy have for their "stamping ground" almost the entire commonwealth, three places stand out prominently above all others, one in each of the three volumes. In *With Fire and Sword* (which, in Sienkiewicz's opinion, is the best of the three) the siege of Zbaraj, by Hmelnitski and Tugai Bey and its heroic defence by Prince Yeremi Vishnyevetski, is the pivot upon which the story turns. In *The Deluge* there is another heroic defence, of the Church of Jasna Góra, at Chenstohova, where Kordetski and Kmita withstood the Swedes under the redoubtable Miller. In the last of the Trilogy—*Pan Michael*—the *point d'appui* of the story is the siege of Kamenetz—a third gallant defence—where the little Knight Volodiyovski lost his life battling against the Turks. These three places may be taken as texts in considering "the country of Sienkiewicz," for the additional reason that the incidents connected with them may be regarded as illustrating three of the salient traits of the Polish national character: at Zbaraj, military valour; at Chenstohova, religious devotion; at Kamenetz, self-sacrifice and patriotism.

With Fire and Sword is the thrilling story of the wrong and disaffection of Hmelnitski and his terrible warfare against the commonwealth from 1640 to 1650.

The great wave of Cossack and Tartar inundation—one of the many that devastated Poland during her four centuries as the bulwark of Europe against Eastern barbarism—gathered and broke on a small fortified town called Zbaraj, in what is now Austrian Ruthenia. It was during the reign of King Jan Kasimir II. (1648-68) that Bogdan Hmelnitski with his Cossacks and his Tartar allies, under Tugai Bey, came against the little town made so famous by Sienkiewicz's pen.

Zbaraj is situated at the first point on the great plains—Podolia—where the land rolls, and so, very naturally, by its position, it became a rendezvous for the Christian Knights and the first point of attack for the Cossacks.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hmelnitski tried first to reach Zbaraj by way of the now important city of Tarnopol (from which Zbaraj is distant about seven miles), but the Poles had strongly fortified the main road of the town (the old church, from the walls of which the Polish cannon frowned, still stands), and he was compelled to turn aside to a hill opposite the old castle (this castle still stands) and cross the marsh, which has now shrunk to a small pond, but which then was a lake whose waters came up to the very walls of the castle. It was in July, 1648 or 1649, that his army of one hundred thousand men—about equal numbers of Cossacks and Tartars—camped before the walls, and, at about the same time, Prince Yeremi came up with his three thousand Knights. When the Polish leader took command in Zbaraj he had, all told, a force of nine thousand men, picked warriors, it is true, the flower of European soldiery, but a mere handful in the face of the host outside the fortress.

The present writer traversed the entire ground made famous by the heroes of *With Fire and Sword,* profiting by the hospitality of a Polish gentleman who owns a large estate within a mile of Zbaraj.

The estate is situated in the little village of Ochzymowce, a village less than half a mile distant from the little wood in which Podbipienta met his death at the hands of the Tartars.

The country about Zbaraj is a beautiful rural one. It is at the break up of the great fertile plains of Podolia, which formed a portion of the ancient Polish commonwealth, but are now partly in Austria, partly (and mostly) in Russia. The ground is that splendid black loam which bears so generously. Naturally a magnificent land, it is now fertilised by Heaven only knows how much human blood and bones during the centuries of almost ceaseless warfare waged on these plains.

A circuitous route leads through Zarudzie, Wachlówka and Stryjówka—villages all referred to in the Trilogy as having been burned by the Cossacks, and still plodding along in the same peasant way under the same names. The first thing to attract the attention on approaching the town is a great hill which was thrown up by the Tartars, from which to bombard the walls. Most of the elevations in and about Zbaraj today, indeed, are the remains of military works.

From the ruins of the old wall the writer set out on foot to follow the route of Pan Longin, the gallant Lithuanian, on his errand to King Jan Kasimir. On the grass-grown slope of the old battlements a white-gowned, white-haired peasant was walking toward the town. He saluted:

"Nech bendzie pochwalony Jezus Chrystus" ("Blessed be the Lord Jesus Christ"), he said reverently.

"Na wieki wieków" ("For ages and ages"), I replied, just as Podbipienta did, as millions of others have done and will continue to do, "for ages and ages," in this venerable, picturesque land, among these tradition-loving people. It took me an hour, in the broad sunshine, over what is now comparatively easy country, to reach the wood where the Tartars caught the gallant Podbipienta. He must have wandered for five or six hours—all night, as Sienkiewicz puts it. His martyrdom took place early in the morning. How beautiful the end:

> The angels of heaven took his soul and laid it like a bright pearl at the feet of the Queen of Heaven.

Many wayside shrines, in the forms of a figure of the Virgin, the Christ, or some saint, were passed on the road, the weather-stained, grey plaster structures looming up oddly from among the blades of yellow grain, ready for the sickle, the statues often garnished with wreaths or skulls. A peasant might often be seen bowing reverently before one of these figures. This is a serious matter to these devout peasants, but it sometimes presents a humourous side to the less religiously inclined. I saw, for example, one plaster figure with a head much too large for the body, and also set on at an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

angle. I learned that a rich peasant, desiring to make a thank offering for some piece of good fortune, had placed this head, regardless of its fitness, probably blissfully unconscious of any incongruity.

By a fortunate chance I arrived in Ochzymowce on the 12th of July, the night preceding that night, upon which, centuries before, the great storm of nature and of war occurred. "It seemed as though the vault of heaven burst, and was about to fall on the heads of the combatants." Thus the weather and other conditions were as favourable as possible to realise what Sienkiewicz describes. The night of the 11th had experienced a terrible downpour of rain, flooding the whole region and bringing vividly before the imagination the great storm of the novel. The narrow village road was rough and reeking with mud, the identical road through which the Tartar horsemen dashed to attack Zbaraj.

There is a rare, artistic quality to the air in this region, particularly at the beginning of the long twilight. It softens outlines, tones down contrasts, yet brings out colour values in a marvellously effective way. A red gold shimmer from the setting sun burnished all the landscape. The wheat fields positively gleamed and the cherry-trees fringed the road like a hedge of beading. Off to the south the little stream widens into a lake. From its banks behind the trees came the soft, plaintive strains of a Ruthenian folk-song, as the bare-legged peasant women beat their linen into cleanliness. One of the peasant men, a clean-limbed, clear-eyed fellow, came out of a hut, and modestly, but with quiet dignity, invited us to enter. He brought a great bowl of cherries, some black bread and a bottle of miód (pronounced *mute*), the honey drink that Zagloba loved so well. We ate and drank, and then, as his fathers and grandfathers did, and as he is teaching his children to do, the entire family approached and respectfully kissed our hands. The Ruthenian and Polish peasant of this country is religious, moral, clean and generally honest. His hut is thatched with straw, but he has a good stove within, he wants for nothing, many religious pictures adorn his walls, and, to complete his good fortune (according to his belief), the stork builds its nest on the roof of the hut. The stork is held in particular esteem, almost reverence, by the Galician peasant. With only moderate industry and economy the peasant can live comfortably on his land. His women work with him in the fields, but this is by no means a hardship, and healthier-looking women one seldom sees. But to return to Zbaraj. After following Podbipienta's course, I returned and drove into the city. To-day the town has from four thousand to five thousand inhabitants, mostly Jews. It contains one long street, the greater portion of which is in very bad condition and very dirty. There are, by actual measurement, just sixty-two feet of sidewalk in the town. Zbaraj has begun to realise the importance it has attained through Sienkiewicz's novels, and it now has a Sienkiewicz Street (which, by the way, is the one long, dirty road already referred to), a Sobieski Street, and also streets named after Skshetuski, Vishnyevetski and Mickiewicz. To complete the poetic bathos, as I emerged upon Vishnyevetski Street, a little pig, but a suckling that would have warmed the cockles of Zagloba's heart, came squealing down the road, pursued by three or four barefooted youngsters and two dogs. The cavalcade stopped short in front of the old church in which the Knights took the oath of eternal fidelity. Here the body of Podbipienta lay in state after the Tartars had brought it to Zbaraj. Report has it that the hero was buried in the cemetery of the town, and that the soldiers raised a great kopiec, or mound, over his body by depositing each a handful of earth as a testimonial of their affection and sorrow.

As were all churches in those troubled times, this is surrounded by a half-ruined wall pierced with embrasures for cannon

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and also connected, by underground passages, with several of the bastions on the great wall, so that, in case of need, the city's defenders might flee for refuge to the house of God. It is a grey, time-worn old structure, with two Oriental-looking towers. Two great images of the Christ, erected in the early years of the present century, stand in the space in front. The church is now in charge of the Bernardine monks, who have a school for the boys of the town. In its crypt are the mummies of twenty or thirty Cossacks and Tartars. From the church it is but ten minutes' walk to the old castle to which the Poles retired after the first storm, after which began the regular siege. Almost entirely dismantled by time, the old ruin still stands untouched by the desecrating hand of "improvement," because the present owner of the land will not permit the hoary relic to be removed. This gentleman, by the way, has a very beautiful residence scarcely a stone's throw from the castle. He has also a beautiful daughter, who conducted us all about the ruin and explained everything. The Zbaraj of to-day has grown away from the old town, and is, for the most part, built outside the old walls, but toward the opposite side from the old castle. The venerable building still stands guard at the southwest, as it did when Hmelnitski and his legions came down like a flood. Twenty times—as Skshetuski afterward told the king—did the terrible warrior lead his fierce soldiery against the ramparts of Zbaraj, each time to be repulsed with fearful slaughter. Here it was, also, that Skshetuski had his single combat with Tugai Bey, and from this spot it was that, when the Tartars began to flee, "their white turbans making the fields look like snow," he pursued with his dreaded hussars.

The castle is, or was, a practically square structure perched on an elevation, with a wide moat about it, and flanked by towers at the corners of the walls, each, perhaps, fifty feet high. The building itself was two stories in height, and constructed of stone and brick, with stucco or made stone-work on the outside. This is surmounted by the ridge-pole roof, made of rough, wooden joists bound together with rope and covered with cement. The great keep still yawns to the left of the main hall, and remains of secret passages may be seen at every possible point. Surrounding the court-yard, under the walls, and looking out through cannon holes on the moat, were the officers' quarters. To-day—alas!—they harbour pigs and chickens. At one corner of the wall, where the turf slopes rather abruptly down to the moat, there is a narrow ridge, along which the Turks are said to have attempted to enter on the night of the great storm, and here it was that Podbipienta cut off the heads of the three Turks at one blow, thus fulfilling his vow, and winning the right to marry.

> Wings seemed to sprout from his shoulders; choirs of angels sang in his breast, as if he were rising up to heaven; he fought as in a dream, and every blow of his sword was like a prayer of thanks.

Off to the west, near where the manor-house stands to-day, are the remains of the bastion or fort, the point at which Skshetuski climbed down on his perilous mission to the king. Podbipienta had failed, and the gallant Skshetuski volunteered to carry the message to the king telling of Zbaraj's dire need. At the time there was a great pond, or staw, which extended up to the very wall. At the present time this has shrunk so that it is but a widening of the little stream that runs through it, but so lazily that the pond is mostly stagnant water. Skshetuski's heroism can only be fully appreciated when one sees the spot, knows somewhat of the characteristics of the age, and then rereads the novelist's vivid description. Sienkiewicz says that the wall was not completed on the side of the ponds at the time of the siege, and it was here that Burlai, the old Cossack commander, almost succeeded in forcing an entrance. The Hungarians had given way, when the stout German mercenaries came up and saved the day. In the dark-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness—the account tells us—the besieged began to throw lighted tar down from the walls that the repulse might be complete. One could almost fancy that he saw Zagloba before him, trembling, as he recognised the terrible Burlai, the warrior who had just killed his tenth man. The fright of the old Falstaff—"I shall die, I and all my fleas with me"—his anger and his triumph as, in full view of both armies, he slew Burlai with one stroke of the sword—all seemed more vivid as one walked over the spot where it actually happened.

The day was drawing to a close as I took my last look from the battlements of Zbaraj—a beautiful, clear July evening. To the west the country stretched off to Russia, wave upon wave of ripened grain, amid which gleamed and nodded in the breeze hundreds of scarlet poppies, like the red dragoons of Volodiyovski bending for a charge. Everything was quiet, peaceful, beautiful. And then, as on that other July day, "night fell and vespers began to toll."

II

"THE DELUGE"—CHENSTOHOVA.

Religious devotion and fervour may be said to be the main theme of *The Deluge,* the second volume of the Trilogy. The story is that of the invasion of the commonwealth by the Swedes under King Charles Gustavus, the apparent submission of Poland, the flight of King Jan Kasimir, his return and the arousing of the commonwealth to expel the invaders.

Through the marriage of Katherine Jagiellonczyk, daughter of Zygmunt I. of Poland, to John Vasa, king of Sweden, a number of conflicting claims of Swedes to the crown of Poland and of Poles to the throne of Sweden sprang up. On the abdication of Queen Christina of Sweden, and the accession of Charles Gustavus, Jan Kasimir, king of Poland, asserted his right to the Swedish crown. The Swedes replied by laying claim themselves to the Polish succession, and Charles Gustavus, with sixty thousand veteran troops, invaded Pomerania, then a part of the commonwealth. He met with but little opposition, took Warsaw and Krakau, and forced the Polish king to flee into Silesia. The country was divided and torn by factional strife, and the Swedes had almost a triumphal march till they laid siege to Chenstohova, to which stronghold they had been attracted by the great riches of the Church of Jasna Góra. The Poles regarded this as sacrilege, and sprang to arms. King Jan Kasimir returned to his kingdom by way of Hungary, forcing his way through the Carpathian Mountains, after a desperate struggle with the Swedes in one of the most isolated passes. Here it was that Kmita performed such prodigies of valour and the górali, or mountaineers, wrought such havoc with their ciupagi, and by casting down rocks on the Swedes. The whole invasion of the Swedes is treated in *The Deluge.* But the pivotal event is the siege of the church stronghold of Jasna Góra at Chenstohova in 1655 by General Miller and his Swedes, and its defence by Kordetski and Kmita.

Chenstohova (this spelling gives the English value to the letters—the Polish form is Czestochowa) is in Russian Poland, in the old kingdom, and is a station on the railroad, half-way between Krakau and Warsaw, being about six hours' ride from either city. It is now a town of fifty thousand inhabitants, one of those irregularly constructed but rapidly growing manufacturing cities which one finds now all over Russia. It is a very busy town. There are in Chenstohova manufactories of paper, wool, cotton, iron and cement. A number of Americans live there as directors, machinists, engineers. There were formerly profitable gold mines near the town, but these were ruined during the Swedish invasion.

The city itself is spread out and rambling and not particularly attractive. A long, wide, tree-arched promenade through the centre affords opportunity for a continuous parade of rich and poor—handsome Russian officers with pretty women, and droschke men and 'ostler

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

boys with factory girls. The common Russian soldier is rather a jolly fellow. Large, raw, with hair frequently as light in colour as tow and as thick as a mop, he roams about the streets (when off duty), often two of them together, hand in hand, grinning good-humouredly and promptly taken in by all the "skin" devices with which the town abounds—side-shows of "disappearing ladies" and reappearing skeletons, steam calliopes, "test-your-lungs" apparatuses, and the rest of the catalogue that were popular at Coney Island and on the Bowery ten years ago. There are eight or ten thousand soldiers in Chenstohova, and one sees them everywhere. But there is really nothing in Chenstohova itself for the traveller—the church is the great point of interest.

Jasna Góra—"Exalted Mountain"—is a church or rather a group of church buildings situated on an elevation, from which a great stretch of country may be seen. It is a fine natural situation for a church, and, by the earthworks and masonry that still remain, one can see how strong it must have been when the Swedes tried to take it. The church has a long ecclesiastical history. Tradition has it that many miracles have been wrought there, and on several occasions the Virgin Mother herself has appeared to worshippers. After successfully resisting the Swedes "Saint Mary" was declared queen of Poland, as she was believed to have aided in the defence of the church.

Leaving the busy part of the town, one approaches the church by a wide avenue, shaded with handsome trees and leading through a fine park. A panorama showing Christ's passion and death is given periodically at the entrance to the park. Before reaching the church itself you come upon a great bronze statue of the Czar, Alexander II., guarded day and night by a sentinel on either side. A little farther on, but less conspicuously placed, is a statue of the brave soldier-priest Kordetski, to whose heroism and valour chiefly Jasna Góra owed its deliverance. Then one comes in front of the church itself, a pile of buildings in old grey, irregular style, surrounded by, or, rather, perched above, a fifty-foot high brick wall pierced for cannon. It is one of the best extant specimens of the old fortress church, the literal church militant. The old earthworks still remain, although now grass-grown and peaceful looking. The walls are being restored, and an outside cordon of masonry is being erected. Surrounding the walls on two sides are rows of little booths—there must be one hundred of them—where images, rosaries, praying cards, pictures of saints and relics are vended. Here, also, are all sorts of comestibles and drinkables—fruits, sandwiches, little cakes, cold coffee, with slices of lemon—ready for the refreshment of the pilgrim from afar. Bands of the pilgrims are constantly arriving.

It was on a Sunday morning in August, at about ten o'clock, that I visited the church of Jasna Góra. Shouting, singing and praying had resounded through the streets from six o'clock.

> It was Sunday; therefore, when the sun had risen well, the road was swarming with wagons and people on foot going to church. From the lofty towers the bells, great and small, began to peal, filling the air with noble sounds. There was in that sight and and in these metal voices a strength, a majesty immeasurable, and at the same time a calm. . . . Throngs of people stood black around the walls of the church. Under the hill were hundreds of wagons, carriages and equipages; the talk of men was blended with the neighing of horses tied to posts. Farther on, at the right, along the chief road leading to the mountain, were to be seen whole rows of stands, at which were sold metal offerings, wax candles, pictures and scapulas. A river of people flowed everywhere freely.

I made my way to the main gate through a long avenue of beggars, sightless, earless, noseless, limbless, in the most revolting states of bodily and mental deformity. Women with no arms or legs begged for kopecks. An idiot leered at me and muttered an inarticu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

late demand. A grizzled old man with no legs, squatted in almost the middle of the road, fingering one of the old lyra, and droning out in the most lachrymose fashion some ancient, moth-eaten strain, was very importunate. He seized me by the coat and whined: "Please, please, kind sir, an alms in the name of the Mother of God of Chenstohova, Queen of Heaven."

On the church wall, facing the entrance, is a large picture of the famous Matka Boska Chenstohovy, the Virgin of Chenstohova. This is the most famous and most revered of the images of the Virgin among the Poles. One sees it everywhere, in Galicia and in the kingdom, as Russian Poland is called. It is the figure of a mild-faced woman and child, Polish type, generally brown in colour, and surrounded by rays, stars and spangles of gold. It is believed to have special miraculous power. The original image, which is in the chapel of the old church, was disfigured by the Tartars, who cut great gashes by shooting arrows across the cheek of the Virgin. Several attempts were made to paint out these gashes, but they always reappeared again —says the tradition—and so a miracle was pronounced and the scars left untouched. They can be seen to-day. The picture, is set up at frequent intervals on the church walls, and wherever there is a picture there you are sure to find a group of kneeling worshippers. This mild, brown-faced woman, who has heard the fervent, frantic prayers of generations—nay, centuries—and has never changed expression, seems to look down sadly, one might almost say pityingly, on it all.

Before this picture in the courtyard every one kneels and murmurs a prayer. The stones in this courtyard are in places literally worn into basins by the genuflections of the faithful. This is the first station; and here the strange, wonderful, picturesque panorama of Middle-Age devotion begins. At the entrance to the church itself sits a priest gathering money. He asks, begs, pleads, expostulates, argues, commands, threatens, suggests, hints, intimates, demands, suiting his method of address to the worldly station and character of the pilgrim. It is a true democracy of religion here. The kid-gloved aristocrat (a few of these come to Chenstohova) walks by the side of the brown, dirty, barefooted peasant.

The new church is a great building of grey stone, with a black iron tower, that can be seen for miles around. This tower was destroyed by fire two or three days after my visit to the church, but is being rapidly rebuilt and restored to its former grandeur. The new church is built over and around the old edifice, which is in a fair state of preservation. Most of the buildings have been restored, the finishing touches having been put on in 1845. The ponderous bronze doors were hung fourteen years later.

Through a massive stone portal one enters a spacious vestibule with a groined roof, adorned with paintings. On the side panels of the entrance are painted portraits of Stephen and Wladislaus, kings of Hungary, although why these are given the place of honour it is difficult to say. To the right, on a black marble cross, is a half life-size brass figure of the Christ. Dust and cobwebs cling to the cross and to the head and shoulders of the image, but the brass toe sparkles and glitters like the sun. Osculation for generations has proved an admirable polish. Every one, old and young, pauses to kiss the foot of the Saviour's image. The first altar is but a few steps farther on—a figure of the Virgin and Child in silver, surrounded by many candles and flowers.

A sharp turn to the right, carefully picking one's way through the prostrate worshippers, who keep coming till there is literally not a free square foot on the floor of the room and entering corridor, and the great nave comes into view. It is a cathedral in size, with splendid groined roof, frescoed with paintings. As one enters the church itself and gets beyond the current of fresh air from the outside, the atmosphere of the interior becomes stifling. An effluvium such as can only come from three to four thou-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sand human beings, to most of whom a bath has been unknown all their lives, closely packed together on an August day, can, as the novelists say, be better imagined than described. One can almost see it hovering over the congregation in waves, as heat rises and shimmers over a chimney.

As one grows more accustomed to this atmosphere one notices a sea of kneeling and prostrate forms in various stages of religious hysteria, depression and that peculiar exaltation so common among Slavonic peasants. A wail or groan from an old woman who lies "in the form of a cross" (as did Kmita, Volodiyovski, King Jan Kasimir), beating her aged head with its white locks against the stone floor, comes from one side. From the other arises a triumphant cry as an equally aged, venerable man rocks himself to and fro in an ecstasy, his prayer-book gripped convulsively, his eyes rolling in almost a frenzy.

There is an order of procession—a series of stations—and every one follows this order as he enters, so that there is a continuous stream of worshippers passing through the different halls and chapels. Mothers with little brown, naked children stretch them out pleadingly to the image on some favourite altar. Old men kneel and lean their feeble heads on sticks, while they tell their beads mumblingly with toothless gums.

One has to be careful in moving among the recumbent forms. One may tread on some worshipper who has humbled himself so as to touch with his tongue the stone pavement, dusty and soiled with the passage of five or six thousand feet. I all but stepped on the form of a young peasant girl. By the dim light that filters through the stained-glass windows I saw a girl's form slightly more slender than the usual peasant build, clad in the most vivid of colouring—blue bodice, red skirt, flaming yellow and green head kerchief, dotted with red roses. She was lying prone on her face in the form of a cross. Her breast was heaving, and sobs shook her entire frame. Again and again the quivering lips touched the dusty, dirty stones of the floor, and slowly as the prayers were recited one by one, a little pool of saliva and tears collected on the marble. She was calling frantically on the Virgin of Chenstohova for a boon.

Through all the susurration of prayer and groan the great organ pealed out its thunderous, vibrant tones, and a fine choir chanted the service. The music was Eastern, with a strange blend of harp, blare and bell effect. Away up in front, beneath the great altar, with its crowns, golden rays and mass of ornamentation, a gorgeously attired priest was saying Mass. But no one—or not one in fifty of the congregation—heard him. When he reached the point for response those near him began the chant, and then it vibrated and shuddered in mighty crescendo and diminuendo through the entire company.

It was too much to grasp at once—too much strain on the body and nerves. So, literally fighting my way out into the fresh air, I sat down on one of the old grass-grown mounds within hearing of the triumphant organ peals, and looked off to where the Swedes came up and drew their cordon of bullet and fire about the devoted church. To the right the bronze figure of the priest Kordetski lifts a hand in benison. In front is a statue of John the Baptist. To the left is the entrance to the old church, the chapel of the famous Virgin of Chenstohova. It is a comparatively small room, but on that day it was crowded so that it was almost literally impossible for the worshippers to prostrate themselves. They could barely find space to stand upright. There was less light there than in the main chapel, and the congregation was quieter, apparently awed by the proximity of the revered altar. Here and there a confession box looms up above the mass of heads. A peasant was whispering his confession, then he seized the priest's hand, kissed it passionately, crossed himself and made his way by slow stages, with infinite toil and patience, through the densely packed mass

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

up to the altar, which is railed off from the main room by heavy iron bars extending from floor to ceiling.

In the chapel there was a ruddy gloom not entirely dispersed by the rays of candles burning on the altar. Coloured rays fell also through the window-panes; and all these gleams, red, violet, golden, fiery, quivered on the walls, slipped along the carvings and windings, made their way into dark depths, bringing forth to sight indistinct forms buried, as it were, in a dream. Mysterious glimmers ran along and united with darkness, so indistinguishable that all difference between light and darkness was lost. The candles on the altar had golden halos; the smoke from the censers formed purple mist; the white robes of monks serving Mass played with the darkened colours of the rainbow. All things there were half visible, half veiled, unearthly; the gleams were unearthly, the darkness unearthly, mysterious, majestic, blessed, filled with prayer, adoration and holiness.

From the main nave of the church came the deep sound of human voices, like the mighty sound of the sea; but in the chapel deep silence reigned, broken by the voice of the priest chanting Mass. . . . You could see hands stretched toward heaven, eyes turned upward, faces pale from emotion or glowing with prayer. Differences of rank disappeared: the coat of the peasant touched the robe of the noble, the jacket of the soldier the yellow coat of the artisan.

At the farther end, only dimly seen in the soft, mellow radiance of hanging silver lamps, is the famous image itself. The features are scarcely distinguishable, but the surroundings are so decked, covered, loaded with gold and silver that it tires the eye to look at them, even in the twilight of the altar. The image scintillates and corruscates, diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, garnets, amethysts, topazes, pearls blinking like eyes as the light from the swinging lamps spreads in glistening, glistering waves over the picture. On the walls gold and silver ornaments, casts of sacred relics, mirrors, rosaries of coral and pearl flash and glitter and gleam. A massive golden crown above the picture stands out prominently, with golden figures, hearts, swords, pens flanking it.

Jasna Góra is the Mecca of the Poles, and it is difficult for a foreigner to appreciate how much this means to them until he understands how closely welded and, indeed, identified are patriotism and religion in Poland. In the words of a refined, intelligent Polish gentleman of my acquaintance, "A visit to Jasna Góra means more, much more to a patriotic Polish Catholic than would a pilgrimage to St. Peter's at Rome or to our Saviour's tomb at Jerusalem."

III

"PAN MICHAEL"—THE FALL OF KAMENETZ

The story of *With Fire and Sword* opens on the steppes with that vivid bit of description, the meeting of Skshetuski and Hmelnitski. The scene then moves westward, and movement culminates at Zbaraj. *Pan Michael* is almost exclusively a story of the steppes. Its theatre of action is the Ukraine and Podolia, those immense plains of southern and western Russia which at the time of which the novel treats were a portion of the Polish Commonwealth, extending southward even to the Crimea.

At the time with which *Pan Michael* deals these plains were the theatre of stirring events. Through the machinations of Louis XIV. of France, the Turks invaded Poland, and Sobieski was sent to guard the frontier. He defeated the invaders at all points in such short order that the rest of Europe called his exploit "the miraculous campaign." The little knight Volodiyovski fought valiantly at his side in this campaign. But another Turkish army—three hundred thousand splendid troops under the terrible leader Mohammed IV.—was advancing. Sobieski had but six thousand men, and could obtain no reinforcements. Realising, however, the importance of delaying Mohammed's progress, he decided to make a stand at Kamenetz, the chief town of the Podolia. Accord-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ingly, he ordered the little knight, Michael Volodiyovski, to march from his outpost position in the Ukraine and defend Kamenetz. The Hetman knew that he was sending the valiant Pan Michael, "the first soldier of the commonwealth," to certain death, but he felt that the sacrifice was necessary, and yet Kamenetz fell, despite prodigies of valour by the Poles.

I was strongly urged not to attempt to visit Kamenetz. "There is no railroad connection, and you may find difficulty in crossing the frontier, this being a point seldom visited by travellers." But I persisted, leaving Krakau one evening at ten o'clock by what the Austrians call a *schnellzug* (fast train), although it makes only twenty miles an hour. Early next morning I reached Lemberg, or Lwów, as the Poles call it. Lemberg is a busy, progressive city of fifty thousand inhabitants, the chief city and capital of Galicia. It still shows traces of its siege by the Turks. In the old Jesuit church are preserved cannon-balls thrown from Turkish guns, as well as several from the later Swedish bombardments. From Lemberg it is but three hours to Tarnopol, the next point of historic interest. Between these two cities, at Podhorcé, is a splendid museum, containing many rare and beautiful relics, particularly of Sobieski. Tarnopol, now a thriving town of thirty thousand people, is very old. It has been in the hands of the Tartars and Cossacks many times. The old Ruthenian church, one of its best-preserved ancient monuments, was three times taken by the Moslems. On its domes the crescents may still be seen, but surmounted by crosses. Tartar influence is visible even in the faces of the peasants, the flat Kalmuck visage being not at all infrequent.

Curiously enough, in tramping the streets that hot July day my attention was attracted by a wheezy, somewhat dismal sound, which, I soon saw, came from the centre of a small group of peasants. Closer inspection showed that it was not an animal in distress (as I had at first supposed), but a blind beggar, performing on a lyra, the very instrument with which Zagloba entertained Helena during their flight from Bohun. This lyra is a curious mixture of strings and rods, turned at one end with a crank. It is very far from being musical. While at Tarnopol, however, I heard some of the real, native Slavonic music, rendered under very characteristic circumstances. One evening a young Ruthenian priest (of the Russian ritual), known to the family at whose home I was staying, drove up to the door in his peasant vehicle, bringing with him his zither. He played well and sang delightfully with that rich, round, full voice of beautiful, sympathetic quality so often found among the Russians. Many of the melodies were richly beautiful, at times almost fiercely gay, then undershot with that inevitable, sad, minor tone that affects one like a blend of the Oriental and the Highland Scotch. Weirdly beautiful, hauntingly beautiful, yet inexpressibly sad, are these Slavonic folk-songs, permeated with the breath of the plains. Underneath the dare-devil mirth of the Mazur always lurks what the Poles call the *zâl*. There is no English equivalent for this word. It is the very emotional soul of the Slav race, and it means mingled reproach and sorrow, the volcanic resignation that comes only after ages of suffering and wrong.

The next point of interest after Tarnopol is Trembówla. This little town has a very old castle, which, so report has it, was defended against the Turks by a woman when all others had fled. Then Sobieski came and rescued the heroine.

From Trembówla to Husiatyn, at the terminus of the railroad and on the frontier between Austria and Russia, our progress was provokingly slow. It was all up grade, and the engine burned only wood. We reached Austrian Husiatyn at half-past eleven. From that hour until half-past two I was crossing the frontier, showing my passport seven times, warding off unsavoury would-be Jew interpreters (Russian and Polish only

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

being spoken here) and generally looking after my luggage.

It was a blazing hot day. On the bridge over the little stream, the middle of which is the dividing line between the domains of Kaiser and Tsar, stood a long line of vehicles—lumber teams, market wagons, fiacres. The drivers, mostly dirty Jews in long cloaks, smoked, swore and sighed, while the imperturbable Russian officials in white uniforms and the inevitable Russian cap examined the passports. After another half hour's delay at the custom-house, during which the inspector calmly opened and spoiled a box of exposed but undeveloped photographic negatives, I was permitted to go on my way. Seated in a very dirty, very rickety wagon, driven by a very unsavoury, unkempt Hebrew, I started—at three o'clock in the afternoon—for Kamenetz, twenty-seven English miles distant.

I shall never forget that ride of eight hours. Once across the line and into the great plain region, everything—nature and mankind—seemed quite different from anything I had ever seen before. As far as the eye could reach—and far beyond—the vast prairies stretched, undulating now and again in gentle waves, but immense, treeless, depressing. A feeling of sadness involuntarily creeps over one when he travels across these plains, especially for the first time. There is a vast, mysterious, half-hidden sense of power about the landscape that impresses one with a sort of elemental fear of nature. This influence has soaked into and through the Slavonic nature and made the Slav a poet, a religious devotee, a musician.

We drove over tremendously wide roads—three hundred feet wide in places. Great herds of beasts—cows, sheep, pigs, goats, chickens, geese and ducks, all in one company—passed slowly by, driven sometimes by a boy with a long whip or by a stout, bare-legged peasant woman astride of a lithe little Cossack pony.

The fields are cultivated to the highest possible extent—vegetables and grains of all kinds, not merely by the acre, but by the hundred, by the thousand acres. The soil is wonderfully rich and productive. It is claimed by Russian statisticians that so rich is this land that were there only one successful year in ten (supposing nine years' crop to have failed totally), the yield of that one year would return a profit on the entire period. And yet, except in a very few cases, the peasants do not profit by this. These sad-eyed, hard-working folk, their Eastern blood showing in the slightly slanted eyes and the turban head-dress, are only labourers. They own bits of land here and there, it is true, but by no means so generally as in Galicia. Their villages also, a number of which we passed through on the way, are very squalid, in striking contrast to the huts of the Galician peasants. Poverty, bitter poverty shows everywhere in these villages, especially in those inhabited by the Jews. The huts are generally of mud and thatched with straw, and are destitute of the least semblance of comfort. The venerable Israelite who drove me declared that he received but one rouble and a half (about seventy cents) a week, and had a wife and five children to support.

Twilight came on as we still crawled over the face of the landscape like a tiny boat on the great ocean. Many things contributed to strengthen this impression of a voyage. Now we would pass a wagon-load of tired peasants returning from their labours, now four or five soldiers coming back from some manœuvre, their white uniforms fairly glistening in the fading light. Now, by the roadside, we would discern the gaping ribs of a skeleton—a cow or a horse—with the ghoulish crows sidling in and out of its nude anatomy, stranded there like a marine derelict. On the horizon a speck would appear. Over the gentle rise it would come, a four-horse wagon, driven Russian fashion, the four abreast, the little bells tinkling musically from the high arched collar. Its occupant, likely an imposing government official, would lean forward and bow gravely.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We would salute like ships speaking to each other at sea—two passing specks on the ocean plain. Then, like ships that pass in the night, a silence and that sweeping apart sensation as when two swift vessels pass. The red sun dipped below the horizon, and a greyness settled over the landscape. From its depths centuries gone seemed to speak. The shades of Hmelnitski and his Cossacks and of Tugai Bey and his Tartars, all those wild spirits of bygone ages, seemed to gather again in the gloaming and again sweep over the plain. The stars came out and fairly burned in the sky like the points of brilliantly burnished lances levelled at the earth.

Eleven o'clock brought us to the city, a strangely, weirdly beautiful sight by night. Through a massive stone gate five centuries old we lumbered up a steep hill, then down an incline and over a bridge to the new city. Below us flowed the Smotrycz, a little stream that empties into the Dniester and divides the city into two parts. From far beneath, at the river's bank, to the heights above, the town arose, tier upon tier, its lights gleaming fitfully, the walls like a black belt at the base.

After some difficulty, owing to the fact that I spoke no Russian, and no one in Kamenetz seemed to speak anything else, I secured a room at a fairly comfortable hotel. Then, having satisfactorily passed the examination usually imposed upon guests at hotels in Eastern Europe, as to my purpose in coming to Kamenetz, how long I intended to stay, the personal habits of all my ancestors and the rest of the questions, being very much fatigued, I was about to retire when the beautiful moon tempted me to the window.

The view was almost like a scene out of the *Arabian Nights*. It was the moon of the Orient—large, full, of mellow light. A fine white building on the opposite height (I afterward found it to be a seminary for Greek or orthodox priests) loomed up as a mass of silver. In the street below, lit by the fitful glare of petroleum lamps, a motley, picturesque throng passed and repassed, slowly, languidly, revelling in the slight coolness which the night brought. Kamenetz is only about fifty miles from the Roumanian border and less than two hundred miles from the Black Sea. It comes rightfully, therefore, by its Oriental characteristics. Long-cloaked, long-bearded Jews; barefooted, bare-headed girls with Egyptian faces, filleted hair and great pendant earrings of brass; Ruthenian peasants; gigantic Kirghiz with Astrachan caps; beautiful Jewesses of the demi-monde, in costumes *à la mode de Paris;* Russian soldiers in the white tunic, black trousers, high boots and the cap that is known from Warsaw to Vladivostock; Cossacks on horseback; gorgeously uniformed, pompous generals in white with red and gold facings to their resplendent attire, in barouches, fiacres, landaus or the ubiquitous droschky, driven by barbarous, Mongolian-looking *cochers;* long-gowned, long-haired Schismat priests; gypsies, Turks and many other perfectly nondescript types, gathered from the four corners of the globe, slowly defiled before me. It was a sight that stamps itself photographically on the memory for all time.

The next morning I made a tour of the town. With the aid of an Israelite who spoke some German (though very badly) I succeeded in identifying the chief points of historic and present-day interest. The old castle which—so report has it—Pan Michael partially blew up still stands, now doing duty as a Russian barracks. It was built in 1585 by the great Polish King Stefan Batory. Here it was that the Turks, triumphing over all the gallantry of Kettling and his artillery, entered Kamenetz. Bits of the old fortifications, particularly towers and wall with embrasures for cannon, may be seen scattered about, thickest on the river front. The convent in which Basia was confined during the siege still stands on the old square. It has been somewhat restored, although much dilapidated at the present time. The cathedral of the Armenians, which,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sienkiewicz tells us, was on fire during the siege, I found in a fair state of preservation.

The Kamenetz Jew, who is a large element in the population of the town to-day, is omnipresent. Watch him on the street as he smokes his thin, little cigarette while his half-naked wife and children sprawl in the roadway. It may be said that, in general, abject, grinding poverty is his lot. He sits before his little booth, selling his onions, stale eggs, potatoes, small bread, peas, parsley, hard little pears and other fruits unknown to the Anglo-Saxon palate. His countenance bears the stamp of listless despair. What is there to live for? Like the worldly Jew in Kingsley's *Hypatia,* he has carefully weighed life in the balance of *pro* and *con,* and is facing the terrible conviction that it is not worth the living. Yet he dare not end it. Despite all his woes, he remains uncompromisingly orthodox. By imperial ukase he is forbidden to wear the corkscrew side curls that are the darling of his brother in the Kazimierz of Krakau. But he retains his long cloak and his long beard, and his children learn to recite the prayers according to the ritual, rocking to and fro as they drone out the words with seemingly endless repetition.

Kamenetz-Podolsk (so named to distinguish it from the other Kamenetz, which is in Grodno, Lithuania) has a population of thirty-six thousand, and is a "government" town—that is, it is the centre of the Russian "government," or province of Podolia. Modern material progress is very backward in Kamenetz. The rapid but uneven (if I may use the term) development of the empire makes possible the anomaly of a city of thirty-six thousand inhabitants with no railroad nearer than twenty-seven miles, and that in another country. The first railroad station in Russia is a very small one, thirty-five miles distant, on the line between Odessa and Kieff. Kamenetz has no street-cars, no electric lights and all the transportation is by wagon, a costly method, resulting in extremely high hotel rates. The modern city covers a very large territory, and the new part of the town shows some signs of progress. There has recently been completed a large handsome theatre. There is also a fine park with a boulevard running through it, and here every Sunday military music is rendered. Along the river front there is a pleasant, popular, sylvan promenade. Bathing in the river is also very popular. At six nearly all the town —soldiers and citizens—towel in hand, troop down to the stream for their evening dip.

Kamenetz, being a government town, is full of soldiers. At all hours of the day and night all sorts of representatives of the motley army of the Tsar may be seen on the streets, from the common soldier who tramps on foot to the resplendent general who rides in his elegant barouche. It was my fortune to see three thousand Cossacks of the Don on horseback. With their long robes, small swords slung across the breast, their round fur caps and burned visages, these superb riders made a very picturesque spectacle.

The wall that Pan Michael and his knights defended against the Turks can still be seen, although almost entirely dismantled. I approached the entrance to the tower, now a barracks. I entered, no one objecting, much to my surprise. So I crossed the courtyard and peered out of a cannon embrasure out upon the river flowing far below. It was at this point that the Turkish envoys, having seen the white flags which had been raised over the Ruska gate (the bulk of this gate remains to-day) by the faint-hearted among the besieged, stood and demanded the surrender of the garrison.

"And what of Kamenetz?" asked the little knight.

"It shall go to the sultan for ages and ages."

Volodiyovski's reply was to blow up the tower.

"Nic to," "it is nothing." This was the message he sent to poor Basia, praying in the old convent in the square. *"Nic to."* This had been the concerted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

signal to her of his death. She was to say to herself, *"Nic to,"* "this life is nothing."

"Thus died Volodiyovski, the Hector of Kamenetz, the first soldier of the commonwealth." The Turks brought the body to Sobieski, and it was buried in the church at Stanislaw.

READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Psychology

Analytical Psychology. By C. G. Jung. Authorised Translation Edited by Constance E. Long. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $3.50 net.

The work is composed of a selection of the author's articles and pamphlets on analytical psychology written at intervals during the past fourteen years.

Leonardo Da Vinci. A Psychosexual Study of an Infantile Reminiscence. By Sigmund Freud. Translated by A. A. Brill. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.

A psychoanalytic character study of the great Italian painter.

Wit and Its Relation to the Unconscious. By Sigmund Freud. Authorised English Edition with an Introduction by A. A. Brill. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $2.50 net.

A book for the student of psychoanalysis. The work is divided into three general parts—A. Analysis of Wit; B. Synthesis of Wit; and C. Theories of Wit.

Religion and Theology

And Thus He Came. A Christmas Phantasy. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A Christmas fantasy in which Jesus becomes again a determining influence in the crises of human lives.

Aspects of the Infinite Mystery. By George A. Gordon. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50 net.

In his preface the author says that his book is somewhat of the nature of a confession of faith. It records his views on "Personality in God," "Fatherhood of God," "The Historic Reality of Jesus," "The Mystery of Redemption," "The Mystery of the End," etc.

The Birth of Mormonism. By John Quincy Adams. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.

A brief synopsis of the lives of Joseph Smith, Jr., and his associates in the founding of Mormonism, and an indictment of the system.

The Enchanted Universe and Other Sermons. By Frederick F. Shannon. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.00 net.

Twelve sermons by the pastor of the Reformed Church on the Heights, Brooklyn.

The Essentials of Religious Education. By Charles William Heathcote. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.50 net.

A presentation of the historical, psychological and practical sides of religious education.

Heaven Open to Souls. Love of God Above All Things, and Perfect Contrition Easy and Common in Souls Resolved to Avoid Mortal Sin. By Henry Churchill Semple. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.00 net.

An informal discussion of the theme expressed in the sub-title. The author is Moderator of the Theological Conferences of the Archdiocese of New York, and Chaplain of Fordham University.

Method in Prayer: An Exposition and Exhortation. By W. Graham Scroggie, with a Preface by H. C. G. Moule. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00 net.

A discussion of the value of method in prayer, including some chapters on such problems as the importance of confession, the application of intercession, and the proper subjects for prayer.

The Science of Religion. Fundamental Faiths Expressed in Modern Terms. By Daniel A. Simmons. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.00 net.

An attempt to show that science and religion are in harmony, and that all the known facts of nature are in accord with the fundamental postulates of religion.

The Sermon on the Mount. By Charles Gore. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 40 cents.

An analysis of the Sermon on the Mount, reissued in *The Wayfarers Library* series.

The Syrian Christ. By Abraham Mitrie Rihbany. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50 net.

A study and interpretation of the life and teachings of Jesus by a Syrian.

Thoughts on Life and Religion. An Aftermath from the Writings of the Right Honourable Professor MacMüller, by His Wife. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 40 cents.

A new edition, issued in *The Wayfarers Library* series.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Was the Resurrection a Fact? And Other Essays. By James Samuel Lilley. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.

Essays on religious topics. Besides the title essay there are: "A Crisis in the Church," "Is the Infinite Knowable?" "The Holy Book," and "A Purpose In Life."

Sociology and Economics

America and the New Epoch. By Charles P. Steinmetz. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.00 net.

The author seeks to point out what lies before this country—and what it can become—because of the European War and the changed conditions which will present themselves, politically and industrially, at the close of the war.

Cotton as a World Power. A Study in the Economic Interpretation of History. By James A. B. Scherer. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.00 net.

A discussion of the part that cotton has played in the commerce of the world.

Democracy and Peace. By James Bissett Pratt. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.

Four essays comprising a popular study of certain problems in social psychology and social ethics. The titles are: "The Meaning of Democracy," "American Idealism," "The Idealism of War," and "The Hope of Lasting Peace." In the *Present Day Problem* series.

Our America. The Elements of Civics. By John A. Lapp. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The work starts with a survey of the fundamental needs of a civilised people, and then proceeds to show what our government is and how it operates.

Political Science

The Commonwealth of Nations. An Inquiry Into the Nature of Citizenship in the British Empire, and Into the Mutual Relations of the Several Communities Thereof. Part I. Edited by L. Curtis. New York: The Macmillan Company. With maps and diagrams. $2.50.

Hesitations: The American Crisis and the War. By W. Morton Fullerton. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.25 net.

A book in which the author undertakes to present what Europe thinks of American hesitations and inconsistencies. He asserts that this nation has lost caste among the nations of the world, and that the government has not grasped the war's significance to this country.

The Man versus the State. A Collection of Essays by Herbert Spencer. Edited by Truxtun Beale. With Critical and Interpretative Comments by William Howard Taft, Charles W. Eliot, Elihu Root, Henry Cabot Lodge, David Jayne Hill, Nicholas Murray Butler, E. H. Gary, Harlan F. Stone, Augustus P. Gardner. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $2.00 net.

A contribution to political thought in America to-day.

What's the Matter With Mexico? By Caspar Whitney. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

A study of the Mexican problem and a consideration of the present Administration's attitude toward it. In *Our National Problems* series.

Military and Naval Science

Military and Naval America. By Harrison S. Kerrick. With an Introduction by Edmund J. James. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Maps, diagrams and illustrations. $2.00 net.

A compendium of information concerning the various activities of the Army and the Navy, and the auxiliary elements of national defence, such as the Coast Guard, the American National Red Cross, military colleges and camps of instruction, Boy Scouts, rifle clubs, etc.

The Navy as a Fighting Machine. By Bradley A. Fiske. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00 net.

In his preface the author declares that the purpose of his book is to answer the questions, "What is the navy for?" "Of what parts should it be composed?" and "What principles should be followed in designing, preparing, and operating it in order to get maximum return for the money expended?"

The War

Belgium and the Great Powers. Her Neutrality Explained and Vindicated. By Emile Waxweiler. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00 net.

The author upholds Belgium's right to oppose the violation of her territory by Germany, citing the Treaty of 1839 and subsequent events of international importance.

The Brown Mare. By Alfred Ollivant. New York: Alfred Knopf. $1.00 net.

Sketches of English men, women and homes as seen during the past two years.

A Conclusive Peace. Presenting the Historically Logical, and a Feasible, Plan of Action for the Coming Peace Conference, Which Will Co-ordinate and Harmonise Europe and The World. By Charles Fremont Taylor. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. 50 cents.

Ambulance No. 10. Personal Letters from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Front. By Leslie Buswell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

Letters from France. The author is connected with the American Ambulance Field Service.

General Joffre and His Battles. By Raymond Recouly (Captain X). New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. With maps and a frontispiece. $1.25 net.

An expression of the personality of Joffre and his plan for the battle of the Marne. There are also chapters dealing with de Castelnau and Foch; with the Champagne drive; with the battle in Argonne, and finally with the battle of Verdun.

Official Diplomatic Documents Relating to the Outbreak of the European War. With Photographic Reproductions of Official Editions of the Documents (Blue, White, Yellow, etc., Books) Published by the Governments of Austria-Hungary, Belgium, France, Germany, Great Britain, Russia and Serbia. With Introduction, Daily Summaries, Cross-References, and Footnotes. By Edmund Von Mach. New York: The Macmillan Company. $6.00.

One Hundred Cartoons. By Cesare. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. $3.00 net.

Cartoons of the war.

Red Cross and Iron Cross. By a Doctor in France. New York: E. P. Dtton & Company. $1.00 net.

Little sketches of scenes in a French war hospital. The profits from the sale of the book are to be given to the French Red Cross.

Soldier and Dramatist, Being the Letters of Harold Chapin, American Citizen Who Died for England at Loose on September 26th, 1915. New York: The John Lane Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A Visit to Three Fronts. Glimpses of the British, Italian and French Lines. By Arthur Conan Doyle. New York: George H. Doran Company. 50 cents net.

A report of the author's experiences and impressions gained from his visits to the British, Italian and French armies during the past summer.

A Volunteer Poilu. By Henry Sheahan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.

Soon after the outbreak of the war the author enlisted in the field service of the American Ambulance, and his book gives a detailed account of life in the trenches.

War, Peace and the Future. A Consideration of Nationalism and Internationalism, and of the Relation of Women to War. By Ellen Key. Translated by Hildegard Norberg. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

With the Turks in Palestine. By Alexander Aaronsohn. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The author was in Palestine when the war broke out, and despite the fact that he had taken out his first naturalisation papers as an American citizen, was impressed into service in the Turkish army. His book tells of his experiences with the Turkish army and of his escape to the United States cruiser, *Des Moines*.

Education

Training for the Newspaper Trade. By Don C. Seitz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

Training for the Stage. Some Hints for Those About to Choose the Player's Career. By Arthur Hornblow. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

Two volumes in *Lippincott's Training* series. The series aims to give in a straightforward manner the demand upon character, the preparatory needs, the channels of advancement, and the advantages and disadvantages of various pursuits. Other titles in the series are: "Training for the Street Railway Business," "Training of a Forester," "Training and Rewards of a Doctor," and "Training and Rewards of a Lawyer."

Science

A Critique of the Theory of Evolution. By Thomas Hunt Morgan. Princeton: Princeton University Press. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

Lectures delivered at Princeton University during February and March, 1916. The subject is considered under the general heads of "A revaluation of the evidence on which the theory of evolution was based," "The bearing of Mendel's discovery on the origin of heredity characters," "The factorial theory of heredity and the composition of the germ plasm," and "Selection and evolution."

The Passing of the Great Race, or, The Racial Basis of European History. By Madison Grant. With a Preface by Henry Fairfield Osborn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00 net.

"An attempt to elucidate the meaning of history in terms of race; that is, by the physical and psychical characters of Europe instead of by their political grouping, or by their spoken language."

Domestic Science

The Mothercraft Manual. By Mary L. Read. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A handbook of information and practi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cal instruction in the home care and training of children.

The Myrtle Reed Cook Book. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

A collection of practical recipés, with chapters on "The Philosophy of Breakfast" and "How to Set the Table." There is an index.

The New Interior. Modern Decoration for the Modern Home. By Hazel H. Adler. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $3.00 net.

A book for those interested in the most recent developments of interior decoration. It emphasises the possibility and the desirability of people making many of their own furnishings and decorations.

Business

The Ambitious Woman in Business. By Eleanor Gilbert. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

A discussion of the employment open to women, and the possibilities for advancement and success which lie before the young business woman.

Fine Arts

Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Wonder of Work. Reproductions of a Series of Drawings, Etchings, Lithographs, Made by Him About the World, 1881-1915, With Impressions and Notes by the Artist. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.00 net.

A series of pictures of some of the great modern industrial achievements of the world. The oil wells of Alberta, the stock yards of Chicago, the skyscrapers of New York, the Victor Emanual monument at Rome, the Harbour of Genoa, the Iron Gate at Charleroi, Belgium, rebuilding the Campanile, Venice, are a few of his subjects.

The Painters of Florence from the Thirteenth to the Sixteenth Century. By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady.) New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

A guide to the history of Tuscan painters.

Games, Amusements

The Complete Auction Player. By Florence Irwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

A book for the beginner as well as for the more advanced player.

Golf for Women. By a Woman Golfer. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

A guide to the game of golf, giving besides technical analysis and hints for improving one's play, much data on noted women golfers and their styles of play.

General Literature, Essays

Above Cayuga's Waters. A collection of Articles and Poems Which Have Appeared in *The Cornell Era* From Its First Publication, November, 1868, to the Present Day. Compiled by the Editors of the Class of 1917. Ithaca, New York: The Cornell Era, Inc.

Cloud and Silver. By E. V. Lucas. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

A collection of essays, including eight war sketches and a group of little fables on such subjects as flowers, folks and animals.

French Perspectives. By Elizabeth Shipley Sergeant. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.

A collection of essays on French social and literary life.

English Influence on the United States. By W. Cunningham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

Essays intended to show the close connection between English and American life.

The Humble Annals of a Back Yard. By Walter A. Dyer. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A collection of short essays, reprinted from various magazines, on the phases of nature and the joy of gardening. A few of the titles are "The First Corn," "Nature Near Home," "The Rain," "Roses."

The Intelligence of Women. By W. L. George. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.25 net.

Essays on feminism. Contents: "The Intelligence of Women," "Feminist Intentions," "Uniforms for Women," "Women and the Paint Pot," "The Downfall of the Home," "The Break-up of the Family," and "Some Notes on Marriage."

Ireland's Literary Renaissance. By Ernest A. Boyd. New York: John Lane Company. $2.50 net.

An account of the revival in modern Irish letters.

The Joy of Love and Friendship. By Arthur L. Salmon. Chicago: Forbes & Company. 75 cents.

A discussion of the various phases of love and friendship.

The Literary History of Spanish America. By Alfred Coester. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50 net.

A survey of the literary history of Spanish America considered in relation to the political and social history of the several countries.

The Lyric. By John Drinkwater. New York: George H. Doran Company. 40 cents.

An analytical essay. In *The Art and Craft of Letters* series.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Old Christmas. By Washington Irving. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $2.50 net.
A gift book edition with sketches and full-page illustrations by Frank Dadd.

Open That Door! By R. Sturgis Ingersoll. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.00 net.
Suggestions for getting the greatest amount of enjoyment and inspiration from reading.

Patriotic Essays. By Elroy Headley. Newark: Elroy Headley. Frontispiece.
A collection of short essays on such subjects as "Liberty and Order," "Politics," "Religion," "Wealth," "Brotherhood," etc.

Poetry: The Renascence of Wonder. By Theodore Watts-Dunton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.75 net.
Two essays. There is also an introduction by Thomas Hake.

The Short Story. By Barry Pain. New York: George H. Doran Company. 40 cents.
A study in which the author seeks to demonstrate that the short story has never been better written than during the past fifty years. In *The Art and Craft of Letters* series.

Social Life in England. 1750-1850. By F. J. Foakes Jackson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.
The purpose of the book is to present pictures of English life during the years 1750 to 1850.

Poetry and Drama

A Book About the Theatre. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $2.50 net.
A book on the various aspects of the art and business of the stage.

Californians. By Robinson Jeffers. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25 net.
Verses of nature, romance and life in California.

Cincinnati. Prints from the Etchings of E. T. Hurley, with Comment by Amelia Hickenlooper Dunham. Cincinnati: The St. James Press.
A tribute in verse and picture to Cincinnati.

The Dog's Book of Verse. Collected by J. Earl Clauson. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. $1.00 net.
A collection of tributes to dogs by a number of authors.

The English Drama in the Age of Shakespeare. Translated from *Geschichte des neueren Dramas* of Wilhelm Creizenach. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $4.50 net.
A general account of the Elizabethan drama and of the conditoins under which it flourished.

The Glory of Toil and Other Poems. By Edna Dean Proctor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents net.
Miscellaneous verses.

From Dawn to Eve. By Julia Wickham Greenwood. Boston: Richard Badger. $1.25 net.
A collection of verses on a variety of subjects.

Gods and Heroes and Myths from Ovid, also Sonnets and Legends. By J. Brookes More. Fort Smith, Arkansas: Thrash-Lick Publishing Company. $1.25.
Verses based on myths and legends.

The Golden Book of Sonnets. Selected by William Robertson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.25 net.
An anthology of some two hundred and fifty sonnets chosen from the whole range of English literature.

Great War Ballads and Myths from Ovid (Second Series). By J. Brookes More. Fort Smith, Arkansas: Thrash-Lick Publishing Company. $1.25 net.
A collection of ballads inspired by the European War, and miscellaneous verses based on mythology.

Green Branches. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.
A little book of verse containing: "The Autumn in Ireland, 1915," "The Spring in Ireland, 1916," and "Joy Be With Us." A limited edition.

King St. Olaf. A Drama in Five Acts. By Gustav Melby. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.
A play dealing with the struggle between paganism and Christianity in Norway during the early part of the eleventh century.

Men, Women and Ghosts. By Amy Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25 net.
A volume of stories in *vers libre* form.

Moloch: A play in a Prologue, three acts, and an Epilogue. By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.00 net.
An indictment of war.

My Soldier Boy, and Other Poems. By Mrs. John Archibald Morison. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.
A collection of verses, some inspired by the war, and some by various phases of Nature.

The New Morn. English Diplomacy and the Triple Entente. A Phantasmagoria in One Act. By Barrie Americanus Neutralis (Paul Carus). Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.
A one-act play in which the author attempts to show that England is responsible for the war.

The Pine-Tree (Matsu). A Drama, adapted from the Japanese of Takeda Izumo. With an Introductory Causerie on the Japanese Theatre. By M. C. Marcus.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New York: Duffield and Company. $1.25 net.

A translation of a Japanese play, with essays on Japanese literature and drama.

Riders of the Stars. By Henry Herbert Knibbs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00 net.

A book of Western verse.

Runes of the Night: A Book of Verse. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.00 net.

A book of verse for the most part religious in character.

Salt Water Poems and Ballads. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

A collection of the author's poems of the sea with two new and hitherto unpublished poems—"The Ship and Her Makers," and "The New Bedford Whaler." Numerous illustrations in colour and black and white made by Charles Pears.

Six One-Act Plays. By Margaret Scott Oliver. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.

Contents: "The Hand of the Prophet," "Children of Grenada," "The Turtle Dove," "This Youth—Gentlemen!" "The Striker," "Murdering Selina."

Three Plays: The Fiddler's House, The Land, Thomas Muskerry. By Padraic Colum. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.25 net.

Plays presenting Irish life and problems.

War. A Play in Four Acts. Translated by Thomas Seltzer from the Russian of Michael Artzibashef. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.00 net.

The first of the author's plays to appear in English. A picture of how, in Russia particularly, the war leaves its impress on its victims.

War and Laughter. By James Oppenheim. New York: The Century Company. $1.25 net.

A collection of *vers libre*. The work is grouped under the headings: "Morning," "Noon," "Night," "Laughter," "Rhymes," "War," "Golden Death," "The Future."

The Witch of Endor. A Tragedy. By Robert Norwood. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

A dramatic poem in five acts, telling the story of Saul, his love and tragedy.

The Woman Who Wouldn't. By Rose Pastor Stokes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

A play in four acts. The scene is laid in a mining town, and the terrible struggle for existence of a typical miner's family is portrayed.

Fiction

Angel Unawares. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. 50 cents net.

A short story of Christmas Eve. Scenes are laid in France.

Betty at Fort Blizzard. By Molly Elliot Seawell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

A sequel to *Betty's Virginia Christmas*. A romance with scenes laid at Fort Blizzard in the Far Northwest.

The Bigamist. By F. E. Mills Young. New York: John Lane Company. $1.35 net.

A story of the English in South Africa, having to do with a false marriage and the choice a woman has to make between desire and duty—whether for love's sake she shall play the part of wife to the man who has deceived her, or whether for conscience' sake she shall leave him and go her independent way.

The Black Arrow: A Tale of the Two Roses. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $2.25 net.

A new edition with full-page illustrations in colour by N. C. Wyeth. The volume is of the same general character in size, binding, etc., as *Kidnapped* and *Treasure Island*.

The Certain Hour. By James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. $1.35 net.

A collection of short stories and verses. Contents: "Ballad of the Double-Soul," "Auctorial Induction," "Belhs Cavaliers," "Balthazar's Daughter," "Judith's Creed," "Concerning Corinna," "Olivia's Pottage," "A Brown Woman," "Pro Honoria," "The Irresistible Ogle," "A Princess of Grub Street," "The Lady of All Our Dreams," "Ballad of Plagiary."

The Clue of the Twisted Candle. By Edgar Wallace. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.

A tale of mystery and detective work, with scenes laid in and near London.

The Complete Gentleman. By Bohun Lynch. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35 net.

The story of a man who fashioned his life after his ideal of a "complete gentleman" with disastrous results.

"Contraband." A Romance of the North Atlantic. By Randolph Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A tale of perilous adventures centering about an attempt made by a speculator at the beginning of the war to organise a copper pool. Most of the action takes place at sea.

The Crushed Flower and Other Stories. Translated from the Russian of Leonid Andreyev by Herman Bernstein. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50 net.

Eight short stories. The titles are: "The Crushed Flower," "A Story Which Will

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Never Be Finished," "On the Day of the Crucifixion," "The Serpent's Story," "Love, Faith and Hope," "The Ocean," "Judas Iscariot and Others," "'The Man Who Found the Truth.'"

Desmond's Daughter. By Maud Diver. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Frontispiece. $1.50 net.

An Anglo-Indian tale, including the true story of the Tirah campaign.

Dr. Nick. By L. M. Steele. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Frontispiece. $1.40 net.

The story of a little Russian immigrant boy who develops into a great physician and his romance.

A Drake by George! By John Trevena. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50 net.

A humourous tale of Devonshire.

El Supremo. A Romance of Great Dictator of Paraguay. By Edward Lucas White. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.90 net.

An historical novel of South America at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Emmy Lou's Road to Grace: Being a Little Pilgrim's Progress. By George Madden Martin. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.30 net.

The second "Emmy Lou" book, showing a little girl's vision of home life and religion.

The Emperor of Portugalia. By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated by Velma Swanston Howard. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.50 net.

A tale of the happy, easy-going folk of Southern Vermland.

Every Soul Hath Its Song. By Fannie Hurst. New York: Harper & Brothers. Frontispiece. $1.30 net.

Stories of the humour and pathos of metropolitan life. The volume contains: "Sea Gullibles," "Rolling Stock," "Hochenheimer of Cincinnati," "In Memoriam," "The Nth Commandment," "T. B.," "Summer Resources," "Sob Sister," and "The Name and The Game."

Filling His Own Shoes. By Henry C. Rowland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

The adventures of Ruggles, an American shoe salesman in Paris and the Orient, who finds himself the heir to a huge fortune and the guardian of four beautiful girls of a Turkish harem.

The Further Side of Silence. By Hugh Clifford. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.35 net.

Strange tales of the life, superstitions and customs of Malay, many of them being based on the author's experiences in that country.

Hermione and Her Little Group of Serious Thinkers. By Don Marquis. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.25 net.

A series of amusing sketches which have appeared in the New York *Evening Sun*. The papers reflect the superficial pretense of a familiar type of modern woman in discussing current affairs about which she knows nothing.

The House of Luck. By Harris Dickson. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A tale of mystery and romance centering about a strange house on the banks of the Lower Mississippi River. The time is in the 'thirties.

The Hungry Stones and Other Stories. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.35 net.

Translations of a number of the author's short stories. The titles are: "The Hungry Stones," "The Victory," "Once There Was a King," "The Home-Coming," "My Lord, The Baby," "The Kingdom of Cards," "The Devotee," "Vision," "The Babus of Nayanjore," "Living or Dead?" "'We Crown Thee King,'" "The Renunciation," "The Cabuliwallah."

In the Garden of Delight. By L. H. Hammond. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $1.00 net.

A simple love story told in the form of a young girl's diary.

Lady Connie. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Hearst's International Library Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

A love story set in the Oxford of thirty years ago.

The Land of the Blue Flower. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A new edition in gift-book form.

The Leatherwood God. By William Dean Howells. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

The story of the career and downfall of a religious impostor. The scenes are laid in Ohio.

The Leopard Woman. By Stewart Edward White. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A tale of mystery, love and war intrigue, with Central Africa for a background.

The Lords of Dawn. By George Turner Marsh and Ronald Temple. San Francisco: John J. Newbegin.

A story intended to picture the awakening of Japan, set in the period from the year 1854 to 1890.

Lovers' Knots. The Whimsical Twists and Tangles of a Dozen Youthful Love Affairs. By Elizabeth Jordan. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.

Short stories illustrating various phases of love-making. Contents: "Man Proposes," "The Young Man in Peacock Alley," "A Game of Tag," "Mr. Brinkley to the Rescue," "The Far-Away Road,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Her Man Friday," "Philip's 'Furnis Man,'" "A Readjustment," "The Girl Who Loved Herbert," "To Meet Miss Pomeroy," "Billy Bates, Preferred," "Thirty-three Cents, Plus," "An Interlude," "Mr. Waldo Amuses the Baby."

The Madness of Philip, and Other Tales of Childhood. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A new edition of the author's stories of child life. The volume contains: "The Madness of Philip," "A Study in Piracy," "Bobbert's Merry Christmas," "The Heart of a Child," "Ardelia in Arcady," "Edgar, The Choir Boy Celestial," and "The Little God and Dicky."

The Men Who Wrought. By Ridgwell Cullum. Philadelphia: The George W. Jacobs Company. $1.35 net.

A story of romance, mystery, intrigue, and adventure, centering about a submersible merchantman.

Mrs. Bobble's Trained Nurse. By George Fox Tucker. New York: Robert J Shores. $1.00 net.

A humourous account of Mr. Bobble's troubles when a trained nurse invades his home.

Our Natupski Neighbours. By Edith Miniter. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.35 net.

The story of an ignorant Polish immigrant family on their farm in New England.

Peace and Quiet. By Edwin Milton Royle. New York: Harper & Brothers. Frontispiece. $1.35 net.

A tale of intrigue and adventure in present-day Mexico. The hero is a young American who makes things lively wherever he goes.

Pod, Bender & Co. By George Allan England. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. $1.35 net.

The adventurous careers of two good-natured professional "crooks."

Quaker-Born. By Ian Campbell Hannah. New York: G. Arnold Shaw. Frontispiece. $1.35 net.

A romance of the war, centering about the theme of the Quakers' conscientious objections to war.

Rainbow's End. By Rex Beach. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A romance of the Cuban War of Independence. There is a lost treasure, and much fighting and filibustering.

Rodmoor. By John Cowper Powys. New York: G. Arnold Shaw. $1.50 net.

A romance of English life.

The Romance of the Christmas Card. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

How two Christmas cards bring two young men back to their homes in a little New England village, and to love and happiness.

The Short Cut. By Jackson Gregory. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A story of adventure and romance in the West.

The Sins of the Children. By Cosmo Hamilton. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.40 net.

A novel of American family life, written with the purpose of showing that the sins of the children are due largely to the failure of parents to impart to them facts which they should know.

Slaves of Freedom. By Coningsby Dawson. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.40 net.

The "slaves of freedom" are the people who can but won't marry—the people who think they can get more out of life by remaining single. The scenes of the novel are laid in New York and London, with an episode in Paris.

The Stranger at the Hearth. By Katharine Metcalf Roof. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. $1.35 net.

A story of present-day New York and its reaction on a woman who, after a ten years' absence returns to visit it.

Tales of the Pampas. By W. H. Hudson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.25 net.

Tales of South America a half a century ago. Contents: "El Ombú," "Story of a Piebald Horse," "Pelino Viera's Confession," "Niño Diablo," "Marta Riquelme," "Tecla and the Little Men," "Appendix to El Ombú."

Told in a French Garden. By Mildred Aldrich. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.

Stories told by a group of people gathered at a house party in a quaint country place not far from Paris at the outbreak of the war. The war is the one topic not discussed. The volume includes: "The Critic's Story," "The Doctor's Story," "The Divorcée's Story," "The Journalist's Story," and others.

The Trufflers. By Samuel Merwin. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A story of Bohemian life in the Greenwich Village section of New York City.

This Way to Christmas. By Ruth Sawyer. New York: Harper & Brothers. Frontispiece. $1.00 net.

A fanciful Christmas tale.

The Turtles of Tasman. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25 net.

A group of short stories on a variety of themes. The titles are: "By the Turtles of Tasman," "The Eternity of Forms," "Told in the Drooling Ward," "The Hobo and the Fairy," "The Prodigal Father,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The First Poet," "Finis," "The End of the Story."

The Unknown Mr. Kent. By Roy Norton. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

A tale of romance and adventure in which a young American rescues the nearly deposed Prince of the imaginary principality of Marken, and wins a beautiful Princess.

A Voice in the Wilderness. By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz. New York: Harper & Brothers. Frontispiece. $1.30 net.

The story of a minister's daughter who leaves her sheltered home in the East to teach school in Arizona. Her work and experiences in reforming a rough community form the theme.

Will Warburton. By George Gissing. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 40 cents.

One of the author's earlier novels republished in *The Wayfarers Library* series.

The Winged Victory. By Sarah Grand. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.50 net.

A romance of modern English life, telling the story of a girl who determines to rise from obscurity to a position of social recognition.

Xingu, and Other Stories. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.40 net.

A new group of the author's short stories. Besides the title story the volume includes: "Coming Home," "*Autres Temps*," "Kerfol," "The Long Run," "The Triumph of Night," "The Choice," "Bunner Sisters."

Juvenile Books

Animal Drawing Book. By Mabel Livingston Frank. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.00 net.

Simple drawings accompanied by instructions in verse.

Blackbeard's Island. The Adventures of Three Boy Scouts in the Sea Islands. By Rupert Sargent Holland. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The tale tells of the adventures of three American boys in their search for buried treasure on a lonely island off the coast of South Carolina.

The Boy Scouts of the Shenandoah. By Byron A. Dunn. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. $1.10 net.

The first story in *The Young Virginians* series relating the adventures of two boys in the Civil War.

The Boys' Life of Mark Twain. The Story of a Man Who Made the World Laugh and Love Him. By Albert Bigelow Paine. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A biography for younger readers, with many anecdotes, letters, illustrations, etc.

Captain Fair-and-Square. By William Heyliger. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A story of American school life, telling how a champion for clean athletics saved the good name of his school, and how he was elected Captain of his baseball team as a reward for his good work.

The Cave Twins. By Lucy Fitch Perkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

Recounts the adventures of Firetop and Firefly, twins, who lived in England in the Stone Age.

Chimney Corner Tales. By Caroline Stetson Allen. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A collection of short stories about children.

Connie Morgan in Alaska. By James B. Hendryx. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A story of a boy's pluck and hardihood.

Drake of Troop One. By Isabel Hornibrook. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A Boy Scout story.

The Fairy Gold Series. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net per set.

There are eight small volumes in the set. The titles are "Cinderella," "Briar Rose," "The Fox and the Grapes," "Tom Thumb," "Dick Whittington," "Chicken-Licken," "Tom-Tit-Tot," and "Beauty and the Beast."

The Fullback. By Lawrence Perry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The first book in the author's *Fair Play* series, telling the story of the beginning of a boy's athletic career.

Georgina of the Rainbows. By Annie Fellows Johnston. New York: Britton Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The story of an optimistic little girl and her influence. The scenes are laid in a little village on Cape Cod, and the characters are drawn from the fisher folk and from the summer visitors.

How Boys and Girls Can Earn Money. By C. C. Bowsfield. Chicago: Forbes and Company. $1.00 net.

Suggestions for practical means of earning money in spare time after school hours and during vacations.

The Jolly Book of Playcraft. By Patten Beard. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

The book describes over sixty games that can be made from such materials as cardboard boxes, spools, twigs, pins, etc., and gives simple directions for making

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and using them. The work is liberally illustrated with half-tones and diagrams.

The Jolly Year. By Patten Beard. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

The book contains an introductory story and a dozen others, one for each month of the year. Suitable for reading aloud.

The Key to Betsy's Heart. By Sarah Noble Ives. New York: The Macmillan Company. *Illustrated.* $1.25.

The story of a little girl and her dog.

Little Dwarf Nose and The Magic Whistle. By E. Gordon Browne. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

Two fairy stories.

Marjorie's Literary Dolls. By Patten Beard. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The story of a little girl's doll family.

Master Simon's Garden. By Cornelia Meigs. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

An historical tale of New England.

The Norfolk Boy Scouts. By Marshall Jenkins. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

The story of a boy who runs away to Mexico, and of the search made by the Boy Scout troops for him.

Nut-Cracker and The Mouse King. By E. Gordon Browne. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

Fairy tales.

Pinocchio: The Story of a Puppet. By "C. Collodi" (Carlo Lorenzini). J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A new edition of a well-known Italian fairy story, brought out in the *Stories All Children Love* series. The tale tells of the adventures of a wooden puppet who came to life. Illustrations in colour by Maria L. Kirk.

Israel Putnam ("Old Put"). A Story for Young People. By Louise Seymour Hasbrouck. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A biography, telling the story of General Putnam's boyhood, of his services in the French and Indian War in which he served as a volunteer in the British ranks, and of his later services in the Revolutionary War.

Rod of the Lone Patrol. By H. A. Cody. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

The story of an old sea captain's friendship for a small boy.

Snarlie the Tiger. By Howard R. Garis. New York: R. F. Fenno & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

In the series of *Circus Animal Stories.* Tales of wild animals, telling how they are caught and trained.

Stories for Sunday Telling. By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.00 net.

A collection of short stories for children, each one written with the purpose of teaching a moral lesson. The stories are grouped under the headings: "Sunday Fairy Stories," "Stories of Play," "Holiday Stories," and "Stories of Everyday."

Tell Me a Hero Story. By Mary Stewart. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

Some old tales retold.

Three in a Camp. By Mary P. Wells Smith. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.20 net.

The third volume in the *Summer Vacation* series. A story of out-of-doors life, recounting the adventures of some young people during a summer vacation spent in Canada.

The Trail of the Mohawk Chief. A Story of Brant (Thayendanegea). By Everett T. Tomlinson. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.30 net.

An historical adventure story.

The Twins, "Pro" and "Con." By Winifred Arnold. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The escapades and adventures of two vivacious girls and their dog.

Uncle Wiggily and Mother Goose. Complete in Two Parts. Fifty-two Stories —One for Each Week in the Year. By Howard R. Garis. New York: R. F. Fenno & Company. $1.50 net.

A new volume in the *Uncle Wiggily* series, telling of the adventures of an old rabbit and some of the characters of the Mother Goose tales.

The Way of the Mountains. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. 65 cents.

The Way of the King's Gardens. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. 75 cents.

The Way of the King's Palace. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. 75 cents.

Three volumes in *The King's Highway* series, edited by E. Hershey Sneath, George Hodges, and Henry Hallam Tweedy. The series consists of eight volumes and embodies a graded system of elementary moral and religious training through the medium of stories, history and biography.

With Sam Houston in Texas. A Boy Volunteer in the Texas Struggles for Independence, When in the Years 1835-1836 the Texas Colonists Threw Off the Unjust Rule of Mexico, and by Heroic Deeds Established, Under the Guidance of the Bluff Sam Houston, Their Own

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Free Republic Which To-day is the Great Lone Star State. By Edwin L. Sabin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The latest addition to *The Trail Brazers* series. A tale of one of the most romantic epochs of North American history.

History

American Patriots and Statesmen from Washington to Lincoln. Revealed in the Letters, Addresses State Papers and Other Writings of Benjamin Franklin, Cotton Mather, Walter Raleigh, Thomas Pownall, John Smith, William Penn, James Otis, Patrick Henry, and Many Others. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart. In Five Volumes. Frontispieces. New York: Collier's. $3.00 per set.

The first of a number of five-volume sets to be known as *The Collier Classics,* designed to supplement the reading covered by *The Harvard Classics.*

The Balkan Wars. 1912-1913. By Jacob Gould Schurman. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $1.00 net.

The Stafford Little Lectures delivered at Princeton in 1914. Third edition.

The Book of the Popes (Liber Pontificalis). I—To the Pontificate of Gregory I. Translated with an Introduction by Louise Ropes Loomis. New York: Columbia University Press.

A volume in the series which Columbia University Press has arranged to publish under the title *Records of Civilisation* of studies and sources covering the entire history of western civilisation. The present volume deals with the Middle Ages.

Charles the Twelfth, King of Sweden. Translated from the Manuscript of Carl Gustafson Klingspor. By John A. Gade. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $3.00 net.

An account of the life of Charles XII of Sweden and a history of his time.

Cicero; A Sketch of His Life and Works. A Commentary on the Roman Constitution and Roman Public Life, Supplemented by the Sayings of Cicero Arranged for the First Time as an Anthology. By Hannis Taylor. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. $3.50 net.

Gleanings from Old Shaker Journals. Compiled by Clara Endicott Sears. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

An account of the Shakers and their ways, drawn from old manuscript records.

The Insurrection in Dublin. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

The impressions of the author written day by day during the week of the Insurrection. There are also chapters on some Irish questions.

The New Purchase or, Seven and a Half Years in the Far West. By Robert Carlton (Bayard Rush Hall). Indiana Centennial Edition, Edited by James Albert Woodburn. Princeton: Princeton University Press. Frontispiece. $2.00 net.

A new edition. Issued in commemoration of Indiana's admission to statehood.

Our Nation in the Building. By Helen Nicolay. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

An informal history of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War.

Travel and Description

The Last Voyage of the *Karluk,* Flagship of Vilhjalmar Stefansson's Canadian Arctic Expedition of 1913-1916. As Related by Her Master, Robert A. Bartlett, and Here Set Down by Ralph T. Hale. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. With illustrations and charts. $2.50 net.

Our Hispanic Southwest. By Ernest Piexotto. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

The author describes the charm and romance of a part of the country that he has visited many times. Starting from New Orleans he goes to San Antonio, the old Texas capital, and then on through Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. The illustrations are from original sketches by the author.

Past and Present at the English Lakes. By H. D. Rawnsley. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.75.

The record of a pilgrimage through the lake country of England.

Sport, Travel and Adventure. Edited by A. G. Lewis. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $3.00 net.

Accounts of the adventures of big-game hunters, explorers, mountain climbers, etc., and descriptions of native life and primitive customs of strange and out-of-the-way countries. The book is composed of selections from a great many works on these subjects. There is a bibliography.

Winter Journeys in the South. Pen and Camera Impressions of Men, Manners, Women, and Things All the Way from the Blue Gulf and New Orleans Through Fashionable Florida Palms to the Pines of Virginia. By John Martin Hammond. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $3.50 net.

A copiously illustrated book of travel through the Southern States.

Unbeaten Tracks in Japan. By Isabella F. Bird. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. 40 cents.

A travel book in *The Wayfarers Li-*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brary, a series which aims to cover "what is good, clean and humourous on the lighter side of recent literature."

Biography

A E (George W. Russell). A Study of a Man and a Nation. By Darrell Figgis. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.00 net.

A study of the life and work of the Irish author and poet. In the *Irishmen of To-day* series.

Dr. J. B. Cranfill's Chronicle. A Story of Life in Texas. Written by Himself About Himself. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Illustrated.

The autobiography of a Southern clergyman.

Sir Edward Carson and the Ulster Movement. By St. John G. Ervine. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.00 net.

Primarily a study of Ulster and the Ulster people, and their relation to the rest of the Irish people. In the *Irishmen of To-day* series.

A Dreamer of Dreams. Being a New and Intimate Telling of the Love-Story and Life-Work of "Will Penn the Quaker." By Oliver Huckel. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A narrative of the life of William Penn based upon the supposed journal of Guli Penn found in an old oak chest at Worminghurst, England. The illustrations are made from contemporary portraits and prints.

The Empress Eugenie and Her Son. By Edward Legge. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $3.00 net.

A biography written by an intimate friend of the mother and son.

In Spite of Handicap. An Autobiography. By James D. Corrothers. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

The autobiography of a successful negro.

Henry James. By Rebecca West. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Frontispiece. 50 cents.

A biography and a critical estimate of the author's works. In the *Writers of the Day* series.

The Last Days of the Archduke Rudolph. Edited by Hamil Grant. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

The author was personal secretary to the Archduke Rudolph, and his book gives an intimate account of Court affairs and of the family with which he was connected.

The Life of John Marshall. By Albert J. Beveridge. Volume I. Frontiersman, Soldier, Lawmaker. 1755-1788. Volume II. Politician, Diplomatist, Statesman. 1789-1801. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $8.00 per set.

A biography based on actual documents and records. The author has aimed not only to write a biography of Marshall, but to present also a history of his time.

Portraits of Women. By Gamaliel Bradford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

Biographical sketches of Lady Mary Wortley Montague; Elizabeth, Lady Holland; Jane Austen; Madame D'Arblay; Mrs. Pepys as St. Katharine; Madame de Sévigné, Madame du Deffand; and Madame de Choiseul.

Recollections of a Happy Life. By Elizabeth Christophers Hobson. With an Introduction by Louisa Lee Schuyler. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

An autobiography.

James Whitcomb Riley: Reminiscences. By Clara E. Laughlin. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Frontispiece. 75 cents net.

An intimate account of the author's acquaintance with the poet.

Mary Slessor of Calabar. Pioneer Missionary. By W. P. Livingstone. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

The story of the life and work of a Scotch missionary among the natives of West Africa.

Ella Flagg Young, and a Half-Century of the Chicago Public Schools. By John T. McManis. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The story of the public life of Mrs. Young and her work in the educational system of Chicago.

Feminism

The Long Road of Woman's Memory. By Jane Addams. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25 net.

A book written about the theme that modern society in many of its manifestations may be traced back to old tribal customs.

Nature Books

The Life of the Caterpillar. By J. Henri Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50 net.

The sixth book in the translations being made from the *Souvenirs Entomologiques.*

General Works, Miscellaneous

The Law of Success. By Bruce MacLelland. New York: R. F. Fenno & Company. $1.00 net.

Talks on how to achieve success.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of October and the first of November:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Wonderful Year
Albany, N. Y.	The Kingdom of the Blind	Mary 'Gusta
Atlanta, Ga.	When a Man's a Man	The Nest Builder
Baltimore, Md.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Wonderful Year
Boston, Mass.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta
Boston, Mass.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta
Buffalo, N. Y.	When a Man's a Man	The Wonderful Year
Chicago, Ill.	When a Man's a Man	Georgina of the Rainbows
Cincinnati, Ohio	The World for Sale	Green Mansions
Cleveland, Ohio	When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale
Dallas, Texas	When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale
Denver, Colo.	When a Man's a Man	Just David
Detroit, Mich.	The Wonderful Year	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Kansas City, Mo.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Los Angeles, Cal.	The Wall Street Girl	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Los Angeles, Cal.	The Brook Kerith	The Wonderful Year
Louisville, Ky.	When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale
Memphis, Tenn.	When a Man's a Man	The Rising Tide
Milwaukee, Wis.	Just David	The Short Cut
Minneapolis, Minn.	The Wonderful Year	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
New Haven, Conn.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Wonderful Year
New Orleans, La.	When a Man's a Man	Chloe Malone
Norfolk, Va.	The Rising Tide	The World for Sale
Omaha, Neb.	When a Man's a Man	Georgina of the Rainbows
Philadelphia, Pa.	When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale
Philadelphia, Pa.	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Pittsburgh, Pa.	The World for Sale	The Wonderful Year
Portland, Me.	Mary 'Gusta	Rainbow's End
Providence, R. I.	Mary 'Gusta	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Rochester, N. Y.	When a Man's a Man	Tish
St. Louis, Mo.	When a Man's a Man	Prudence Says So
St. Louis, Mo.	When a Man's a Man	The Rising Tide
St. Paul, Minn.	When a Man's a Man	Tumbleweed
San Antonio, Tex.	Cinderella Man	The World for Sale
San Francisco, Cal.	When a Man's a Man	Tish
Seattle, Wash.	When a Man's a Man	The Wonderful Year
Spokane, Wash.	When a Man's a Man	Rainbow's End
Tacoma, Wash.	When a Man's a Man	Rainbow's End
Toledo, Ohio	When a Man's a Man	Just David
Utica, N. Y.	The World for Sale	When a Man's a Man
Washington, D. C.	The Cab of the Sleeping Horse	When a Man's a Man
Washington, D. C.	Seventeen	From the Housetops
Worcester, Mass.	When a Man's a Man	Georgina of the Rainbows

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
The Romance of the Martin Connor	Love's Inferno	Kingdom of the Blind	Love and Lucy
The Wonderful Year	Partners of the Night	When a Man's a Man	The Trufflers
Bars of Iron	Kingdom of the Blind	In Another Girl's Shoes	The Bent Twig
Tish	When a Man's a Man	Lady Connie	The World for Sale
Lady Connie	When a Man's a Man	Georgina of the Rainbows	Seventeen
The Rising Tide	The World for Sale	Lady Connie	The Wonderful Year
Just David	Rainbow's End	The World for Sale	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
The World for Sale	The Heart of Rachael	From the Housetops	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
The Rising Tide	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Georgina of the Rainbows	Enoch Crane
The Wonderful Year	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Come Out of the Kitchen	The Rising Tide
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Prudence Says So	Just David	The Heart of Rachael
The World for Sale	The Girl Philippa	Seventeen	The Brook Kerith
The World for Sale	The Rising Tide	Enoch Crane	When a Man's a Man
The World for Sale	Tish	Enoch Crane	The Rising Tide
Lady Connie	Big Timber	From the Housetops	Somewhere in Red Gap
The World for Sale	The Dark Tower	The Unspeakable Perk	When a Man's a Man
Georgina of the Rainbows	The Rising Tide	Rainbow's End	Clover and Blue Grass
The Curious Case of Marie Dupont	Pollyanna	The World for Sale	From the Housetops
Cecily and the Wide World	When a Man's a Man	The Turtles of Tasman	Cappy Ricks
Magnificent Adventure	When a Man's a Man	Tish	The Prisoner
Mary 'Gusta	The Rising Tide	Kingdom of the Blind	The Wall Street Girl
The Rising Tide	The Pleasant Ways of St. Meddard	The Heart of Rachael	The Wall Street Girl
When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Enoch Crane	Paradise Garden
Prudence Says So	Just David	Seventeen	
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Big Timber	In Another Girl's Shoes	The Rising Tide
Just David	The Wonderful Year	The Daughter Pays	The Men Who Wrought
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man	Enoch Crane	Seventeen
When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale	The Rising Tide	The Leopard Woman
The Rising Tide	Big Timber	Slaves of Freedom	Somewhere in Red Gap
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Rising Tide	Big Timber	Seventeen
The Brook Kerith	Bonnie May	Emmy Lou's Road to Grace	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
The Woman Gives	Rainbow's End	The Heart of Rachael	Somewhere in Red Gap
The World for Sale	The Heart of Rachael	Just David	Magnificent Adventure
Private Gaspard	Border Legion	When a Man's a Man	Loot
The Blind Man's Eyes	The Dark Forest	The Bent Twig	
Big Timber	The Heart of Rachael	Rainbow's End	The Dark Tower
The World for Sale	Magnificent Adventure	The Brook Kerith	The Woman Gives
The World for Sale	The Rising Tide	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	Old Judge Priest
The Prisoner	The Bent Twig	The World for Sale	The Wonderful Year
The Prisoner	Come Out of the Kitchen	Shepherd of the North	The Rising Tide
Kingdom of the Blind	Enoch Crane	The Wonderful Year	Lady Connie
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Just David	The Heart of Rachael	The World for Sale
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In Another Girl's Shoes	The Rising Tide	The World for Sale

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico. Edith O'Shaughnessy.
Eat and Grow Thin. Vance Thompson.
Tramping Through Mexico, Guatemala and Honduras. Harry A. Franck.
The First Hundred Thousand. Ian Hay.
England's Effort. Mrs. Humphry Ward.
The Wrack of the Storm. Maurice Maeterlinck.
The Advance of the English Novel. William Lyon Phelps.
Elements of the Great War. Second Phase. Hilaire Belloc.
My Home in the Field of Honour. Frances Wilson Huard.
Kitchener's Mob. James Norman Hall.
How to Live. I. Fisher and E. L. Fisk.
A Hilltop on the Marne. Mildred Aldrich.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 438 and 439) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1	on	any	list	receives		10
" " "	2d	"	"	"	"		8
" " "	3d	"	"	"	"		7
" " "	4th	"	"	"	"		6
" " "	5th	"	"	"	"		5
" " "	6th	"	"	"	"		4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. When a Man's a Man. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.35	306
2. The World for Sale. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35	173
3. Mr. Britling Sees It Through. Wells. (Macmillan.) $1.50	172
4. The Rising Tide. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35	110
5. Wonderful Year. Locke. (Lane.) $1.40	109
6. Just David. Porter. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25	62

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.
The Wonderful Year. William J. Locke.
The Romance of the Martin Connor. Oswald Kendall.
Love's Inferno. Edward Stilgebauer.
The Kingdom of the Blind. E. P. Oppenheim.
Love and Lucy. Maurice Hewlett.
Mary 'Gusta. *Joseph Lincoln.*
Partners of the Night. Leroy Scott.
When a Man's a Man. Harold Bell Wright.
The Trufflers. Samuel Merwin.
The Nest Builder. Beatrice F.-R. Hale.
Bars of Iron. Ethel M. Dell.
In Another Girl's Shoes. Berta Ruck.
The Bent Twig. Dorothy Canfield Fisher.
Tish. Mary Roberts Rinehart.
Lady Connie. Mrs. Humphry Ward.
The World for Sale. Gilbert Parker.
Georgina of the Rainbows. A. F. Johnston.
Seventeen. Booth Tarkington.
The Rising Tide. Margaret Deland.
Just David. Eleanor H. Porter.
Rainbow's End. Rex Beach.
The Heart of Rachael. Kathleen Norris.
From the Housetops. G. B. McCutcheon.
Green Mansions. W. H. Hudson.
Enoch Crane. F. H. Smith and F. B. Smith.
Come Out of the Kitchen! A. D. Miller.
Prudence Says So. Ethel Hueston.
The Girl Philippa. Robert W. Chambers.
The Brook Kerith. George Moore.
The Wall Street Girl. F. O. Bartlett.
Big Timber. Bertrand W. Sinclair.
Somewhere in Red Gap. H. L. Wilson.
The Dark Tower. Phyllis Bottome.
The Unspeakable Perk. S. H. Adams.
Clover and Blue Grass. Eliza Calvert Hall.
The Curious Case of Marie Dupont. Adele Luehrmann.
Pollyanna. Eleanor H. Porter.
The Short Cut. Jackson Gregory.
Cecily and the Wide World. Elizabeth F. Corbett.
The Turtles of Tasman. Jack London.
Cappy Ricks. Peter B. Kyne.
The Magnificent Adventure. E. Hough.
The Prisoner. Alice Brown.
Chloe Malone. Fannie Heaslip Lea.
The Pleasant Ways of St. Medard. G. King.
Paradise Garden. George Gibbs.
The Daughter Pays. Mrs. Baillie Reynolds.
The Men Who Wrought. Ridgwell Cullum.
The Leopard Woman. S. E. White.
The Slaves of Freedom. C. Dawson.
Bonnie May. Louis Dodge.
Emmy Lou's Road to Grace. G. M. Martin.
The Woman Gives. Owen Johnson.
Tumbleweed. Alice M. Colter.
The Cinderella Man. E. C. Carpenter.
Private Gaspard. R. Benjamin
The Border Legion. Zane Grey.
Loot. A. S. Roche.
The Blind Man's Eyes. Macharg and Balmer.
The Dark Forest. Hugh Walpole.
The Lightning Conductor Discovers America. A. N. and C. M. Williamson.
Old Judge Priest. Irvin Cobb.
The Shepherd of the North. R. Maher.
The Cab of the Sleeping Horse. Leroy Scott.

SEE GUIDE FOR BUYERS, PAGE 70 ADVERTISING SECTION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED